The Pitt Press Shakespeare

# The Tempest

A. W. VERITY

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The Pitt Press Shakespeare for Schools

# THE TEMPEST

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SHAKESPEARE

# THE TEMPEST

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## NOTE

I MUST acknowledge my obligations to Mr Furness's Variorum edition of *The Tempest.*

The sketch of the story of the play in the Introduction is intended for the benefit of young students.

A. W. V.

## NOTE TO FIFTH EDITION.

SOME new notes, and "Hints on Metre," based partly on Dr Abbott's *Shakespearian Grammar* and other authorities, have been added to this edition, in preparing which I have had the advantage of consulting the scholarly volumes of Mr Luce and Mr Craig.

A. W. V.

*November*, 1903.

## NOTE TO TWELFTH EDITION.

To this edition I have added some pages (pp. xxxiii—xxxvii) drawn from recent *Shakespeareana* which will, I think, be interesting to senior students.

A. W. V.

*April*, 1919.

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# INTRODUCTION.

## I.

### DATES OF THE PUBLICATION AND COMPOSITION OF THE PLAY.

*The Tempest* was first published, so far as we know, in 1623, in the 1st Folio edition of Shakespeare's plays. *Published in 1623.*

It was written probably towards the end of 1610 or at the beginning of 1611.

The style, metre and general tone of the play prove, independently of other evidence, that it belongs to the close of Shakespeare's dramatic career and forms one of the group of plays to which the title "Romances" is commonly given. Most modern critics accept the date 1610 (late) or 1611 (early), and associate *The Tempest* with an incident which filled the thoughts of the nation at that time. *Written probably late in 1610 or early in 1611.*

This incident was the disaster which befell the fleet sent out to Virginia in 1609. The first permanent settlement of the English in America was made by the Virginia Company[1] in 1608. In May of the following year a fleet of nine vessels, bearing settlers and provisions for the new colony, was despatched under the command of Sir George Somers. On July 25 a storm overtook and scattered the fleet in mid-Atlantic, and Sir George Somers's vessel, the "Sea-Adventure," was driven *The Expedition to Virginia, 1609—1610.*

*Storm and Shipwreck on the Bermudas.*

[1] One of the chief promoters of this Company was Shakespeare's early patron, the Earl of Southampton, to whom *Venus and Adonis* and *Lucrece* were dedicated. Shakespeare therefore may have felt some personal interest in the Company.

ashore on the Bermudas. The crew were saved, remained on one of the islands for some months, built two new ships, and in May 1610 continued their voyage to Virginia. The other vessels (save one) had arrived there safely.

News of the disaster came to England at the end of 1609, and it was supposed that the "Sea-Adventure" had been lost, until late in the summer of 1610 some of the survivors returned home with tidings of the ship's safety. The incident excited great interest—the idea of colonial expansion being in men's thoughts[1] —and a narrative of the shipwreck and of the adventures which the crew experienced on the island was published in the autumn of 1610. This was a tract entitled *A Discovery of the Bermudas, otherwise called the Isle of Devils*, written by one Silvester Jourdain, who had been on board the "Sea-Adventure." It is thought that Shakespeare read this narrative[2] and wrote *The Tempest* while the impression made by the incident was still fresh in the public mind. The title of the play, the description of the storm and ship's stranding and of the desert island, and the allusion (I. 2. 229) to the "still-vexed Bermoothes," i.e. Bermudas, tend to confirm this view. Perhaps it was the stories of the "devils" and spirits in the Bermudas that specially attracted Shakespeare and furnished the germ of the supernatural element in *The Tempest*.

*"The Tempest" supposed to refer to this shipwreck.*

## II.

### FURTHER EVIDENCE AS TO DATE.

Some further points of evidence show at least that *The Tempest* cannot have been written earlier than 1603 or later than 1613.

[1] "There are...manifold accounts of the early 'plantation' in Virginia; in fact, while investigating the possible sources of *The Tempest*, it seems as though 'Pamphlets' and 'Narratives' hurtle in the air, and as though the affairs, the misfortunes, and the experiences of the Colonies must have been, in London, the only topic of conversation"—*Furness*.

[2] Probably others also were known to Shakespeare.

(i) Gonzalo's description[1] of an ideal commonwealth (II. 1. 147—164) was inspired, we can scarcely doubt, by a passage in Florio's translation of Montaigne's *Essays*. This translation was published in 1603. *Florio's "Montaigne."*

(ii) The lines in Act IV. beginning "The cloud-capp'd towers" (127—131) bear a resemblance which in the opinion of some scholars is too close to be accidental to a stanza[2] in the *Tragedy of Darius* by the Earl of Sterling. This tragedy also was published in 1603. *"The cloud-capp'd towers."*

(iii) There is a record that *The Tempest* was one of the plays performed[3] at Court in 1613 among the festivities which accompanied the marriage of the Lady Elizabeth, daughter of James I., and the Elector Palatine. *Performance at Court in 1613.*

(iv) Ben Jonson, it seems almost certain, alludes to *The Tempest* in the "Induction" (i.e. introduction) to his comedy of *Bartholomew Fair*. The author tells the audience what they have to expect in the piece, especially what kind of characters it presents: *Allusion to "The Tempest" by Ben Jonson.*

"If there be never a *servant-monster*[4] in the fair, who can help it, he [the author] says, nor a *nest of antics*[5]? he is loth

[1] See later, pp. 147, 148.

[2] "Let greatnesse of her glascie scepters vaunt;
Not scepters, no, but reeds, soone brus'd, soone broken:
And let this worldlie pomp our wits inchant,
All fades, and scarcelie leaues behind a token.
Those golden pallaces, those gorgeous halles,
With fourniture superfluouslie faire:
Those statelie courts, those sky-encountring walles
Evanish all like vapours in the aire."

[3] The theory that *The Tempest* was written specially for this Court-performance is discussed in the *Appendix*; see pp. 153—155.

[4] See *The Tempest*, III. 2. 3.

[5] Cf. the description of the "twelve Satyrs" and their dance, *The Winter's Tale*, IV. 4. 331—352.

to make nature afraid in his plays, like those that beget *tales*[1], *tempests*, and such like *drolleries*[2]."

*Bartholomew Fair* was written probably between 1612 and 1614 (the year of its production).

"*Every Man in his Humour.*"

It should be added that the prologue of another of Jonson's plays, *Every Man in his Humour*, has been supposed to allude[3] to *The Tempest*. The date of the production of *Every Man in his Humour* was 1598—much too early a date for *The Tempest*, if metre and style prove anything. The prologue, however, may have been added later, as it was not printed in the Quarto edition (1601) of the play but appeared first in the Folio edition of Jonson's works (1616).

## III.

### STYLE OF THE PLAY.

The style of *The Tempest* is not so fanciful as that of Shakespeare's early plays, in which a simple thought is often clothed in elaborate and far-fetched language; nor, on the other hand,

[1] Such as "The Winter's *Tale*"?

[2] See *The Tempest*, III. 3. 21. We may observe that this "Induction" to *Bartholomew Fair* has a reference, by name, to *Titus Andronicus*.

[3] Thus Jonson expresses a hope that some day the taste of the public will be so improved that they will be able to appreciate well-drawn characters and will ridicule things that formerly gave them pleasure:

> "Which when you heartily do, there's hope left then,
> You, that have so grac'd *monsters*, may like men."

If "monster" is to be taken literally it may be an allusion to Caliban; but what precedes makes it possible that the sense of "monsters" is figurative='monsters of crime,' and that the sarcasm is directed against over-drawn, exaggerated characters like the villain in *Titus Andronicus*.

*Grac'd* i.e. graced with the approval of the audience.

so even and clear as that of his middle plays, in which there seems to be "a perfect balance and equality between the thought and its expression[1]." The style of *The Tempest* is more difficult, like that of the late plays.

*Difficulties, especially in Prospero's speeches.*

Thus some of Prospero's speeches are abrupt and irregular, one idea following another with a rapidity which breaks through the restraint of verbal construction. Matter in fact gets the better of manner, and we have to look to the general drift of a passage and not scrutinise too closely the grammatical relation of its different parts. Again, there is a compression of thought into a small space, and often a subtlety of thought (cf. for instance Antonio's words "O, out of that 'no hope,'" II. i. 239—243), which create not indeed obscurity but a certain difficulty. As illustrations of these qualities we might take parts of Prospero's narrative to Miranda in the second Act, e.g. lines 77—105.

*Compression and subtlety of thought.*

## IV.

### METRICAL FEATURES.

*Paucity of rhyme.*

We know that Shakespeare gradually abandoned the use of rhyme[2]. Now apart from the songs and the Masque, which may be left out of count because rhyme was the ordinary instrument of Masque-writers, *The Tempest* contains but one rhymed couplet. The only play which is quite free from rhyme (the Songs and prologue to Act IV. excluded) is *The Winter's Tale*, now generally admitted to be the last of Shakespeare's undisputed works.

*Other metrical tests.*

Of "unstopt" or "run-on" lines and "weak" and "light" endings—sure marks[3] of Shakespeare's maturest work—*The Tempest* has a higher proportion than any play except *Cymbeline* and *The Winter's Tale*, which it

[1] Dowden.

[2] See pp. 165, 166.

[3] See pp. 169—171.

even exceeds slightly in its percentage of "double" or "feminine" endings. And, as in *The Winter's Tale*, most of the speeches end in the middle of a line.

The evidence therefore of "metrical tests," as of style, is conclusive in favour of assigning a late date for the composition of the play.

## V.

### GROUP OF SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS TO WHICH "THE TEMPEST" BELONGS.

*The Tempest* must be classed with *Pericles*, *Cymbeline* and *The Winter's Tale*. "Comedies" we cannot call these plays because of the strain of sadness that runs through the story of each. Nor are they "tragedies," since they end happily.

*Romances.* They have been entitled "romances," and the title is most fitting, for their main incidents are "romantic" in that they lie outside the scope of common experience, and they are treated by the poet with a freedom which recks little of probability. The four pieces have much in common. They are dramas of reconciliation between estranged kinsmen; of wrongs

*Features common to these Romances.* righted through repentance, not revenge; of pardon and peace. In each of them the restoration of a child supposed to be dead is an important incident[1]. They present similar features of style and metre[2].

[1] Thus Marina, supposed to be drowned, is restored to Pericles; Miranda, also supposed to be drowned, to her country; similarly Ferdinand to Alonso; Perdita, who had been cast out of her country in childhood like Miranda, to Leontes; and his sons to Cymbeline. The four plays in fact contain variations on the same theme. Note that the names 'Marina,' 'Miranda,' 'Perdita' belong to the same class of name, each pointing to the history or character of its bearer.

[2] Dr Dowden assigns them the following dates: *Pericles* 1608; *Cymbeline* 1609; *The Tempest* 1610; *The Winter's Tale* 1610—1611. He describes *Pericles* as "in some respects like a slighter and earlier *Tempest*, in which Lord Cerimon is the Prospero." The storm-scenes of *Pericles* (III. 1) and *The Tempest* should be compared. For an interesting point of contrast with *The Winter's Tale* see p. 87.

## VI.

### SCENE OF THE ACTION.

The scene of the action of the play is described in the Folio as an "un-inhabited Island." Hunter suggests that Shakespeare meant Lampedusa, a small island between Malta and the coast of Africa. Its geographical situation (Hunter argues) would agree with the references to Tunis, Algiers and Naples: it was uninhabited: it was known among sailors in the Mediterranean as an island of enchantment and would therefore be a fitting abode for the magician. Others, again, suggest Malta.

*Needless attempts to identify the Island.*

Some have supposed one of the Bermudas to be the scene of the play—a notion due to misunderstanding of what Ariel says[1] in I. 2. 228, 229.

*Not the Bermudas.*

No doubt, the Island should be regarded as purely imaginary, the creation of the poet's fancy. We must class it with Tasso's "Isle of Armida," the "Wandering Islands" of the *Faerie Queene*, II. 12. 11 et seq., and the "enchanted isles" of which Milton speaks in *Comus*—mythic regions such as are the scenes of many an incident of mediæval romance. The wisest words indeed on the subject are those of the old ballad *The Enchanted Island*, based upon *The Tempest*. It tells us how the characters of the story sailed away from their place of banishment and how

*The Island an imaginary spot.*

> "From that daie forth the Isle has beene
> By wandering sailors never seene.
> Some say 'tis buryed deepe
> Beneath the sea, which breakes and rores
> Above its savage rockie shores,
> Nor ere is knowne to sleepe."

[1] Note "*from* the Bermoothes." But Shakespeare's *description* of his Island—especially in regard to its climate and the "devils" supposed to infest it—was, doubtless, influenced by the descriptions of the Bermudas by Jourdain and others. (Marvell wrote a poem on the Bermudas.)

## VII.

### OBSERVANCE OF THE UNITIES OF TIME AND PLACE AND ACTION IN "THE TEMPEST."

*Time.*

The dramatic principle of the "Unity[1] of Time," according to which the action of a play ought not to occupy a much longer time than does its representation on the stage, and should certainly not extend over twenty-four hours, is observed strictly in *The Tempest*. The events are supposed to happen in rather less than four hours, and a performance of the piece fills about the same space of time. In this respect *The Tempest* is unique[2] among Shakespeare's plays. Usually the action is spread over a period. In *The Winter's Tale* (an extreme case) sixteen years intervene between the events of Act III. and those of Act IV.

*Place.*

There is only a slight breach of the "Unity of Place," i.e. the principle that the events of a drama which are represented[3] should occur in the same place without change of scene; as is the case, for example, in Milton's *Samson Agonistes*, where the scene is laid throughout "before the Prison in Gaza." After the storm, all the action of *The Tempest* takes place on the island—most of it indeed at the same spot, viz. "Before Prospero's Cell," only four scenes (II. 1, 2, III. 2, 3) being placed in "Another part of the Island." Contrast the constant and complete changes of locality, even of country, in most of Shakespeare's other plays.

[1] The Unities of Time, Place and Action were dramatic principles observed by the Greek tragic writers and their modern followers, e.g. Ben Jonson and Corneille. In the freer, so-called 'romantic' drama of Shakespeare and the Elizabethans in general the Unities are disregarded as being needless restraints (especially those of Place and Time). "Unity of Action" excludes an underplot such as Shakespeare generally has.

[2] The time of the *Comedy of Errors* does not exceed a day.

[3] i.e. not merely "reported" as by the Messenger of Greek tragedy.

Practically also the "Unity of Action," which requires that a play should contain *one* main and central interest or motive, is preserved. In *The Tempest* the main interest is Prospero's exercise of his magic power. The storm and drifting ashore of the vessel; the frustration of the two conspiracies, one of which is directed against Prospero; the magic banquet and Masque; the assembly of the characters at the close; the betrothal and final righting of wrongs: in fine, all the chief incidents of *The Tempest* are brought about by Prospero working through the agency of Ariel, and his influence, whether he be present or not, is felt throughout. So entirely does the action of the piece depend upon his will that it might have been called by his name—*Prospero*.

*Action.*

## VIII.

### POSSIBLE SOURCES OF THE PLOT.

It is not known definitely whether the plot of *The Tempest* was original or based on some older play or tale.

The poet Collins stated his belief that the plot was derived from a romance called *Aurelio and Isabella*, 1588, of which there were versions in English, French, Italian, and Spanish. But this romance and the play have nothing in common. Either Collins, who made the statement after his memory was impaired, was altogether wrong, or he had really read some tale which resembled *The Tempest* but unfortunately forgot its name and confused it with *Aurelio and Isabella*. The latter alternative seems quite possible: several of Shakespeare's plays were founded upon romances, and a similar source of the plot of *The Tempest* may yet be discovered.

*Plot of "The Tempest" based perhaps on some novel.*

Much stress is laid on the likeness between the plot of *The Tempest* and that of an old German play *The Fair Sidea* ("*Die Schöne Sidea*"), written by Jacob Ayrer, a Nürnberg notary. "In both," says Dr Dowden, "appear a magician, his only daughter, and an attendant spirit; in both the son of his enemy becomes

*Resemblance to a German play, "The Fair Sidea."*

the magician's prisoner, his sword being rendered powerless by magic, and he is made the bearer of logs for his mistress; in both the story ends with reconciliation and the happiness of the lovers."

Many critics consider the resemblance too great to be due to mere accident. The date of Ayrer's death, 1605, makes it practically impossible that *The Fair Sidea* was derived from *The Tempest*. It is contended therefore that either (i) Shakespeare was acquainted with the German piece, or (ii) that he and Ayrer independently drew the material of their respective plays from the *same* source.

*Suggested explanations of this resemblance.*

(i) In favour of the former supposition there is the fact that at the beginning of the 17th century a company of English actors, "The English Comedians," travelled in Germany and played in the chief towns and at various courts. They were at Nürnberg in 1604. They may have seen *The Fair Sidea* acted, even acted in it themselves; and some member of the company on his return to England may have mentioned the piece and recounted its plot to Shakespeare.

*Shakespeare may have known the German play.*

(ii) On the other hand, as the majority of Ayrer's plays were not original, some of them for instance being merely translations of English plays which "The English Comedians" produced in Germany, it is quite possible that *The Fair Sidea* was adapted from some old English play or Italian romance, and that Shakespeare independently went to the same source, whether play or romance, for the plot of *The Tempest*.

*Both plays may have been founded on some older play or novel.*

The resemblance between the two plays must not be exaggerated. It touches the plot alone of *The Tempest*; it does not extend to the imaginative handling of the theme, the humour, the poetry, the characterisation—the qualities, in short, implied by the word "Shakespeare." (Some critics think that the construction of *The Tempest* shows traces of the influence of Jonson's *Masque of Hymen*, 1606. But similarity of subject generally accounts for much.)

*The resemblance is only as regards the plot.*

## IX.

### THE CHARM OF THE PLAY.

It has been remarked that *The Tempest* has "little action or progressive movement" and that the *dénouement* is soon apparent: the injury done to Prospero, we foresee, will be redressed by the marriage of Ferdinand and Miranda; the two conspiracies will, of course, be brought to nothing by his power. The interest of the play lies not in the story itself but partly in its romantic scene and setting—a "most desolate isle," where "sounds and sweet airs" proceed none knows whence, "strange shapes" appear and vanish, and "all wonder and amazement inhabits" (v. 94); and, still more, in the peculiar fascination of three of the *dramatis personæ*—Prospero, Ariel, and Caliban.

*Romantic element in "The Tempest."*

Even among the master-creations of Shakespeare's imagination there is a small group of characters, such as Hamlet and Lear, which stands out preeminent: to this group Prospero belongs. In Ariel we have a figure of extreme charm. And of Caliban surely it may be said that in all our literature there is no being so mysterious as this brute Earth-born, just halting on the confines of humanity. The mass of criticism and interpretation which his character has evoked—second only to the Hamlet literature—proves the extraordinary interest which the strange "demi-demon" possesses for minds the most diverse. The presence and inter-relations of three "so rare wondered" characters (nor perhaps should we omit the heroine of this Eden of the Enchanted Isle) give to *The Tempest* unique originality and mystery of effect. And then it has a peculiar personal interest, in that Shakespeare himself seems, to some extent, to be figured in Prospero, and may have meant the play to be his last, and may refer in v. 54—57 and in the Epilogue to his severance from the drama.

*Extreme interest of some of the characters.*

## X.

### THE CHARACTERS.

*Prospero.*

Prospero[1] is almost a personification of Wisdom. His character conveys an impression of serenely wise goodness and self-centred detachment from the material interests of life. Formerly indeed he carried this detachment too far, devoting himself wholly to intellectual pursuits, apart from the world, and sacrificing duty. "Rapt in secret *studies*" (I. 2. 77) and "all dedicated to the bettering of his *mind*" (I. 2. 90, 91), he forgot his moral obligations as a monarch and father; and the fault cost him his crown and thereby robbed his child of her inheritance. Misfortune brought a keener sense of his duty to her, their true relations as father and child then began, and to bring her up worthily and restore her to her rightful position became the objects of his life. When at last fortune grants him an opportunity of putting to practical effect the power which long study has placed in his hands, he uses it for her benefit, and then abjures it. As for his recovered dukedom, he seems to care about it no more than formerly; but the circumstances are changed: neglect of it will no longer entail harm to Miranda because her heritage is secured through the power of her husband. In his inclination to despise the material advantages which the world has to offer he is the same Prospero, unchanged; but he would no longer suffer that inclination to stand in the way of duty, nor does he now undervalue the power of energetic action without which mere study is apt to be of little practical effect in life's affairs.

To right the injustice done to Miranda involves punishment of Prospero's enemies, and herein the self-mastery and moral

[1] The name seems to be allegorical of his beneficent character. He is the 'happy-making' Providence of the play; Lat. *prosper*, fortunate; cf. *Prosper*, II. 2. 2, III. 3. 99. Note the significance of the names *Miranda* ('to be admired') and *Caliban* (p. xxv), and for *Ariel* see p. xxiv. Trinculo connects itself with Ital. *trincare*, 'to tipple,' Germ. *trinken*. Milton uses *Trinculo* (='a tipsy fellow'?) in *Smectymnuus*.

elevation of his character are shown very clearly. For he uses his power like some benevolent Providence.

He might inflict through his magic art a terrible revenge upon his wrong-doers, yet "the sole drift of his purpose" (v. 29) does not extend beyond their repentance. And that he is merciful is not due to mere indifference. Mercy is sometimes a negative merit; it may mean no more than absence of feeling, contemptuous carelessness what becomes of a foe. But Prospero's is not a colourless, passionless character. His devotion to Miranda, his joy in the happiness of the lovers, his gratitude to Gonzalo, his emotion at Caliban's "foul conspiracy," are strong feelings; and strong is his resentment against Antonio and Alonso: witness his own words, "with their high wrongs I am struck to the quick" (v. 25). But he will not indulge this resentment by avenging himself. Revenge is only a "wild justice" which does no good to the doer—nay, is harmful and derogatory, since it is a breach of self-control. Reason tells Prospero (v. 27, 28) that

> "the rarer action is
> In virtue than in vengeance";

and as a wise man he obeys the voice of reason, subdues his personal feelings, and deals out to his enemies an impersonal justice, punishing them because it is for their good and because right requires that they should be punished, not because he himself has any direct interest in the matter.

This elevation above the petty, personal motives and mean concerns of humanity, to which Prospero has attained by self-mastery and the pursuit of lofty ideals, makes him an extraordinarily impressive character. A "divinity" of goodness and wisdom seems to "hedge" him round.

Commonly a writer's power of observation aids his imagination. He sees certain characters round him and reproduces them in his play or novel, adding or taking away something. Thus a high-born lover like Ferdinand or a wise old courtier like Gonzalo might well be drawn from the life. But not so a Miranda, for consider her history. *Miranda.*

She has been brought up on a desert island and never

known any human being except her father, an aged magician. He[1] and Nature have been her sole instructors. Of her origin[2], her fellow-creatures, the world, she is wholly ignorant. Brought up thus, unaffected by all ordinary social influences, she must be in great measure extra-ordinary, and imagination alone can endow her with the qualities appropriate to the peculiar conditions of her life.

These qualities are few and immature, since she has had no scope for development. Shakespeare gives Miranda the mere rudiments of a personality, traits of character which seem instinctive and inherent in maidenhood—innocence, a capacity for quick and keen feeling, especially in the direction of pity[3], and modesty.

We see her sensibility in her concern at the shipwreck: she "suffers with those that she saw suffer" (I. 2. 5, 6); the sight touches "the very virtue of compassion" (I. 2. 27) in her. And it is the same (I. 2. 132—134) when she hears Prospero's story of his wrongs:

> "Alack, for pity!
> I, not remembering how I cried out then,
> Will cry it o'er again."

The same quality of quick and keen feeling prompts her gratitude to Gonzalo (I. 2. 168, 169), her admiration of Ferdinand and pleading for him (I. 2. 409—483), and her avowal of love (III. 1. 83—86). Emotion with her is fresh and natural; it is undulled by thoughts of what is customary and proper, unspoilt by artificiality; and what she feels finds spontaneous expression[4]. Thus there is no "bashful cunning" about her love of Ferdinand; she says outright, "I am your wife, if you will marry me" (III. 1. 83), and the offer is made with an

[1] Cf. I. 2. 171—174, III. 1. 36, 37, 58, 59.

[2] Cf. I. 2. 17—21.

[3] Observe how often "pity" occurs in connection with her in the second scene, where there is most scope for the display of this quality. Cf. I. 2. 132; 446, "pity move my father"; 474, "Sir, have pity"; and "tell your piteous heart," 14.

[4] As she herself is partly conscious; cf. III. 1. 57, 58.

ingenuousness that robs it of all offence: it is the guilelessness of a child, rendered the more delightful and humorous by the emphasis previously laid on "my modesty" (III. 1. 53). Through all her conduct and bearing runs this strain of tender and artless simplicity which reconciles unconventional freedom of action and word with perfect delicacy. It fits the simplicity of her upbringing and is compatible with an undeveloped strength of character whereof we see a hint in the tenacious way she intercedes on behalf of the Prince, spite of her father's anger. No attribute, in fact, of Miranda's character is inappropriate. She is precisely what under the circumstances she ought to be, what Shakespeare alone could make her: unique among his heroines[1] as the conditions of her life have been unique. In her elemental simplicity (one must use the word often because it expresses her character better than any other) she is to be compared[2] with the yet sinless Eve of *Paradise Lost* and the ideal "child of nature" whom Wordsworth loved to paint in poems like "Three Years She Grew" and "She was a Phantom of Delight." That she should have the grace of outward beauty[3] and be indeed "Miranda[4]" belongs to the fitness of things.

*Ariel and Caliban.*

Attempts to depict supernatural beings rarely succeed. Sometimes the characters are merely beings to whom human instincts and feelings are attributed, and who are therefore not supernatural at all. Sometimes they are allegorical figures, expressionless and impersonal. Sometimes they are a jumble of inconsistent elements: the author's imagination, working outside the sphere of nature, has lost its bearings altogether.

None of these faults are seen in the delineation of Ariel and

[1] Perhaps Perdita in *The Winter's Tale* comes nearest to her.

[2] Both comparisons have been made by various critics. *The Tempest* was one of Milton's favourite plays, if we may judge by his references to it; see I. 2. 376—379, note, and p. 132. I think too that "The Lady" of *Comus* owed something to Miranda.

[3] Cf. especially Ferdinand's words to her, III. 1. 46—48.

[4] See III. 1. 37, note.

Caliban. They are non-human because devoid of the moral sense which constitutes the essence of humanity. They are individualised so as to be two of the most distinct and memorable characters in Shakespeare. And they are consistent in their characteristics: non-natural or supernatural, but not unnatural. We feel that somehow they are true to, in harmony with, the supernatural sphere to which they belong[1].

*Ariel.*

They are sharply contrasted, Ariel[2] the Air-spirit, Caliban the Earth-spirit (and in a lesser degree each is made to contrast with Miranda). Ariel, whose function is to execute the designs of Prospero, personifies the qualities of Air: lightness, swift and restless motion, buoyancy, freedom—especially freedom. "Service" is irksome to him. "My liberty" he cries (I. 2. 245), and Prospero's repeated promise, "thou shalt be free" (I. 2. 498), recurs[3] like a refrain. The magician's last words to his faithful spirit are "Be free, and fare thou well!" (V. 318). Dramatically this longing for freedom brings Ariel into close relation with the action of the play since

[1] 'Caliban, the witches [of *Macbeth*], are as true to the laws of their own nature as Othello, Hamlet, and Macbeth. Herein the great and the little wits are differenced—that if the latter wander ever so little from Nature or actual existence, they lose themselves and their readers."—*Lamb.*

[2] *Ariel;* a Hebrew name='lion of God'; see *Isaiah* xxix. 1—7, where it is applied to Jerusalem. It is supposed by some that in choosing both the name and the attributes of his spirit Shakespeare was influenced by this passage. Note especially the words "one that hath a *familiar spirit*" in verse 4, and verse 6, "with *thunder*...with *storm* and *tempest*, and the *flame* of devouring *fire*"; cf. *The Tempest*, I. 2. 198—206. The name also occurs in treatises on demonology such as Heywood's *Hierarchie of the Blessed Angels*, 1635, which were read much in the Elizabethan times; and Shakespeare may have come across it in one of these. As he explained it by "an *ayrie* spirit" he perhaps thought or wished his readers to think that the word *Ariel* had some connection with *air*. See p. l.

[3] Cf. I. 2. 299, "I will discharge thee"; I. 2. 420, "I'll free thee... for this"; and I. 2. 442; IV. 235, 236; V. 96, 241.

his release depends upon the final outcome of the events, in which therefore he has a strong interest[1].

There is a wonderful grace and charm about Ariel; cf. Prospero's epithets for him—"delicate" (I. 2. 272, 441), "quaint" (I. 2. 317), "dainty" (v. 95), "tricksy" (v. 226). Like Puck, he is a very merry spirit, with a mischievous turn for playing tricks upon folk; compare the scene (III. 2) where his invisible interference leads to words and blows between Stephano and Trinculo, and again the descriptions (IV. 153—158, 170—183) of his misleading them through briers and furzes into the "filthy-mantled pool"—a most Puck-like exploit. Though non-human —cf. his own words, "were I human" (v. 20)—he seems to have caught a faint reflection of human feeling through the influence of his master. Thus there is a hint of tenderness in his account of the distraction and sorrow of Prospero's enemies (v. 17—22); and a glimmer of gratitude (I. 2. 293) towards his master, to whose affection (IV. 31) and praise (v. 240) he seems not wholly indifferent. Yet these feelings are merely reflected and will soon fade; for he is naught "but air" (v. 21), and later, as he flies after the summer or swings "under the blossom that hangs on the bough" (v. 94), his "service" and intercourse with man will be but a memory. For him 'goodbye' to Prospero means no pain.

*Caliban.*

The very antithesis of Ariel is Caliban[2], the Earth-spirit. "His character" (says Hazlitt) "grows out of the soil... It is 'of the earth, earthy.' It seems almost to have been dug out of the ground." He has "the dawnings of understanding"—witness the cunning he shows in the scheme against Prospero—but "without reason or the moral sense."

[1] Ever "looking forward to that moment when he is to gain his last and only reward—simple and eternal liberty" (Coleridge).

[2] The name is generally regarded as a transposition of *Canibal* (now *Cannibal*), which is a form of *Caribal*=a native of the *Caribbee* Islands. Note that the conception of this monstrous being is hinted at in an earlier play; cf. *Troilus and Cressida*, III. 3. 264, "He's grown a very land-fish, languageless, a monster." Cf. *The Tempest*, I. 2. 363, II. 2. 25 ("a man or a fish?"), III. 2. 30, 32, v. 265, 266.

Hence there is between him and humanity a gulf which Prospero's influence and teaching are powerless to bridge. Caliban may "learn," as an animal might, and intellectually be bettered by human association, but his character will take no "print of goodness," not even a transient touch such as we seem to see in Ariel. In spite of all his master's pains he remains what he was, a creature outside the pale of humanity, whom fear alone, not gratitude, moves—"a devil, a born devil" (IV. 162).

Yet, as has been remarked by several critics, Caliban is "a poetical being"; unlike his associates Stephano and Trinculo, he speaks mostly in verse, and one of the most beautiful passages in the play is his speech[1] (III. 2. 144—152) "Be not afeard: the isle is full of noises." This trait in his character may be meant to remind us that as an Earth-spirit[2] Caliban must represent Earth in its outcome no less than in itself—the fair outward aspect as well as the gross inward elements. Or perhaps it is intended to suggest the unconscious influence of natural surroundings: Caliban has grown up amid the loveliness of the Enchanted Isle and something of the spirit of the scene has passed even into his character, making him susceptible of beauty so far as it appeals to the senses[3] alone.

After his first appearance (I. 2. 321—374), which is designed to show Caliban's hatred of Prospero and so prepare us for the "foul conspiracy," Shakespeare associates Caliban wholly with Stephano and Trinculo, as though he wished by bringing them together to contrast two types of lowness—the savage and the civilised. For though Caliban's character "is[4] the essence of lowness, there is not a particle of vulgarity in it... Vulgarity is not natural coarseness, but conventional coarseness, learned

[1] It is the most striking illustration of the poetical side of Caliban's character. See also his speech "This island's mine" (I. 2. 331).

[2] Note how he is addressed as "thou, earth, thou!" (I. 2. 314), and how the best and worst things known to him, his rewards and his curses (I. 2. 336—340, II. 2. 164—176), are all of the earth.

[3] In this connection cf. III. 2. 144—152. [4] Hazlitt.

from others"; and this ill knowledge Caliban has had no opportunity of learning. Hence he gains by comparison with Stephano and Trinculo, in whom the vulgarities of civilized life are embodied no less than its vices. The contrast indeed resembles, to some extent, that which has been drawn so often between "the noble savage[1]" and debased types of civilization and which stirs our sympathy with the savage in his degradation through the new influences.

The other characters are necessarily of slighter interest. Alonso, Antonio and Sebastian represent varying degrees of guilt and the different effects of retribution.

*Alonso.*

Alonso, the least guilty, alone seems repentant. Danger quickens the memory of his wrong-doing (more national than personal) against Prospero and in the loss of Ferdinand he sees the punishment of his own sin. The bitterness of self-reproach and grief "kills his heart," so that he must make an end of all and be with his son in death (III. 3. 101, 102). Afterwards he alone asks Prospero for pardon (V. 119) and shows a keen consciousness of his fault (V. 197, 198). Thus by remorse he stirs compassion.

*Antonio and Sebastian.*

Antonio is the utter villain of the three. He "expelled remorse and nature" (V. 76), casting Prospero and Miranda adrift, and never knew compunction: "twenty consciences," he himself says, should not keep him from the dukedom or "molest" him afterwards (II. 1. 278—280). And his crime in the past finds a counterpart now in his incitement of Sebastian to slay Alonso who had helped him. They are a fit pair of associates: unfeeling, as we see in their cruel jesting after the shipwreck (II. 1. 10 *et seq.*), treacherous, and unrepentant, so that suffering hardens their hearts, driving them into defiance (III. 3. 101, 102) and thus proving a curse. Even at the end, in spite of Prospero's "charm" (V. 17), they appear to be unsoftened, for, unlike Alonso, they do not utter a word of regret or gratitude; and though Prospero formally extends his forgiveness to them, that there may be no jarring note of discord, yet his opinion of them is plain (V. 126—132).

[1] Note the description of Caliban among the *Dramatis Personæ*.

*Stephano and Trinculo.*

Stephano[1] and Trinculo are the means by which the character of Caliban is developed before us and becomes so important a feature of the play. But for them we should not know what Caliban really is, since in Prospero's presence he is perforce restrained and cannot "indulge his genius." Their humours too serve the usual purpose of the comic element at once in relieving the strain and heightening the effect of the tragic interest. Thus their almost comic conspiracy against Prospero is a foil to that of Antonio and Sebastian.

*Gonzalo.*

One of the pleasantest characters of the piece is Gonzalo, the shrewd, witty and loyal old courtier[2]. There is nothing heroic about him: he would not refuse to carry out the design against Prospero and Miranda which was entrusted to his execution, but made a compromise with his natural kindness of heart by doing them a timely service (I. 2. 160—168); and the same kindness is seen in his efforts to comfort Alonso (II. 1. 1 *et seq.*). His loyalty is made conspicuous by the baseness of Antonio and Sebastian, for whom he is more than a match in wit (II. 1. 171—190). He has the composed bearing of an old man of the world. "I would fain die a dry death" (I. 1. 72) is his calm comment when the ship is driven ashore, and the incidents of the third Scene of the third Act seem to leave him unmoved. But it is only the composure of the man who does not wear his heart on his sleeve, as we find later (V. 11—17, 200—213).

[1] Rightly accented "Stéphano" in this play (V. 277), but "Stephάno" (it would seem) in *The Merchant of Venice*, V. 28, 51. The Latin, of course, is *Stephănus*, not *Stephānus*.

[2] He has been compared with Kent in *King Lear*. He represents indeed a favourite Shakespearian type, the "good old lord" and trusty councillor, who is to Shakespeare's kings and dukes what Burleigh was at Elizabeth's court. Cf. Escalus in *Measure for Measure*. Camillo again in *The Winter's Tale* plays much the same part; indeed, he renders Polixenes a service similar to Gonzalo's kind act (I. 2. 160—168). Polonius in *Hamlet* is a sort of aggravated specimen of the class.

## XI.

### RELATION OF "THE TEMPEST" TO TWO GREAT ELIZABETHAN MOVEMENTS.

*The Tempest* reminds us of two great Elizabethan movements—travel and colonisation. For years past English sailors had been exploring the universe. They brought home[1] wondrous trophies—"Indians," "monsters," and the like—and still more wondrous tales of their adventures. Companies like the Virginia were formed, charters granted, and expeditions sent out to plant settlements in far lands. And innumerable narratives[2] of travel and descriptions of unknown countries were printed.

*Travel.*

In these narratives (to which there are clear allusions in *The Tempest*, III. 3. 26, 27, 43—49), the Elizabethans read of "uninhabited islands" like Prospero's; of strangely-named deities like Setebos (I. 2. 373) and malign, wonder-working beings like Sycorax (I. 2. 258); of savage races strange and mysterious as Caliban himself or the "strange shapes" whom Gonzalo at once took to be "islanders" (III. 3. 29, 30); even of men such as those "whose heads stood in their breasts" (III. 3. 47).

*Elizabethan narratives of Travel; how they illustrate "The Tempest."*

Travel leads to colonisation and the nation was busy with schemes for "plantations" in Virginia and elsewhere. Surely in Gonzalo's words (II. 1. 143—

*Colonisation.*

[1] Cf. the allusions to this practice in II. 2. 34, 60, 61, and 70—81 (where Stephano speaks of taking Caliban back to Naples and selling him for a good price).

[2] Such as Jourdain's *Discovery of the Bermudas*, Eden's *History of Travel*, and Raleigh's *Discovery of Guiana*; to mention three works which there is reason for believing that Shakespeare himself used. (See p. x, and the notes I. 2. 373, III. 3. 46, 47.)

164) on the "plantation of this isle" and the true form of "commonwealth" we have an echo of what men were saying about these new settlements, their forms of government, and social institutions[1]; while the picture of Caliban's relations to Prospero[2], did it not touch another question then present to Shakespeare's contemporaries since it is inseparable from colonisation—namely, the relation of the native races to the white men who settle in their land?

*Indications of this movement in "The Tempest."*

At first Caliban is "made much of" and taught by Prospero, to whom in return he shows "all the qualities o' the isle." But soon the too frequent process of dispossession, enslavement and degradation begins. Civilization at its highest as represented by Prospero cannot raise the "vile race" of the savage. All it does for Caliban seems summed up in his own words (I. 2. 363, 364):

*Prospero and Caliban = the European and the savage.*

> "You taught me language; and my profit on 't
> Is, I know how to curse."

But civilization on its baser side as represented by Stephano and Trinculo can drag him down. And so the whole change robs him of such good things as belonged to his natural state, e.g. independence; becomes an occasion of crimes hitherto needless and unknown, such as his treacherous plot against Prospero; and offers new means (II. 2. 122) of abasement.

Designedly or not, the picture was full of warning, and the conditions of the time made the warning peculiarly apposite.

[1] We should remember too that apart from the special interest in colonies there was then much general speculation on politics and society. The new life which in religion produced Hooker's *Ecclesiastical Polity* and pamphlets on Church-government produced on its political side descriptions of imaginary commonwealths free from the ordinary evils of civilization. The most famous of these descriptions (which owed much to Plato's *Republic*) was Sir Thomas More's *Utopia*, but there were many others in various languages, such e.g. as the *Civitas Solis* (1600) of the Italian philosopher Campanella.

[2] See especially I. 2. 331—344, 363—365; cf. Kitchin's note on *The Faerie Queene*, II. 7. 12, 13, for another aspect of the problem.

## XII.

### KEYNOTES OF THE PLAY.

"The[1] thought which seems to run through the whole of *The Tempest*, appearing here and there like a coloured thread in some web, is the thought that the true freedom of man consists in service. Ariel, untouched by human feeling, is panting for his liberty: in the last words of Prospero are promised his enfranchisement and dismissal to the elements. Ariel reverences his great master, and serves him with bright alacrity; but he is bound by none of our human ties, strong and tender, and he will rejoice when Prospero is to him as though he were free. To Caliban, a land-fish, with the duller elements of earth and water in his composition, but no portion of the higher elements, air and fire, though he receives dim intimations of a higher world—a musical humming, or a twangling, or a voice heard in sleep—to Caliban service is slavery. The great master has usurped the rights of the brute-power Caliban. And when Stephano and Trinculo appear, ridiculously impoverished specimens of humanity, with their shallow understandings and vulgar greeds, this poor earth-monster is possessed by a sudden fanaticism for liberty.

The leaders of the revolution, escaped from the stench and foulness of the horse-pond—King Stephano and his prime-minister Trinculo—like too many leaders of the people, bring to an end their great achievement on behalf of liberty by quarrelling over booty—the trumpery which the providence of Prospero had placed in their way. Caliban, though scarce more truly wise or instructed than before, at least discovers his particular error of the day and hour:—

> What a thrice-double ass
> Was I, to take this drunkard for a god,
> And worship this dull fool!

In the epilogue, which was written perhaps by Shakespeare, perhaps by someone acquainted with his thoughts, Prospero, in his character of a man, no longer a potent enchanter, petitions the spectators of the theatre for two things, pardon and freedom. It would be straining matters to discover in this epilogue

[1] Dowden.

profound significances. And yet, in its playfulness, it curiously falls in with the moral purport of the whole. Prospero, the pardoner, implores pardon. Shakespeare was aware—whether such be the significance of this epilogue or not—that no life is ever lived which does not need to receive as well as to render forgiveness. He knew that every energetic dealer with the world must seek a sincere and liberal pardon for many things. Forgiveness and freedom: these are the keynotes of the play."

The thought of the beauty of service is illustrated particularly in the character of Ferdinand. It seems (says Dr Brandes) as if Shakespeare's motive in introducing the incident with which Act III. commences was "to show that it is man's great and noble privilege to serve out of love. To Caliban all service is hateful....For Ariel, too, all bondage, even that of a higher being, is mere torment. Man alone finds pleasure in the servitude of love. Thus Ferdinand bears uncomplainingly, and even gladly, for Miranda's sake, the burden laid upon him (III. I.):

> 'I am in my condition
> A prince, Miranda; I do think, a king.
> . . . . . .
> The very instant that I saw you, did
> My heart fly to your service; there resides,
> To make me slave to it; and for your sake
> Am I this patient log-man.'

She shares this feeling:

> 'I am your wife, if you will marry me;
> If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow
> You may deny me; but I'll be your servant,
> Whether you will or no.'

It is a feeling of the same nature which impels Prospero to return to Milan to fulfil his duty towards the State whose government he had so long neglected."

And in that other prevailing thought of *The Tempest*, as of *Cymbeline* and *The Winter's Tale*—the thought of the absolute need and beauty of forgiveness and reconciliation—we have the last utterance of the poet's wisdom of life. He has learned, and would have us learn, that "Pardon's the word to all[1]."

[1] *Cymbeline*, v. 5. 422.

## XIII.

### MISCELLANEA[1].

*The Tempest* is Shakespeare's great sea-play, and the first scene (I think) the most technical piece of writing in his works. How did a man born in the very centre of England get his sea-lore? He spent most of his working life in London, and London was then primarily a great sea-port, and the thoughts of Elizabethan England were much occupied with the sea and all that pertains to sea-faring and its objects and results.

"The dweller in a sea-port, and more especially in London, was brought daily into touch with ships and sailors. The river then was London's main thoroughfare, which all must use, and sailors, instead of being confined, as they are now, to one distant quarter of the town, were commonly seen in all parts of it.

"The spirit of oversea discovery and maritime expansion had permeated the national life. Exploration had become an integral part of maritime commerce at an early date; the mere fact of it had helped to render the Spanish war inevitable. The merchants of London during Shakespeare's lifetime were men with whom ventures to the Levant, to the New World, to the far North, or to the distant East, were topics of daily conversation and debate; and among courtiers, too, as long as Elizabeth lived, expeditions oversea were regarded as a sure way to royal favour, if not to fame and fortune[2]."

Shakespeare lived[3] for ten years in Silver Street, right in the heart of the "City," near old St Paul's. He must often have

[1] Since the first edition (1896) of this little book was published, a good deal of light has been thrown on the sources, geography and colonial aspects of *The Tempest*, and I am glad to have this opportunity of bringing together some notes and illustrations, more particularly from that storehouse of Shakespearian information, *Shakespeare's England* (1916), and Sir Sidney Lee's article mentioned later.

[2] *Shakespeare's England* ("*S. E.*"), I. 142, 143.

[3] According to the remarkable investigations of an American scholar, C. W. Wallace, "New Shakespeare Discoveries," *Harper's Magazine*, March 1910.

crossed over by boat to the Globe Theatre on the Bankside. He might well refer to the cries of the Thames boatmen; cf. "Westward-ho!" *Twelfth Night*, III. 1. 146. On a river-trip he may have passed the "Pirates and sea Rovers" expiating their crimes at Execution Dock hard by Wapping Old Stairs[1]. "City"-dwellers like himself must often have seen those famous ships of the Levant Company[2], the "Tiger" and the "Phœnix" (cf. again *Twelfth Night*, v. 1. 64, 65; *Macbeth*, I. 3. 8), coming up the Thames, laden with cargoes of spices and fruits and silks for the "Turkey merchants" of London-town. Neighbouring dockland (the "Wharfes" and "Kayes" marked on old maps of London) would teach him much about the sea and the men that go down to the sea in ships. And the sea-spirit breathes through Elizabethan literature. Hakluyt's *Voyages* (1589) is as full of wonderful sea-scenes as the pages of a modern sea-novelist. For some of those simple mariners could write as finely as they could navigate[3].

This sea-spirit heard the "Call of the West[4]." Many were the schemes of exploration and colonization beyond the Atlantic. It is this westward movement that dominates the Island-Caliban part of *The Tempest*. Shakespeare's own geography is essentially European[5]. He rarely (if ever) lays a scene outside Europe and its Eastern-Mediterranean fringe[6], as did other Elizabethan dramatists sometimes, e.g. Marlowe in *Tamburlaine*. In *The Tempest*—nominally—we never leave Europe; but actually the Island-Caliban element transports us to the West, so that "the European characters in the play shrink into mere visitors," our

[1] *S. E.* II. 156. [2] *The Times*, Dec. 12, 1918. [3] *S. E.* I. 175.

[4] The title of Sir Sidney Lee's article in *Scribner's Magazine*, September 1907, the fullest study of the Island-Caliban story in its relation to the New World.

[5] *S. E.* I. 170 and 194.

[6] Places like Ephesus (*Comedy of Errors*), Tyre and Tarsus (*Pericles*), Troy (*Troilus and Cressida*), Egypt (*Antony and Cleopatra*) may almost be classed under the title "Eastern-Mediterranean"; in history and association they point westward, to Europe, rather than eastward.

interest being concentrated mainly on two abnormal *personæ*, one the air-spirit, the other an earthly embodiment of the primitive savagery associated with the New World.

"Natives" were not new to Londoners. The practice of bringing Indians over to Europe dated back to 1530, when natives of Brazil came to London. "Most French and English discoverers brought two or three natives home to learn the language and then return to their tribe[1]"—e.g. Frobisher in 1577, Raleigh in 1584 (from Virginia), and again in 1595 (from Guiana). Londoners, therefore, would know that a misshapen monster like Caliban was not a type, in all respects, of the Indian. But he represented the problems connected with the Indians of the West, problems inseparable from colonisation: "this island's mine," says Caliban, "which thou takest from me" (I. 2. 331, 332).

The features of his island-life and ways reflect those attributed by travellers to Indians. For instance, sun-worship, "the dominant trait of the American Indian religion," may be glanced at in I. 2. 334—36, as more explicitly in *All's Well That Ends Well*, I. 3. 210—213. The whole atmosphere of the island is that of the West, more particularly of the Bermudas, as described in the accounts sent home by mariners[2]. Shakespeare, it has been said, was the first writer to treat seriously the problem of the North American Indian. *The Tempest* has been called "a veritable document of early Anglo-American history[3]."

The story of a mother and monster-offspring (Sycorax and Caliban) was not original. Brazilian[4] legend had a story of that sort, and there are indications that Shakespeare had Brazil in mind. Eden got his story of the Patagonian god Setebos (see I. 2. 373, note) from the narratives of Brazilian mariners. Brazil was a country that seems to have interested Europe much. It was

[1] *S. E.* I. 195. The application of the name "Indian" to the natives of America arose from the old geographical notion that America was part of the Indian continent of Asia. Columbus thought he was landing on the other side of Asia.

[2] See the last footnote on p. xxxvii.

[3] Lee. [4] *S. E.* I. 544.

supposed to be a Socialist paradise. Montaigne's picture of communistic life, the obvious basis of Gonzalo's commonwealth (II. I. 150—164), was derived from Brazilian visitors to the French court, though Shakespeare can hardly be supposed to have known this; and Sir Thomas More picked up some of the details of his Socialist *Utopia* from Brazilian sailors at Antwerp[1]. But, though the genesis of the story of Sycorax and her son may belong to South America, yet it is grafted on to the story of North American colonisation, the issues of which centre on Caliban—the dispossessed native.

Finally, *had* Shakespeare a vision of a "Greater England"—the far-flung empire of the Seven Seas? Perhaps: *Henry VIII.* v. 5. 51—56.

It is time to get back to Europe.

Shakespeare seems to make Milan a sea-town (I. I. 144, 145), and this, like the reference to the sea-coast of Bohemia in *The Winter's Tale*, has naturally been criticised. But looked at from Shakespeare's point of view the matter takes on a different aspect. A writer in the *Nineteenth Century* magazine (August 1908, Feb. 1918), dealing minutely with the Italian elements of Shakespeare's plays, shows that he had considerable knowledge of the geography of Northern Italy and its "waterways," i.e. its great rivers like the Po and the Adige, and its canals[2], which gave connection between inland cities and the sea. He quotes from an old Italian author (1520) the following suggestive description of Milan: *Mediolanum, quanquam a mari remotum, maritima civitas facile existimari posset.* In this connection we must remember the small size of the ocean-faring vessels of Shakespeare's time. English towns which we think of as inland saw on their river-quays little ships that had come from the ends of the earth.

A curious detail of Elizabethan travel referred to in *The Tempest*, III. 3. 48, and the disputes to which the arrangement often led, may be illustrated further.

[1] Lee.

[2] Cf. the allusion in *The Merchant of Venice*, III. 4. 53, 54, to the ferries (*traghetti*) round Venice.

"Foreign travel was in Coryat's[1] days neither the easy nor the customary thing it afterwards became. The chances of return were small, and the expenses high, as we learn from the custom of insuring oneself before starting out. The premium varied from one-third to one-fifth—i.e., the chances of return were estimated as from two to four to one against. Fynes Moryson paid £100 to receive £300 if he returned; Shakespeare, in *The Tempest*, quotes five for one; and Kemp, in his *Nine Days' Wonder*, tried to obtain the traveller's threefold gain. Coryat himself had insured for 100 marks with a neighbour,...but on his return the disappointed linen-draper refused to pay, and filed a bill in Chancery against him, with what result we do not know[2]."

[1] A well-known traveller whose account (1611) of Venice, especially of the Rialto, illustrates things in *The Merchant of Venice*. See p. l.

[2] The *Athenæum* in a review (May 30, 1903) of *Shakespeare's Europe*, a transcript and edition of the hitherto unpublished portion of the Travels ("Itinerary") of another Elizabethan traveller, Fynes Moryson, who gives a curious *Hamlet* illustration in his description of Wittenberg.

Another travel-book connected very closely with *The Tempest* is the "true Reportory" written by William Strachey, a fellow-colonist with Jourdain on the "Sea-Adventure." He gives a full account of the "wrack and redemption" of the colonists, of the Bermudas, and Virginia. His work, therefore, furnishes valuable illustrations of *The Tempest*, and has figured prominently in recent investigations of the whole story (see *S. E.* I. 175, 194). But the "Reportory," though written in 1610, was not published till 1625 in Purchas's continuation of Hakluyt.

## XIV.

### THE STORY OF THE PLAY.

The following is the story of the play in Lambs' *Tales from Shakespeare.* The young student (for whose benefit primarily it is inserted) should note that the *Tale* omits the two conspiracies and some of the minor characters, and makes Ariel very much more prominent than Caliban. The *Tale* retains much of the language of the play, and a good many of the words in it are explained in the Notes. See the Index for them.

There was a certain island in the sea, the only inhabitants of which were an old man, whose name was Prospero, and his daughter Miranda, a very beautiful young lady. She came to this island so young, that she had no memory of having seen any other human face than her father's.

They lived in a cave or cell, made out of a rock; it was divided into several apartments, one of which Prospero called his study; there he kept his books, which chiefly treated of magic, a study at that time much affected by all learned men: and the knowledge of this art he found very useful to him; for being thrown by a strange chance upon this island, which had been enchanted by a witch called Sycorax, who died there a short time before his arrival, Prospero, by virtue of his art, released many good spirits that Sycorax had imprisoned in the bodies of large trees, because they had refused to execute her wicked commands. These gentle spirits were ever after obedient to the will of Prospero. Of these Ariel was the chief.

The lively little sprite Ariel had nothing mischievous in his nature, except that he took rather too much pleasure in tormenting an ugly monster called Caliban, for he owed him a grudge because he was the son of his old enemy Sycorax. This Caliban, Prospero found in the woods, a strange misshapen thing, far less human in form than an ape: he took him

home to his cell, and taught him to speak; and Prospero would have been very kind to him, but the bad nature which Caliban inherited from his mother Sycorax, would not let him learn anything good or useful: therefore he was employed like a slave, to fetch wood, and do the most laborious offices; and Ariel had the charge of compelling him to these services.

When Caliban was lazy and neglected his work, Ariel (who was invisible to all eyes but Prospero's) would come slily and pinch him, and sometimes tumble him down in the mire; and then Ariel, in the likeness of an ape, would make mouths at him. Then swiftly changing his shape, in the likeness of a hedgehog, he would lie tumbling in Caliban's way, who feared the hedgehog's sharp quills would prick his bare feet. With a variety of such-like vexatious tricks Ariel would often torment him, whenever Caliban neglected the work which Prospero commanded him to do.

Having these powerful spirits obedient to his will, Prospero could by their means command the winds, and the waves of the sea. By his orders they raised a violent storm, in the midst of which, and struggling with the wild sea-waves that every moment threatened to swallow it up, he showed his daughter a fine large ship, which he told her was full of living beings like themselves. "O my dear father," said she, "if by your art you have raised this dreadful storm, have pity on their sad distress. See! the vessel will be dashed to pieces. Poor souls! they will all perish. If I had power, I would sink the sea beneath the earth, rather than the good ship should be destroyed, with all the precious souls within her."

"Be not so amazed, daughter Miranda," said Prospero; "there is no harm done. I have so ordered it, that no person in the ship shall receive any hurt. What I have done has been in care of you, my dear child. You are ignorant who you are, or where you came from, and you know no more of me, but that I am your father, and live in this poor cave. Can you remember a time before you came to this cell? I think you cannot, for you were not then three years of age."

"Certainly I can, sir," replied Miranda.

"By what?" asked Prospero; "by any other house or person? Tell me what you can remember, my child."

Miranda said, "It seems to me like the recollection of a dream. But had I not once four or five women who attended upon me?"

Prospero answered, "You had, and more. How is it that this still lives in your mind? Do you remember how you came here?"

"No, sir," said Miranda, "I remember nothing more."

"Twelve years ago, Miranda," continued Prospero, "I was duke of Milan, and you were a princess, and my only heir. I had a younger brother, whose name was Antonio, to whom I trusted everything; and as I was fond of retirement and deep study, I commonly left the management of my state affairs to your uncle, my false brother (for so indeed he proved). I, neglecting all worldly ends, buried among my books, did dedicate my whole time to the bettering of my mind. My brother Antonio being thus in possession of my power, began to think himself the duke indeed. The opportunity I gave him of making himself popular among my subjects awakened in his bad nature a proud ambition to deprive me of my dukedom: this he soon effected with the aid of the king of Naples, a powerful prince, who was my enemy."

"Wherefore," said Miranda, "did they not that hour destroy us?"

"My child," answered her father, "they durst not, so dear was the love that my people bore me. Antonio carried us on board a ship, and when we were some leagues out at sea, he forced us into a small boat, without either tackle, sail, or mast: there he left us, as he thought, to perish. But a kind lord of my court, one Gonzalo, who loved me, had privately placed in the boat water, provisions, apparel, and some books which I prize above my dukedom."

"O my father," said Miranda, "what a trouble must I have been to you then!"

"No, my love," said Prospero, "you were a little cherub that did preserve me. Your innocent smiles made me to bear

up against my misfortunes. Our food lasted till we landed on this desert island, since when my chief delight has been in teaching you, Miranda, and well have you profited by my instructions."

"Heaven thank you, my dear father," said Miranda. "Now pray tell me, sir, your reason for raising this sea-storm?"

"Know then," said her father, "that by means of this storm, my enemies, the king of Naples and my cruel brother, are cast ashore upon this island."

Having so said, Prospero gently touched his daughter with his magic wand, and she fell fast asleep; for the spirit Ariel just then presented himself before his master, to give an account of the tempest, and how he had disposed of the ship's company, and though the spirits were always invisible to Miranda, Prospero did not choose she should hear him holding converse (as would seem to her) with the empty air.

"Well, my brave spirit," said Prospero to Ariel, "how have you performed your task?"

Ariel gave a lively description of the storm, and of the terrors of the mariners; and how the king's son, Ferdinand, was the first who leaped into the sea; and his father thought he saw his dear son swallowed up by the waves and lost. "But he is safe," said Ariel, "in a corner of the isle, sitting with his arms folded, sadly lamenting the loss of the king, his father, whom he concludes drowned. Not a hair of his head is injured, and his princely garments, though drenched in the sea-waves, look fresher than before."

"That's my delicate Ariel," said Prospero. "Bring him hither: my daughter must see this young prince. Where is the king, and my brother?"

"I left them," answered Ariel, "searching for Ferdinand, whom they have little hopes of finding, thinking they saw him perish. Of the ship's crew not one is missing; though each one thinks himself the only one saved: and the ship, though invisible to them, is safe in the harbour."

"Ariel," said Prospero, "thy charge is faithfully performed: but there is more work yet."

"Is there more work?" said Ariel. "Let me remind you, master, you have promised me my liberty. I pray, remember, I have done you worthy service, told you no lies, made no mistakes, served you without grudge or grumbling."

"How now!" said Prospero. "You do not recollect what a torment I freed you from. Have you forgot the wicked witch Sycorax, who with age and envy was almost bent double? Where was she born? Speak; tell me."

"Sir, in Algiers," said Ariel.

"O was she so?" said Prospero. "I must recount what you have been, which I find you do not remember. This bad witch, Sycorax, for her witchcrafts, too terrible to enter human hearing, was banished from Algiers, and here left by the sailors; and because you were a spirit too delicate to execute her wicked commands, she shut you up in a tree, where I found you howling. This torment, remember, I did free you from."

"Pardon me, dear master," said Ariel, ashamed to seem ungrateful; "I will obey your commands."

"Do so," said Prospero, "and I will set you free." He then gave orders what further he would have him do; and away went Ariel, first to where he had left Ferdinand, and found him still sitting on the grass in the same melancholy posture.

"O my young gentleman," said Ariel, when he saw him, "I will soon move you. You must be brought, I find, for the Lady Miranda to have a sight of your pretty person. Come, sir, follow me." He then began singing,

"Full fathom five thy father lies:
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
Hark! now I hear them,—Ding-dong, bell."

This strange news of his lost father soon roused the prince

from the stupid fit into which he had fallen. He followed in amazement the sound of Ariel's voice, till it led him to Prospero and Miranda, who were sitting under the shade of a large tree. Now Miranda had never seen a man before, except her own father.

"Miranda," said Prospero, "tell me what you are looking at yonder."

"O father," said Miranda, in a strange surprise, "surely that is a spirit. Lord! how it looks about! Believe me, sir, it is a beautiful creature. Is it not a spirit?"

"No, girl," answered her father; "it eats, and sleeps, and has senses such as we have. This young man you see was in the ship. He is somewhat altered by grief, or you might call him a handsome person. He has lost his companions, and is wandering about to find them."

Miranda, who thought all men had grave faces and grey beards like her father, was delighted with the appearance of this beautiful young prince; and Ferdinand, seeing such a lovely lady in this desert place, and from the strange sounds he had heard, expecting nothing but wonders, thought he was upon an enchanted island, and that Miranda was the goddess of the place, and as such he began to address her.

She timidly answered, she was no goddess, but a simple maid, and was going to give him an account of herself, when Prospero interrupted her. He was well pleased to find they admired each other, for he plainly perceived they had (as we say) fallen in love at first sight: but to try Ferdinand's constancy, he resolved to throw some difficulties in their way: therefore advancing forward, he addressed the prince with a stern air, telling him, he came to the island as a spy, to take it from him who was the lord of it. "Follow me," said he, "I will tie you neck and feet together. You shall drink sea-water; shell-fish, withered roots, and husks of acorns shall be your food." "No," said Ferdinand, "I will resist such entertainment, till I see a more powerful enemy," and drew his sword; but Prospero, waving his magic wand, fixed him to the spot where he stood, so that he had no power to move.

Miranda hung upon her father, saying, "Why are you so ungentle? Have pity, sir; I will be his surety. This is the second man I ever saw, and to me he seems a true one."

"Silence," said the father; "one word more will make me chide you, girl! What! an advocate for an impostor! You think there are no more such fine men, having seen only him and Caliban. I tell you, foolish girl, most men as far excel this, as he does Caliban." This he said to prove his daughter's constancy; and she replied, "My affections are most humble. I have no wish to see a goodlier man."

"Come on, young man," said Prospero to the prince; "you have no power to disobey me."

"I have not indeed," answered Ferdinand; and not knowing that it was by magic he was deprived of all power of resistance, he was astonished to find himself so strangely compelled to follow Prospero: looking back on Miranda as long as he could see her, he said, as he went after Prospero into the cave, "My spirits are all bound up, as if I were in a dream; but this man's threats, and the weakness which I feel, would seem light to me if from my prison I might once a day behold this fair maid."

Prospero kept Ferdinand not long confined within the cell: he soon brought out his prisoner, and set him a severe task to perform, taking care to let his daughter know the hard labour he had imposed on him, and then pretending to go into his study, he secretly watched them both.

Prospero had commanded Ferdinand to pile up some heavy logs of wood. King's sons not being much used to laborious work, Miranda soon after found her lover almost dying with fatigue. "Alas!" said she, "do not work so hard; my father is at his studies, he is safe for these three hours; pray rest yourself."

"O my dear lady," said Ferdinand, "I dare not. I must finish my task before I take my rest."

"If you will sit down," said Miranda, "I will carry your logs the while." But this Ferdinand would by no means agree to. Instead of a help Miranda became a hindrance, for they began

a long conversation, so that the business of log-carrying went on very slowly.

Prospero, who had enjoined Ferdinand this task merely as a trial of his love, was not at his books, as his daughter supposed, but was standing by them invisible, to overhear what they said.

Ferdinand inquired her name, which she told, saying it was against her father's express command she did so.

Prospero only smiled at this first instance of his daughter's disobedience, for having by his magic art caused his daughter to fall in love so suddenly, he was not angry that she showed her love by forgetting to obey his commands. And he listened well pleased to a long speech of Ferdinand's in which he professed to love her above all the ladies he ever saw.

In answer to his praises of her beauty, which he said exceeded all the women in the world, she replied, "I do not remember the face of any woman, nor have I seen any more men than you, my good friend, and my dear father. How features are abroad, I know not; but, believe me, sir, I would not wish any companion in the world but you, nor can my imagination form any shape but yours that I could like. But, sir, I fear I talk to you too freely, and my father's precepts I forget."

At this Prospero smiled, and nodded his head, as much as to say, "This goes on exactly as I could wish; my girl will be queen of Naples."

And then Ferdinand, in another fine long speech (for young princes speak in courtly phrases), told the innocent Miranda he was heir to the crown of Naples, and that she should be his queen.

"Ah! sir," said she, "I am a fool to weep at what I am glad of. I will answer you in plain and holy innocence. I am your wife if you will marry me."

Prospero prevented Ferdinand's thanks by appearing visible before them.

"Fear nothing, my child," said he; "I have overheard, and approve of all you have said. And, Ferdinand, if I have too

severely used you, I will make you rich amends, by giving you my daughter. All your vexations were but trials of your love, and you have nobly stood the test. Then as my gift, which your true love has worthily purchased, take my daughter, and do not smile that I boast she is above all praise." He then, telling them that he had business which required his presence, desired they would sit down and talk together till he returned; and this command Miranda seemed not at all disposed to disobey.

When Prospero left them, he called his spirit Ariel, who quickly appeared before him, eager to relate what he had done with Prospero's brother and the king of Naples. Ariel said he had left them almost out of their senses with fear, at the strange things he had caused them to see and hear. When fatigued with wandering about, and famished for want of food, he had suddenly set before them a delicious banquet, and then, just as they were going to eat, he appeared visible before them in the shape of a harpy, a voracious monster with wings, and the feast vanished away. Then, to their utter amazement, this seeming harpy spoke to them, reminding them of their cruelty in driving Prospero from his dukedom, and leaving him and his infant daughter to perish in the sea; saying, that for this cause these terrors were suffered to afflict them.

The king of Naples and Antonio the false brother repented the injustice they had done to Prospero; and Ariel told his master he was certain their penitence was sincere, and that he, though a spirit, could not but pity them.

"Then bring them hither, Ariel," said Prospero: "if you, who are but a spirit, feel for their distress, shall not I, who am a human being like themselves, have compassion on them? Bring them, quickly, my dainty Ariel."

Ariel soon returned with the king, Antonio, and old Gonzalo in their train, who had followed him, wondering at the wild music he played in the air to draw them on to his master's presence. This Gonzalo was the same who had so kindly provided Prospero formerly with books and provisions, when his wicked brother left him, as he thought, to perish in an open boat in the sea.

Grief and terror had so stupefied their senses, that they did not know Prospero. He first discovered himself to the good old Gonzalo, calling him the preserver of his life; and then his brother and the king knew that he was the injured Prospero.

Antonio[1] with tears, and sad words of sorrow and true repentance, implored his brother's forgiveness, and the king expressed his sincere remorse for having assisted Antonio to depose his brother: and Prospero forgave them; and, upon their engaging to restore his dukedom, he said to the king of Naples, "I have a gift in store for you too"; and opening a door, showed him his son Ferdinand playing at chess with Miranda.

Nothing could exceed the joy of the father and the son at this unexpected meeting, for they each thought the other drowned in the storm.

"O wonder!" said Miranda, "what noble creatures these are! It must surely be a brave world that has such people in it."

The king of Naples was almost as much astonished at the beauty and excellent graces of the young Miranda, as his son had been. "Who is this maid?" said he; "she seems the goddess that has parted us, and brought us thus together." "No sir," answered Ferdinand, smiling to find his father had fallen into the same mistake that he had done when he first saw Miranda, "she is a mortal, but by immortal Providence she is mine; I chose her when I could not ask you, my father, for your consent, not thinking you were alive. She is the daughter to this Prospero, who is the famous duke of Milan, of whose renown I have heard so much, but never saw him till now: of him I have received a new life: he has made himself to me a second father, giving me this dear lady."

"Then I must be her father," said the king; "but oh! how oddly will it sound, that I must ask my child forgiveness."

"No more of that," said Prospero: "let us not remember

[1] Here the *Tale* does not represent the play very closely. We should *like* to think that Antonio was deeply penitent; but he says nothing.

our troubles past, since they so happily have ended." And then Prospero embraced his brother, and again assured him of his forgiveness; and said that a wise overruling Providence had permitted that he should be driven from his poor dukedom of Milan, that his daughter might inherit the crown of Naples, for that by their meeting in this desert island, it had happened that the king's son had loved Miranda.

These kind words which Prospero spoke, meaning to comfort his brother, so filled Antonio with shame and remorse, that he wept and was unable to speak; and the kind old Gonzalo wept to see this joyful reconciliation, and prayed for blessings on the young couple.

Prospero now told them that their ship was safe in the harbour, and the sailors all on board her, and that he and his daughter would accompany them home the next morning. "In the meantime," says he, "partake of such refreshments as my poor cave affords; and for your evening's entertainment I will relate the history of my life from my first landing in this desert island." He then called for Caliban to prepare some food, and set the cave in order; and the company were astonished at the uncouth form and savage appearance of this ugly monster, who (Prospero said) was the only attendant he had to wait upon him.

Before Prospero left the island, he dismissed Ariel from his service, to the great joy of that lively little spirit; who, though he had been a faithful servant to his master, was always longing to enjoy his free liberty, to wander uncontrolled in the air, like a wild bird, under green trees, among pleasant fruits, and sweet-smelling flowers. "My quaint Ariel," said Prospero to the little sprite when he made him free, "I shall miss you; yet you shall have your freedom." "Thank you, my dear master," said Ariel; "but give me leave to attend your ship home with prosperous gales, before you bid farewell to the assistance of your faithful spirit; and then, master, when I am free, how merrily I shall live!" Here Ariel sung this pretty song:

"Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie:

There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough."

Prospero then buried deep in the earth his magical books and wand, for he was resolved never more to make use of the magic art. And having thus overcome his enemies, and being reconciled to his brother and the king of Naples, nothing now remained to complete his happiness, but to revisit his native land, to take possession of his dukedom, and to witness the happy nuptials of his daughter and Prince Ferdinand, which the king said should be instantly celebrated with great splendour on their return to Naples. At which place, under the safe convoy of the spirit Ariel, they after a pleasant voyage soon arrived.

## ADDENDA.

Two comparatively recent pieces of illustration or suggestion about *The Tempest* will interest senior students.

(i) A well-known French Shakespearean scholar, Professor Abel Lefranc, published in 1921 a pamphlet entitled *L'Origine d'Ariel*, in which he showed that the name "Ariel" occurs as that of one of the spirits of a demoniacal system in a once famous book on magic, by Jean Trithème, Abbot of the Benedictine Monastery of Spanheim. This writer lived 1462—1516, but his book, with the title *Steganographia* ('Cryptic writing'), was not published till 1606, at Frankfort. He makes Ariel a spirit attendant on one of the rulers of the seven planets of astrology. The Abbot also introduces the name "Ariel" in another magic-book called *Polygraphia*, of which there was a French translation (1561), often reprinted. These references seem to constitute the earliest known mention of Ariel in mediaeval writers.

(ii) "Shakespeare probably found in William Thomas's 'Historie of Italie,' 1549, the names, and perhaps a little more, of some of his Italian princes in *The Tempest*" (Professor Warwick Bond in *The Times Literary Supplement*, May 27, 1920). This remark appears applicable to Shakespeare's Italian plays in general. For instance, Wright's description of the Jews at Venice and their usury has been cited in illustration of *The Merchant of Venice*; see Pitt Press ed., p. 190.

# THE TEMPEST.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ALONSO, King of Naples.
FERDINAND, his son.
SEBASTIAN, brother to Alonso.
PROSPERO, the rightful Duke of Milan.
ANTONIO, his brother, the usurping Duke of Milan.
GONZALO, an honest old counsellor.
ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, } lords.
TRINCULO, a jester.
STEPHANO, a drunken butler.
Master of a ship, Boatswain, and Mariners.

CALIBAN, a savage and deformed slave.

MIRANDA, daughter to Prospero.

ARIEL, an airy spirit.
IRIS, CERES, JUNO, Nymphs, Reapers, } presented by Spirits.

Other Spirits attending on Prospero.

SCENE—*On board a ship at sea; afterwards various parts of an island.*

# THE TEMPEST.

## ACT I.

SCENE I. *On board a ship at sea: a storm, with thunder and lightning.*

*Enter* Master *and* Boatswain.

*Master.* Boatswain!

*Boatswain.* Here, master: what cheer?

*Master.* Good, speak to the mariners: fall to't yarely, or we run ourselves a-ground: bestir, bestir. [*Exit.*

*Enter* Mariners.

*Boatswain.* Heigh, my hearts! cheerly, cheerly, my hearts! yare, yare! Take in the topsail! Tend to the master's whistle! [*Exeunt Mariners.*]—Blow, till thou burst thy wind, if room enough!

*Enter* ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, FERDINAND, GONZALO, *and others.*

*Alonso.* Good boatswain, have care. Where's the master? Play the men. 11

*Boatswain.* I pray now, keep below.

*Antonio.* Where is the master, boatswain?

*Boatswain.* Do you not hear him? You mar our labour: keep your cabins: you do assist the storm.

*Gonzalo.* Nay, good, be patient.

*Boatswain.* When the sea is. Hence! What cares these roarers for the name of king? To cabin: silence! trouble us not.

*Gon.* Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

*Boatswain.* None that I more love than myself. You are a counsellor;—if you can command these elements to silence, and work the peace of the present, we will not hand a rope more; use your authority: if you cannot, give thanks you have lived so long, and make yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap.—Cheerly, good hearts!—Out of our way, I say. [*Exit.*

*Gonzalo.* I have great comfort from this fellow: methinks he hath no drowning-mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good Fate, to his hanging! make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage! If he be not born to be hanged, our case is miserable. [*Exeunt.*

*Re-enter* Boatswain.

*Boatswain.* Down with the topmast! yare! lower, lower! Bring her to try with main-course! [*A cry within.*] A plague upon this howling! they are louder than the weather or our office.

*Re-enter* SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, *and* GONZALO.

Yet again! what do you here? Shall we give o'er, and drown? Have you a mind to sink?

*Sebastian.* A plague o' your throat, you bawling, blasphemous, incharitable dog!

*Boatswain.* Work you, then.

*Antonio.* Hang, cur, hang! you insolent noise-maker, we are less afraid to be drowned than thou art.

*Gonzalo.* I'll warrant him for drowning; though the ship were no stronger than a nutshell.

*Boatswain.* Lay her a-hold, a-hold! set her two courses! off to sea again; lay her off!

*Re-enter* Mariners *wet.*

*Mariners.* All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost! [*Exeunt.*

*Boatswain.* What, must our mouths be cold?

*Gon.* The king and prince at prayers! let's assist them, For our case is as theirs.

*Sebastian.* I'm out of patience.

*Antonio.* We are merely cheated of our lives by drunkards:—
This wide-chapp'd rascal,—would thou mightst lie drowning, The washing of ten tides!

*Gonzalo.* He'll be hang'd yet,
Though every drop of water swear against it,
And gape at wid'st to glut him.

[*A confused noise within:* "Mercy on us!"—"We split, we split!"—"Farewell, my wife and children!"—"Farewell, brother!"—"We split, we split, we split!"]

[*Exit Boatswain.*

*Antonio.* Let's all sink with the king.

*Sebastian.* Let's take leave of him.

[*Exeunt Antonio and Sebastian.*

*Gonzalo.* Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground,—long heath, brown furze, any thing. The wills above be done! but I would fain die a dry death. [*Exit.*

## SCENE II. *The island: before* PROSPERO'S *cell.*

*Enter* PROSPERO *and* MIRANDA.

*Miranda.* If by your art, my dearest father, you have
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them.
The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,
But that the sea, mounting to the welkin's cheek,
Dashes the fire out. O, I have suffer'd
With those that I saw suffer! a brave vessel,
Who had, no doubt, some noble creature in her,
Dash'd all to pieces. O, the cry did knock
Against my very heart! Poor souls, they perish'd!
Had I been any god of power, I would
Have sunk the sea within the earth or ere
It should the good ship so have swallow'd and
The fraughting souls within her.

*Prospero.* Be collected;
No more amazement: tell your piteous heart
There's no harm done.

*Miranda.* O, woe the day!

*Prospero.* No harm.
I have done nothing but in care of thee,—
Of thee, my dear one, thee, my daughter,—who
Art ignorant of what thou art, naught knowing
Of whence I am, nor that I am more better
Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell,
And thy no greater father.

*Miranda.* More to know
Did never meddle with my thoughts.

*Prospero.* 'Tis time
I should inform thee further. Lend thy hand,
And pluck my magic garment from me.—So:

[*Lays down his robe.*

Lie there, my art.—Wipe thou thine eyes; have comfort.
The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touch'd
The very virtue of compassion in thee,
I have with such provision in mine art
So safely order'd, that there is no soul—
No, not so much perdition as an hair
Betid to any creature in the vessel
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink. Sit down;
For thou must now know further.

*Miranda.* You have often
Begun to tell me what I am, but stopp'd,
And left me to a bootless inquisition,
Concluding, "Stay, not yet."

*Prospero.* The hour's now come;
The very minute bids thee ope thine ear:
Obey, and be attentive. Canst thou remember
A time before we came unto this cell?
I do not think thou canst, for then thou wast not
Out three years old.

*Miranda.* Certainly, sir, I can.

*Prospero.* By what? by any other house or person?
Of any thing the image tell me that
Hath kept with thy remembrance.

*Miranda.* 'Tis far off,
And rather like a dream than an assurance
That my remembrance warrants. Had I not
Four or five women once that tended me?

*Pros.* Thou hadst, and more, Miranda. But how is it
That this lives in thy mind? What see'st thou else
In the dark backward and abysm of time?
If thou remember'st aught ere thou cam'st here,
How thou cam'st here thou mayst.

*Miranda.* But that I do not.

*Pros.* Twelve year since, Miranda, twelve year since,
Thy father was the Duke of Milan and
A prince of power.
*Miranda.* Sir, are not you my father?
*Prospero.* Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and
She said thou wast my daughter; and thy father
Was Duke of Milan, and his only heir
A princess,—no worse issued.
*Miranda.* O the heavens!
What foul play had we, that we came from thence?
Or blessed was't we did?
*Prospero.* Both, both, my girl:
By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heav'd thence,
But blessedly holp hither.
*Miranda.* O, my heart bleeds
To think o' the teen that I have turn'd you to,
Which is from my remembrance! Please you, further.
*Prospero.* My brother, and thy uncle, call'd Antonio,—
I pray thee, mark me,—that a brother should
Be so perfidious!—he whom next thyself
Of all the world I lov'd, and to him put
The manage of my state; as at that time
Through all the signiories it was the first,
And Prospero the prime duke, being so reputed
In dignity, and for the liberal arts
Without a parallel: those being all my study,
The government I cast upon my brother,
And to my state grew stranger, being transported
And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle—
Dost thou attend me?
*Miranda.* Sir, most heedfully.
*Prospero.* Being once perfected how to grant suits,
How to deny them, who to advance, and who

To trash for over-topping,—new created
The creatures that were mine, I say, or chang'd 'em,
Or else new form'd 'em; having both the key
Of officer and office, set all hearts i' the state
To what tune pleas'd his ear; that now he was
The ivy which had hid my princely trunk,
And suck'd my verdure out on't. Thou attend'st not.
*Miranda.* O, good sir, I do.
*Prospero.* I pray thee, mark me.
I, thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
To closeness and the bettering of my mind
With that which, but by being so retir'd,
O'er-priz'd all popular rate, in my false brother
Awak'd an evil nature; and my trust,
Like a good parent, did beget of him
A falsehood, in its contrary as great
As my trust was; which had indeed no limit,
A confidence sans bound. He being thus lorded,
Not only with what my revenue yielded,
But what my power might else exact,—like one
Who having into truth, by telling of it,
Made such a sinner of his memory
To credit his own lie,—he did believe
He was indeed the duke; out o' the substitution,
And executing the outward face of royalty,
With all prerogative: hence his ambition growing—
Dost thou hear?
*Miranda.* Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.
*Pros.* To have no screen between this part he play'd
And him he play'd it for, he needs will be
Absolute Milan. Me, poor man, my library
Was dukedom large enough: of temporal royalties
He thinks me now incapable; confederates—

So dry he was for sway—wi' the King of Naples
To give him annual tribute, do him homage,
Subject his coronet to his crown, and bend
The dukedom, yet unbow'd,—alas, poor Milan!—
To most ignoble stooping.

*Miranda.* O the heavens!

*Pros.* Mark his condition, and the event; then tell me
If this might be a brother.

*Miranda.* I should sin
To think but nobly of my grandmother:
Good wombs have borne bad sons.

*Prospero.* Now the condition.
This King of Naples, being an enemy
To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's suit;
Which was, that he, in lieu o' the premises
Of homage and I know not how much tribute,
Should presently extirpate me and mine
Out of the dukedom, and confer fair Milan,
With all the honours, on my brother: whereon,
A treacherous army levied, one midnight
Fated to the purpose did Antonio open
The gates of Milan, and, i' the dead of darkness,
The ministers for the purpose hurried thence
Me and thy crying self.

*Miranda.* Alack, for pity!
I, not remembering how I cried out then,
Will cry it o'er again: it is a hint
That wrings mine eyes to't.

*Prospero.* Hear a little further,
And then I'll bring thee to the present business
Which now's upon's; without the which this story
Were most impertinent.

*Miranda.* Wherefore did they not

That hour destroy us?

*Prospero.* Well demanded, wench:
My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst not,—
So dear the love my people bore me,—nor set
A mark so bloody on the business; but
With colours fairer painted their foul ends.
In few, they hurried us aboard a bark,
Bore us some leagues to sea; where they prepared
A rotten carcass of a butt, not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats
Instinctively have quit it: there they hoist us,
To cry to the sea that roar'd to us; to sigh
To the winds, whose pity, sighing back again,
Did us but loving wrong.

*Miranda.* Alack, what trouble
Was I then to you!

*Prospero.* O, a cherubin
Thou wast that did preserve me! Thou didst smile,
Infused with a fortitude from heaven,
When I have deck'd the sea with drops full salt,
Under my burden groan'd; which rais'd in me
An undergoing stomach, to bear up
Against what should ensue.

*Miranda.* How came we ashore?

*Prospero.* By Providence divine.
Some food we had, and some fresh water, that
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
Out of his charity, who being then appointed
Master of this design, did give us, with
Rich garments, linens, stuffs, and necessaries,
Which since have steaded much; so, of his gentleness,
Knowing I loved my books, he furnish'd me,
From mine own library, with volumes that

I prize above my dukedom.

*Miranda.* Would I might
But ever see that man!

*Prospero.* Now I arise: [*Resumes his mantle.*
Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.
Here in this island we arriv'd; and here
Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit
Than other princess' can, that have more time
For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful.

*Miranda.* Heavens thank you for't! And now, I pray you, sir,—
For still 'tis beating in my mind,—your reason
For raising this sea-storm?

*Prospero.* Know thus far forth.
By accident most strange, bountiful Fortune—
Now my dear lady—hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore; and by my prescience
I find my zenith doth depend upon
A most auspicious star, whose influence
If now I court not but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop. Here cease more questions:
Thou art inclin'd to sleep; 'tis a good dulness,
And give it way:—I know thou canst not choose.—
[*Miranda sleeps.*
Come away, servant, come! I'm ready now:
Approach, my Ariel; come!

*Enter* ARIEL.

*Ariel.* All hail, great master! grave sir, hail! I come
To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly,
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curl'd clouds,—to thy strong bidding task
Ariel and all his quality.

*Prospero.* Hast thou, spirit,
Perform'd to point the tempest that I bade thee?
*Ariel.* To every article.
I boarded the king's ship; now on the beak,
Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,
I flam'd amazement: sometime I'd divide,
And burn in many places; on the topmast,
The yards, and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly,
Then meet, and join. Jove's lightnings, the precursors
O' the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary
And sight-outrunning were not: the fire and cracks
Of sulphurous roaring the most mighty Neptune
Seem to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble,
Yea, his dread trident shake.
*Prospero.* My brave spirit!
Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil
Would not infect his reason?
*Ariel.* Not a soul
But felt a fever of the mad, and play'd
Some tricks of desperation. All but mariners
Plung'd in the foaming brine, and quit the vessel,
Then all a-fire with me: the king's son, Ferdinand,
With hair up-staring,—then like reeds, not hair,—
Was the first man that leap'd; cried, "Hell is empty,
And all the devils are here."
*Prospero.* Why, that's my spirit!
But was not this nigh shore?
*Ariel.* Close by, my master.
*Prospero.* But are they, Ariel, safe?
*Ariel.* Not a hair perish'd;
On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
But fresher than before: and, as thou bad'st me,
In troops I have dispers'd them 'bout the isle.

The king's son have I landed by himself;
Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs
In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting,
His arms in this sad knot.

*Prospero.* Of the king's ship
The mariners say how thou hast dispos'd,
And all the rest o' the fleet.

*Ariel.* Safely in harbour
Is the king's ship; in the deep nook, where once
Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew
From the still-vex'd Bermoothes, there she's hid:
The mariners all under hatches stow'd;
Who, with a charm join'd to their suffer'd labour,
I have left asleep: and for the rest o' the fleet,
Which I dispers'd, they all have met again,
And are upon the Mediterranean flote,
Bound sadly home for Naples;
Supposing that they saw the king's ship wreck'd,
And his great person perish.

*Prospero.* Ariel, thy charge
Exactly is perform'd: but there's more work.
What is the time o' the day?

*Ariel.* Past the mid season.

*Prospero.* At least two glasses. The time 'twixt six and now
Must by us both be spent most preciously.

*Ari.* Is there more toil? Since thou dost give me pains,
Let me remember thee what thou hast promis'd,
Which is not yet perform'd me.

*Prospero.* How now? moody?
What is't thou canst demand?

*Ariel.* My liberty.

*Prospero.* Before the time be out? no more!

*Ariel.* I prithee,
Remember I have done thee worthy service;
Told thee no lies, made thee no mistakings, serv'd
Without or grudge or grumblings: thou didst promise
To bate me a full year.

*Prospero.* Dost thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee?

*Ariel.* No.

*Prospero.* Thou dost; and think'st it much to tread the ooze
Of the salt deep,
To run upon the sharp wind of the north,
To do me business in the veins o' the earth
When it is baked with frost.

*Ariel.* I do not, sir.

*Pros.* Thou liest, malignant thing! Hast thou forgot
The foul witch Sycorax, who with age and envy
Was grown into a hoop? hast thou forgot her?

*Ariel.* No, sir.

*Prospero.* Thou hast. Where was she born? speak; tell me.

*Ariel.* Sir, in Argier.

*Prospero.* O, was she so? I must
Once in a month recount what thou hast been,
Which thou forgett'st. This damn'd witch Sycorax,
For mischiefs manifold and sorceries terrible
To enter human hearing, from Argier,
Thou know'st, was banish'd: for one thing she did
They would not take her life. Is not this true?

*Ariel.* Ay, sir.

*Pros.* This blue-ey'd hag was hither brought with child,
And here was left by the sailors. Thou, my slave,
As thou report'st thyself, wast then her servant;

And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate
To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands,
Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee,
By help of her more potent ministers
And in her most unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven pine; within which rift
Imprison'd thou didst painfully remain
A dozen years; within which space she died,
And left thee there; where thou didst vent thy groans
As fast as mill-wheels strike. Then was this island—
Save for the son that she did litter here,
A freckled whelp hag-born—not honour'd with
A human shape.

*Ariel.* Yes, Caliban her son.

*Prospero.* Dull thing, I say so; he, that Caliban,
Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st
What torment I did find thee in; thy groans
Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts
Of ever-angry bears: it was a torment
To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax
Could not again undo: it was mine art,
When I arriv'd and heard thee, that made gape
The pine, and let thee out.

*Ariel.* I thank thee, master.

*Prospero.* If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak,
And peg thee in his knotty entrails till
Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters.

*Ariel.* Pardon, master:
I will be correspondent to command,
And do my spiriting gently.

*Prospero.* Do so; and after two days
I will discharge thee.

*Ariel.* That's my noble master!

What shall I do? say what; what shall I do?

*Pros.* Go make thyself like a nymph o' the sea: be subject
To no sight but thine and mine, invisible
To every eyeball else. Go take this shape,
And hither come in't: go, hence with diligence!
[*Exit Ariel.*

Awake, dear heart, awake! thou hast slept well;
Awake!

*Miranda* [*Waking*]. The strangeness of your story put
Heaviness in me.

*Prospero.* Shake it off. Come on;
We'll visit Caliban my slave, who never
Yields us kind answer.

*Miranda.* 'Tis a villain, sir,
I do not love to look on.

*Prospero.* But, as 'tis,
We cannot miss him: he does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood, and serves in offices
That profit us.—What, ho! slave! Caliban!
Thou earth, thou! speak.

*Caliban* [*Within*]. There's wood enough within.

*Prospero.* Come forth, I say! there's other business for thee:
Come, thou tortoise! when?

*Re-enter* ARIEL *like a water-nymph.*

Fine apparition! My quaint Ariel,
Hark in thine ear.

*Ariel.* My lord, it shall be done. [*Exit.*

*Prospero.* Thou poisonous slave, come forth!

*Enter* CALIBAN.

*Caliban.* As wicked dew as e'er my mother brush'd

With raven's feather from unwholesome fen
Drop on you both! a south-west blow on ye,
And blister you all o'er!

*Pros.* For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have cramps,
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up; urchins
Shall, for that vast of night that they may work,
All exercise on thee; thou shalt be pinch'd
As thick as honeycomb, each pinch more stinging
Than bees that made 'em.

*Caliban.* I must eat my dinner. 330
This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou takest from me. When thou camest first,
Thou strok'dst me, and mad'st much of me; wouldst give me
Water with berries in't; and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the less,
That burn by day and night: and then I lov'd thee,
And show'd thee all the qualities o' the isle,
The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place and fertile:—
Cursed be I that did so! All the charms
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!
For I am all the subjects that you have, 341
Which first was mine own king: and here you sty me
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
The rest o' the island.

*Prospero.* Thou most lying slave,
Whom stripes may move, not kindness! I have us'd thee,
Filth as thou art, with human care. Abhorred slave,
Which any print of goodness wilt not take,
Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour
One thing or other: when thou didst not, savage,
Know thine own meaning, but wouldst gabble like

A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
With words that made them known. But thy vile race,
Though thou didst learn, had that in't which good natures
Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou
Deservedly confin'd into this rock,
Who hadst deserved more than a prison.

*Caliban.* You taught me language; and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curse. The red plague rid you
For learning me your language!

*Prospero.* Hag-seed, hence!
Fetch us in fuel; and be quick, thou'rt best,
To answer other business. Shrugg'st thou, malice?
If thou neglect'st, or dost unwillingly
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps,
Fill all thy bones with aches, make thee roar,
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

*Caliban.* No, pray thee.—
[*Aside*] I must obey: his art is of such power,
It would control my dam's god, Setebos,
And make a vassal of him.

*Prospero.* So, slave; hence!

[*Exit Caliban.*

*Re-enter* ARIEL, *invisible, playing and singing;* FERDINAND *following.*

ARIEL'S *song.*

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:
Courtsied when you have and kiss'd
The wild waves whist,
Foot it featly here and there;
And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.

Hark, hark!
[*Burden, dispersedly, within.* Bow, wow.]
The watch-dogs bark:
[*Burden, dispersedly, within.* Bow, wow.]
Hark, hark! I hear
The strain of strutting chanticleer
Cry, Cock-a-diddle-dow.

*Ferdinand.* Where should this music be? i' the air or the earth?
It sounds no more:—and, sure, it waits upon
Some god o' the island. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again the king my father's wreck,
This music crept by me upon the waters,
Allaying both their fury and my passion
With its sweet air: thence I have follow'd it,
Or it hath drawn me rather:—but 'tis gone.
No, it begins again.

ARIEL *sings.*

Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes;
Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
[*Burden, within.* Ding-dong.]
Hark! now I hear them,—Ding-dong, bell.

*Fer.* The ditty does remember my drown'd father:
This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the earth owes: I hear it now above me.

*Prospero.* The fringed curtains of thine eye advance,

And say what thou see'st yond.

*Miranda.* What is't? a spirit?
Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir,
It carries a brave form:—but 'tis a spirit.

*Prospero.* No, wench; it eats, and sleeps, and hath such senses
As we have, such. This gallant which thou see'st
Was in the wreck; and but he's something stain'd
With grief, that's beauty's canker, thou mightst call him
A goodly person: he hath lost his fellows,
And strays about to find 'em.

*Miranda.* I might call him
A thing divine; for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.

*Prospero* [*Aside*]. It goes on, I see,
As my soul prompts it.—Spirit, fine spirit! I'll free thee
Within two days for this.

*Ferdinand.* Most sure, the goddess
On whom these airs attend!—Vouchsafe my prayer
May know if you remain upon this island;
And that you will some good instruction give
How I may bear me here: my prime request,
Which I do last pronounce, is, O you wonder!
If you be maid or no?

*Miranda.* No wonder, sir;
But certainly a maid.

*Ferdinand.* My language! heavens!
I am the best of them that speak this speech,
Were I but where 'tis spoken.

*Prospero.* How! the best!
What wert thou, if the King of Naples heard thee?

*Ferdinand.* A single thing, as I am now, that wonders
To hear thee speak of Naples. He does hear me;

And that he does I weep: myself am Naples;
Who with mine eyes, ne'er since at ebb, beheld
The king my father wreck'd.
*Miranda.* Alack, for mercy!
*Fer.* Yes, faith, and all his lords; the Duke of Milan
And his brave son being twain.
*Prospero* [*Aside*]. The Duke of Milan
And his more braver daughter could control thee,
If now 'twere fit to do't.—At the first sight
They have chang'd eyes.—Delicate Ariel,
I'll set thee free for this! [*To Fer.*] A word, good sir;
I fear you have done yourself some wrong: a word.
*Miranda.* Why speaks my father so ungently? This
Is the third man that e'er I saw, the first
That e'er I sigh'd for: pity move my father
To be inclin'd my way!
*Ferdinand.* O, if a virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you
The queen of Naples.
*Prospero.* Soft, sir! one word more.—
[*Aside*] They're both in either's powers: but this swift business
I must uneasy make, lest too light winning
Make the prize light. [*To Fer.*] One word more; I charge thee
That thou attend me: thou dost here usurp
The name thou ow'st not; and hast put thyself
Upon this island as a spy, to win it
From me, the lord on't.
*Ferdinand.* No, as I'm a man.
*Mir.* There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple:
If the ill spirit have so fair a house,
Good things will strive to dwell with't.
*Prospero.* [*To Ferdinand*] Follow me.—

Speak not you for him; he's a traitor.—Come;
I'll manacle thy neck and feet together:
Sea-water shalt thou drink; thy food shall be
The fresh-brook muscles, wither'd roots, and husks
Wherein the acorn cradled. Follow.
*Ferdinand.* No;
I will resist such entertainment till
Mine enemy has more power.
[*Draws, and is charmed from moving.*
*Miranda.* O dear father,
Make not too rash a trial of him, for
He's gentle and not fearful.
*Prospero.* What, I say,
My foot my tutor!—Put thy sword up, traitor;
Who mak'st a show, but dar'st not strike, thy conscience
Is so possess'd with guilt: come from thy ward;
For I can here disarm thee with this stick,
And make thy weapon drop.
*Miranda.* Beseech you, father!—
*Prospero.* Hence! hang not on my garments.
*Miranda.* Sir, have pity;
I'll be his surety.
*Prospero.* Silence! one word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What,
An advocate for an impostor! hush!
Thou think'st there is no more such shapes as he,
Having seen but him and Caliban: foolish wench!
To the most of men this is a Caliban,
And they to him are angels.
*Miranda.* My affections
Are then most humble; I have no ambition
To see a goodlier man.
*Prospero.* [*To Fer.*] Come on; obey:

Thy nerves are in their infancy again,
And have no vigour in them.
*Ferdinand.* So they are:
My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
The wreck of all my friends, nor this man's threats
To whom I am subdu'd, are but light to me,
Might I but through my prison once a-day
Behold this maid: all corners else o' the earth
Let liberty make use of; space enough
Have I in such a prison.
*Prospero* [*Aside*]. It works. [*To Fer.*] Come on.
Thou hast done well, fine Ariel! [*To Fer.*] Follow me.
[*To Ariel*] Hark what thou else shalt do me.
*Miranda.* Be of comfort;
My father's of a better nature, sir,
Than he appears by speech: this is unwonted
Which now came from him.
*Prospero.* Thou shalt be as free
As mountain winds: but then exactly do
All points of my command.
*Ariel.* To the syllable.
*Pros.* Come, follow.—Speak not for him. [*Exeunt.*

# ACT II.

## SCENE I. *Another part of the Island.*

*Enter* ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO, ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, *and others.*

*Gon.* Beseech you, sir, be merry; you have cause—
So have we all—of joy; for our escape
Is much beyond our loss. Our hint of woe
Is common; every day some sailor's wife,
The masters of some merchant, and the merchant,
Have just our theme of woe: but for the miracle,
I mean our preservation, few in millions
Can speak like us: then wisely, good sir, weigh
Our sorrow with our comfort.

*Alonso.* Prithee, peace.

*Sebastian.* He receives comfort like cold porridge.

*Antonio.* The visitor will not give him o'er so.

*Sebastian.* Look, he's winding up the watch of his wit; by and by it will strike.

*Gonzalo.* Sir,—

*Sebastian.* One:—tell.

*Gonzalo.* When every grief is entertain'd that's offer'd, Comes to the entertainer—

*Sebastian.* A dollar.

*Gonzalo.* Dolour comes to him, indeed: you have spoken truer than you purposed.

*Seb.* You have taken it wiselier than I meant you should.

*Gonzalo.* Therefore, my lord,—

*Antonio.* Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue!

*Alonso.* I prithee, spare.

*Gonzalo.* Well, I have done: but yet,—

*Sebastian.* He will be talking.

*Antonio.* Which, of he or Adrian, for a good wager, first begins to crow?

*Sebastian.* The old cock.

*Antonio.* The cockerel.

*Sebastian.* Done! The wager?

*Antonio.* A laughter.

*Sebastian.* A match!

*Adrian.* Though this island seem to be desert,—

*Sebastian.* Ha, ha, ha!—So, you're paid.

*Adrian.* Uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible,—

*Sebastian.* Yet,—

*Adrian.* Yet,—

*Antonio.* He could not miss't.

*Adrian.* It must needs be of subtle, tender, and delicate temperance.

*Antonio.* Temperance was a delicate wench.

*Seb.* Ay, and a subtle; as he most learnedly delivered.

*Adrian.* The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.

*Sebastian.* As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.

*Antonio.* Or as 'twere perfumed by a fen.

*Gonzalo.* Here is everything advantageous to life.

*Antonio.* True; save means to live.

*Sebastian.* Of that there's none, or little.

*Gon.* How lush and lusty the grass looks! how green!

*Antonio.* The ground indeed is tawny.

*Sebastian.* With an eye of green in't.

*Antonio.* He misses not much.

*Sebastian.* No; he doth but mistake the truth totally.

*Gonzalo.* But the rarity of it is,—which is indeed almost beyond credit,—

*Sebastian.* As many vouched rarities are.

*Gonzalo.* That our garments, being, as they were, drenched in the sea, hold notwithstanding their freshness and glosses, being rather new-dyed than stained with salt water.

*Antonio.* If but one of his pockets could speak, would it not say he lies?

*Sebastian.* Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report.

*Gonzalo.* Methinks our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in Afric, at the marriage of the king's fair daughter Claribel to the King of Tunis.

*Sebastian.* 'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our return.

*Adrian.* Tunis was never graced before with such a paragon to their queen.

*Gonzalo.* Not since widow Dido's time.

*Antonio.* Widow! a plague o' that! How came that widow in? widow Dido?

*Sebastian.* What if he had said "widower Æneas" too? Good Lord, how you take it!

*Adrian.* Widow Dido, said you? you make me study of that: she was of Carthage, not of Tunis.

*Gonzalo.* This Tunis, sir, was Carthage.

*Adrian.* Carthage!

*Gonzalo.* I assure you, Carthage.

*Antonio.* His word is more than the miraculous harp.

*Sebastian.* He hath raised the wall and houses too.

*Ant.* What impossible matter will he make easy next?

*Sebastian.* I think he will carry this island home in his pocket, and give it his son for an apple.

*Antonio.* And, sowing the kernels of it in the sea, bring forth more islands.

*Gonzalo.* Ay?

*Antonio.* Why, in good time.

*Gonzalo.* Sir, we were talking that our garments seem now as fresh as when we were at Tunis at the marriage of your daughter, who is now queen.

*Antonio.* And the rarest that e'er came there.

*Sebastian.* Bate, I beseech you, widow Dido.

*Antonio.* O, widow Dido; ay, widow Dido.

*Gonzalo.* Is not, sir, my doublet as fresh as the first day I wore it? I mean, in a sort.

*Antonio.* That sort was well fished for.

*Gonzalo.* When I wore it at your daughter's marriage?

*Alonso.* You cram these words into mine ears against
The stomach of my sense. Would I had never
Married my daughter there! for, coming thence,
My son is lost; and, in my rate, she too,
Who is so far from Italy removed
I ne'er again shall see her. O thou mine heir
Of Naples and of Milan, what strange fish
Hath made his meal on thee?

*Francisco.* Sir, he may live:
I saw him beat the surges under him,
And ride upon their backs; he trod the water,
Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted
The surge most swoln that met him; his bold head
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd
Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke
To the shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bow'd,
As stooping to relieve him: I not doubt
He came alive to land.

*Alonso.* No, no, he's gone.

*Sebastian.* Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss,
That would not bless our Europe with your daughter,
But rather lose her to an African;

Where she, at least, is banish'd from your eye,
Who hath cause to wet the grief on't.
*Alonso.* Prithee, peace.
*Seb.* You were kneel'd to and importun'd otherwise
By all of us; and the fair soul herself
Weigh'd between loathness and obedience, at
Which end o' the beam should bow. We have lost your son,
I fear, for ever: Milan and Naples have
Mo widows in them of this business' making
Than we bring men to comfort them:
The fault's your own.
*Alonso.* So is the dear'st o' the loss.
*Gonzalo.* My lord Sebastian,
The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness,
And time to speak it in: you rub the sore,
When you should bring the plaster.
*Sebastian.* Very well.
*Antonio.* And most chirurgeonly.
*Gonzalo.* It is foul weather in us all, good sir,
When you are cloudy.
*Sebastian.* Foul weather!
*Antonio.* Very foul.
*Gonzalo.* Had I plantation of this isle, my lord,—
*Ant.* He'd sow't with nettle-seed.
*Sebastian.* Or docks, or mallows.
*Gonzalo.* And were the king on't, what would I do?
*Sebastian.* Scape being drunk for want of wine.
*Gonzalo.* I' the commonwealth I would by contraries
Execute all things; for no kind of traffic
Would I admit; no name of magistrate;
Letters should not be known; riches, poverty,
And use of service, none; contract, succession,
Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none;

No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil;
No occupation; all men idle, all;
And women too, but innocent and pure;
No sovereignty,—

*Sebastian.* Yet he would be king on't.

*Antonio.* The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning.

*Gonzalo.* All things in common nature should produce
Without sweat or endeavour: treason, felony,
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,
Would I not have; but nature should bring forth,
Of it own kind, all foison, all abundance,
To feed my innocent people.

*Sebastian.* No marrying 'mong his subjects?

*Antonio.* None, man; all idle.

*Gonzalo.* I would with such perfection govern, sir,
To excel the golden age.

*Sebastian.* Save his majesty!

*Ant.* Long live Gonzalo!

*Gonzalo.* And,—do you mark me, sir?

*Alonso.* Prithee, no more: thou dost talk nothing to me.

*Gonzalo.* I do well believe your highness; and did it to minister occasion to these gentlemen, who are of such sensible and nimble lungs that they always use to laugh at nothing.

*Antonio.* 'Twas you we laughed at.

*Gonzalo.* Who in this kind of merry fooling am nothing to you; so you may continue, and laugh at nothing still.

*Antonio.* What a blow was there given!

*Sebastian.* An it had not fallen flat-long.

*Gonzalo.* You are gentlemen of brave mettle; you would lift the moon out of her sphere, if she would continue in it five weeks without changing.

*Enter* ARIEL, *invisible, playing solemn music.*

*Sebastian.* We would so, and then go a bat-fowling.

*Antonio.* Nay, good my lord, be not angry.

*Gonzalo.* No, I warrant you; I will not adventure my discretion so weakly. Will you laugh me asleep, for I am very heavy?

*Antonio.* Go sleep, and hear us.

[*All sleep except Alonso, Sebastian, and Antonio.*

*Alonso.* What, all so soon asleep! I wish mine eyes
Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts: I find
They are inclin'd to do so.

*Sebastian.* Please you, sir,
Do not omit the heavy offer of it:
It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth,
It is a comforter.

*Antonio.* We two, my lord,
Will guard your person while you take your rest,
And watch your safety.

*Alonso.* Thank you.—Wondrous heavy.

[*Alonso sleeps. Exit Ariel.*

*Sebastian.* What a strange drowsiness possesses them!

*Antonio.* It is the quality o' the climate.

*Sebastian.* Why
Doth it not then our eyelids sink? I find not
Myself dispos'd to sleep.

*Antonio.* Nor I; my spirits are nimble.
They fell together all, as by consent;
They dropp'd, as by a thunder-stroke. What might,
Worthy Sebastian,—O, what might?—No more:—
And yet methinks I see it in thy face,
What thou shouldst be: the occasion speaks thee, and
My strong imagination sees a crown

Dropping upon thy head.

*Sebastian.* What, art thou waking?

*Antonio.* Do you not hear me speak?

*Sebastian.* I do; and surely
It is a sleepy language, and thou speak'st
Out of thy sleep. What is it thou didst say?
This is a strange repose, to be asleep
With eyes wide open; standing, speaking, moving,
And yet so fast asleep.

*Antonio.* Noble Sebastian,
Thou let'st thy fortune sleep,—die, rather; wink'st
Whiles thou art waking.

*Sebastian.* Thou dost snore distinctly;
There's meaning in thy snores.

*Antonio.* I am more serious than my custom: you
Must be so too, if heed me; which to do
Trebles thee o'er.

*Sebastian.* Well, I am standing water.

*Antonio.* I'll teach you how to flow.

*Sebastian.* Do so: to ebb
Hereditary sloth instructs me.

*Antonio.* O,
If you but knew how you the purpose cherish
Whiles thus you mock it! how, in stripping it,
You more invest it! Ebbing men, indeed,
Most often do so near the bottom run
By their own fear or sloth.

*Sebastian.* Prithee, say on:
The setting of thine eye and cheek proclaim
A matter from thee, and a birth, indeed,
Which throes thee much to yield.

*Antonio.* Thus, sir:
Although this lord of weak remembrance, this,

Who shall be of as little memory
When he is earth'd, hath here almost persuaded,—
For he's a spirit of persuasion, only
Professes to persuade,—the king his son's alive,
'Tis as impossible that he's undrown'd
As he that sleeps here swims.

*Sebastian.* I have no hope
That he's undrown'd.

*Antonio.* O, out of that 'no hope,'
What great hope have you! no hope that way is
Another way so high a hope that even
Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,
But doubt discovery there. Will you grant with me
That Ferdinand is drown'd?

*Sebastian.* He's gone.

*Antonio.* Then, tell me,
Who's the next heir of Naples?

*Sebastian.* Claribel.

*Antonio.* She that is queen of Tunis; she that dwells
Ten leagues beyond man's life; she that from Naples
Can have no note, unless the sun were post—
The man-i'-the-moon's too slow—till new-born chins
Be rough and razorable; she from whom
We all were sea-swallow'd, though some cast again,
And by that destiny to perform an act
Whereof what's past is prologue, what to come
In yours and my discharge.

*Sebastian.* What stuff is this!—How say you?
'Tis true, my brother's daughter's queen of Tunis;
So is she heir of Naples; 'twixt which regions
There is some space.

*Antonio.* A space whose every cubit
Seems to cry out, "How shall that Claribel

Measure us back to Naples? Keep in Tunis,
And let Sebastian wake!"—Say, this were death
That now hath seiz'd them; why, they were no worse
Than now they are. There be that can rule Naples
As well as he that sleeps; lords that can prate
As amply and unnecessarily
As this Gonzalo; I myself could make
A chough of as deep chat. O, that you bore
The mind that I do! what a sleep were this
For your advancement! Do you understand me?

*Sebastian.* Methinks I do.

*Antonio.* And how does your content
Tender your own good fortune?

*Sebastian.* I remember
You did supplant your brother Prospero.

*Antonio.* True:
And look how well my garments sit upon me;
Much feater than before: my brother's servants
Were then my fellows; now they are my men.

*Sebastian.* But, for your conscience?

*Antonio.* Ay, sir; where lies that? if 'twere a kibe,
'Twould put me to my slipper: but I feel not
This deity in my bosom: twenty consciences,
That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candied be they,
And melt, ere they molest! Here lies your brother,
No better than the earth he lies upon,
If he were that which now he's like, that's dead;
Whom I, with this obedient steel, three inches of it,
Can lay to bed for ever; whiles you, doing thus,
To the perpetual wink for aye might put
This ancient morsel, this Sir Prudence, who
Should not upbraid our course. For all the rest,
They'll take suggestion as a cat laps milk;

They'll tell the clock to any business that
We say befits the hour.

*Sebastian.* Thy case, dear friend,
Shall be my precedent; as thou got'st Milan,
I'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword: one stroke
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou pay'st;
And I the king shall love thee.

*Antonio.* Draw together;
And when I rear my hand, do you the like,
To fall it on Gonzalo.

*Sebastian.* O, but one word. [*They converse apart.*

*Re-enter* ARIEL, *invisible.*

*Ariel.* My master through his art foresees the danger
That you, his friend, are in; and sends me forth,—
For else his project dies,—to keep them living.
[*Sings in Gonzalo's ear.*

While you here do snoring lie,
Open-ey'd conspiracy
His time doth take.
If of life you keep a care,
Shake off slumber, and beware:
Awake, awake!

*Antonio.* Then let us both be sudden.

*Gonzalo.* [*Waking*] Now, good angels
Preserve the king! [*To Sebastian and Antonio*] Why,
how now! [*To Alonso*] Ho, awake!
[*To Sebastian and Antonio*] Why are you drawn? wherefore this ghastly looking?

*Alonso.* [*Waking*] What's the matter?

*Sebastian.* Whiles we stood here securing your repose,
Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellowing

Like bulls, or rather lions: did't not wake you?
It struck mine ear most terribly.

*Alonso.* I heard nothing.

*Antonio.* O, 'twas a din to fright a monster's ear,
To make an earthquake! sure, it was the roar
Of a whole herd of lions.

*Alonso.* Heard you this, Gonzalo?

*Gonzalo.* Upon mine honour, sir, I heard a humming,
And that a strange one too, which did awake me:
I shak'd you, sir, and cried: as mine eyes open'd,
I saw their weapons drawn:—there was a noise,
That's verily. 'Tis best we stand upon our guard,
Or that we quit this place: let's draw our weapons.

*Alonso.* Lead off this ground; and let's make further search
For my poor son.

*Gonzalo.* Heavens keep him from these beasts!
For he is, sure, i' the island.

*Alonso.* Lead away. [*Exit with the others.*

*Ariel.* Prospero my lord shall know what I have done:
So, king, go safely on to seek thy son. [*Exit.*

## SCENE II. *Another part of the island.*

*Enter* CALIBAN *with a burden of wood. A noise of thunder heard.*

*Caliban.* All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make him
By inch-meal a disease! His spirits hear me,
And yet I needs must curse. But they'll nor pinch,
Fright me with urchin-shows, pitch me i' the mire,
Nor lead me, like a firebrand, in the dark

Out of my way, unless he bid 'em: but
For every trifle are they set upon me;
Sometime like apes, that mow and chatter at me,
And after bite me; then like hedgehogs, which
Lie tumbling in my barefoot way, and mount
Their pricks at my footfall; sometime am I
All wound with adders, who with cloven tongues
Do hiss me into madness.—Lo, now, lo!
Here comes a spirit of his, and to torment me
For bringing wood in slowly. I'll fall flat;
Perchance he will not mind me. [*Lies down.*

*Enter* TRINCULO.

*Trinculo.* Here's neither bush nor shrub, to bear off any weather at all, and another storm brewing; I hear it sing i' the wind: yond same black cloud, yond huge one, looks like a foul bombard that would shed his liquor. If it should thunder as it did before, I know not where to hide my head: yond same cloud cannot choose but fall by pailfuls.—What have we here? a man or a fish? dead or alive? A fish: he smells like a fish; a very ancient and fish-like smell; a kind of not of the newest Poor-John. A strange fish! Were I in England now, as once I was, and had but this fish painted, not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver: there would this monster make a man; any strange beast there makes a man: when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian. Legged like a man! and his fins like arms! Warm, o' my troth! I do now let loose my opinion, hold it no longer,—this is no fish, but an islander, that hath lately suffered by a thunderbolt. [*Thunder.*] Alas, the storm is come again! my best way is to creep under his gaberdine; there is no other shelter hereabout:

misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows. I will here shroud till the dregs of the storm be past.

[*Creeps under Caliban's garment.*

*Enter* STEPHANO, *singing; a bottle in his hand.*

*Stephano.* I shall no more to sea, to sea,
Here shall I die a-shore,—

This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral: well, here's my comfort. [*Drinks.*

The master, the swabber, the boatswain, and I,
The gunner, and his mate,
Lov'd Mall, Meg, and Marian, and Margery,
But none of us car'd for Kate;
For she had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a sailor, Go hang!
She lov'd not the savour of tar nor of pitch;
Then, to sea, boys, and let her go hang!

This is a scurvy tune too: but here's my comfort. [*Drinks.*

*Caliban.* Do not torment me:—O!

*Stephano.* What's the matter? Have we devils here? Do you put tricks upon 's with savages and men of Ind, ha? I have not scaped drowning, to be afeard now of your four legs; for it hath been said, As proper a man as ever went on four legs cannot make him give ground; and it shall be said so again, while Stephano breathes at nostrils.

*Caliban.* The spirit torments me:—O!

*Stephano.* This is some monster of the isle with four legs, who hath got, as I take it, an ague. Where the devil should he learn our language? I will give him some relief, if it be but for that. If I can recover him, and keep him tame, and get to Naples with him, he's a present for any emperor that ever trod on neat's-leather.

*Caliban.* Do not torment me, prithee; I'll bring my wood home faster.

*Stephano.* He's in his fit now, and does not talk after the wisest. He shall taste of my bottle: if he have never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit. If I can recover him, and keep him tame, I will not take too much for him; he shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly.

*Caliban.* Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon, I know it by thy trembling: now Prosper works upon thee.

*Stephano.* Come on your ways; open your mouth; here is that which will give language to you, cat: open your mouth; this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly [*Gives Caliban drink*]: you cannot tell who's your friend: open your chaps again.

*Trinculo.* I should know that voice: it should be—but he is drowned; and these are devils:—O, defend me!

*Stephano.* Four legs and two voices,—a most delicate monster! His forward voice, now, is to speak well of his friend; his backward voice is to utter foul speeches and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague.—Come [*Gives Caliban drink again*]: Amen! I will pour some in thy other mouth.

*Trinculo.* Stephano!—

*Stephano.* Doth thy other mouth call me?—Mercy, mercy! This is a devil, and no monster: I will leave him; I have no long spoon.

*Trinculo.* Stephano!—if thou beest Stephano, touch me, and speak to me; for I am Trinculo,—be not afeard,—thy good friend Trinculo.

*Stephano.* If thou beest Trinculo, come forth: I'll pull thee by the lesser legs: if any be Trinculo's legs, these are

they. [*Draws Trinculo out.*]—Thou art very Trinculo indeed! How camest thou to be here?

*Trinculo.* I took him to be killed with a thunder-stroke.—But art thou not drowned, Stephano? I hope, now, thou art not drowned. Is the storm overblown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine for fear of the storm. And art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitans scaped!

*Stephano.* Prithee, do not turn me about; my stomach is not constant.

*Caliban.* [*Aside*] These be fine things, an if they be not sprites.
That's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor:
I will kneel to him.

*Stephano.* How didst thou scape? How camest thou hither? swear by this bottle how thou camest hither. I escaped upon a butt of sack, which the sailors heaved o'erboard, by this bottle! which I made of the bark of a tree with mine own hands, since I was cast ashore.

*Caliban.* I'll swear upon that bottle to be thy true subject; for the liquor is not earthly.

*Stephano.* Here; swear then how thou escapedst.

*Trinculo.* Swum ashore, man, like a duck: I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.

*Ste.* Here, kiss the book [*Gives Trin. drink*]. Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

*Trinculo.* O Stephano, hast any more of this?

*Stephano.* The whole butt, man: my cellar is in a rock by the sea-side, where my wine is hid.—How now, moon-calf! how does thine ague?

*Caliban.* Hast thou not dropp'd from heaven?

*Stephano.* Out o' the moon, I do assure thee: I was the man-i'-the-moon when time was.

*Caliban.* I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee:
My mistress show'd me thee and thy dog and thy bush.

*Ste.* Come, swear to that; kiss the book:—I will furnish it anon with new contents:—swear. [*Gives Cal. drink.*

*Trinculo.* By this good light, this is a very shallow monster!—I afeard of him!—a very weak monster:—the man-i'-the-moon!—a most poor credulous monster!—Well drawn, monster, in good sooth.

*Caliban.* I'll show thee every fertile inch o' the island;
And I'll kiss thy foot: I prithee, be my god.

*Trinculo.* By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster! when 's god 's asleep, he'll rob his bottle.

*Caliban.* I'll kiss thy foot; I'll swear myself thy subject.

*Stephano.* Come on then; down, and swear.

*Trinculo.* I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed monster: a most scurvy monster! I could find in my heart to beat him,— 160

*Stephano.* Come, kiss. [*Gives Caliban drink.*

*Trinculo.* But that the poor monster's in drink: an abominable monster!

*Caliban.* I'll show thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee berries;
I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.
A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!
I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,
Thou wondrous man.

*Trinculo.* A most ridiculous monster, to make a wonder of a poor drunkard! 170

*Cal.* I prithee, let me bring thee where crabs grow;
And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts;
Show thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how
To snare the nimble marmoset; I'll bring thee
To clustering filberts, and sometimes I'll get thee

Young scamels from the rock. Wilt thou go with me?

*Stephano.* I prithee now, lead the way, without any more talking. Trinculo, the king and all our company else being drowned, we will inherit here: here, bear my bottle: fellow Trinculo, we'll fill him by and by again.

*Cal.* [*Sings drunkenly*] Farewell, master; farewell, farewell!

*Trinculo.* A howling monster; a drunken monster!

*Caliban.* No more dams I'll make for fish;
Nor fetch in firing
At requiring;
Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish:
'Ban, 'Ban, Cacaliban
Has a new master—Get a new man.
Freedom, hey-day! hey-day, freedom! freedom, hey-day, freedom!

*Stephano.* O brave monster! lead the way.

[*Exeunt.*

# ACT III.

## SCENE I. *Before* PROSPERO'S *cell.*

*Enter* FERDINAND, *bearing a log.*

*Fer.* There be some sports are painful, and their labour
Delight in them sets off: some kinds of baseness
Are nobly undergone; and most poor matters
Point to rich ends. This my mean task
Would be as heavy to me as odious, but
The mistress which I serve quickens what's dead,
And makes my labours pleasures: O, she is
Ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed,—

And he's compos'd of harshness! I must remove
Some thousands of these logs, and pile them up,
Upon a sore injunction: my sweet mistress
Weeps when she sees me work, and says such baseness
Had never like executor. I forget:
But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours,
Most busy, least when I do it.

*Enter* MIRANDA; *and* PROSPERO *at a distance, unseen.*

*Miranda.* Alas, now, pray you,
Work not so hard: I would the lightning had
Burnt up those logs that you're enjoin'd to pile!
Pray, set it down, and rest you: when this burns,
'Twill weep for having wearied you. My father
Is hard at study; pray, now, rest yourself:
He's safe for these three hours.

*Ferdinand.* O most dear mistress,
The sun will set before I shall discharge
What I must strive to do.

*Miranda.* If you'll sit down,
I'll bear your logs the while: pray, give me that;
I'll carry't to the pile.

*Ferdinand.* No, precious creature;
I had rather crack my sinews, break my back,
Than you should such dishonour undergo,
While I sit lazy by.

*Miranda.* It would become me
As well as it does you: and I should do it
With much more ease; for my good will is to it,
And yours it is against.

*Prospero.* [*Aside*] Poor worm, thou art infected!
This visitation shows it.

*Miranda.* You look wearily.

*Fer.* No, noble mistress; 'tis fresh morning with me
When you are by at night. I do beseech you,—
Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers,—
What is your name?
*Miranda.* Miranda:—O my father,
I have broke your hest to say so!
*Ferdinand.* Admir'd Miranda!
Indeed the top of admiration; worth
What's dearest to the world! Full many a lady
I have ey'd with best regard; and many a time
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear: for several virtues
Have I lik'd several women; never any
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she ow'd,
And put it to the foil: but you, O you,
So perfect and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best!
*Miranda.* I do not know
One of my sex; no woman's face remember,
Save, from my glass, mine own; nor have I seen
More that I may call men than you, good friend,
And my dear father: how features are abroad,
I am skilless of; but, by my modesty,—
The jewel in my dower,—I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you;
Nor can imagination form a shape,
Besides yourself, to like of. But I prattle
Something too wildly, and my father's precepts
I therein do forget.
*Ferdinand.* I am in my condition
A prince, Miranda; I do think, a king;
I would, not so!—and would no more endure

This wooden slavery than to suffer
The flesh-fly blow my mouth. Hear my soul speak:
The very instant that I saw you, did
My heart fly to your service; there resides,
To make me slave to it; and for your sake
Am I this patient log-man.
*Miranda.* Do you love me?
*Fer.* O heaven, O earth, bear witness to this sound,
And crown what I profess with kind event,
If I speak true! if hollowly, invert
What best is boded me to mischief! I,
Beyond all limit of what else i' the world,
Do love, prize, honour you.
*Miranda.* I am a fool
To weep at what I am glad of.
*Prospero.* [*Aside*] Fair encounter
Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain grace
On that which breeds between 'em!
*Ferdinand.* Wherefore weep you?
*Miranda.* At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer
What I desire to give; and much less take
What I shall die to want. But this is trifling;
And all the more it seeks to hide itself,
The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful cunning!
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!
I am your wife, if you will marry me;
If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow
You may deny me; but I'll be your servant,
Whether you will or no.
*Ferdinand.* My mistress, dearest;
And I thus humble ever.
*Miranda.* My husband, then?
*Ferdinand.* Ay, with a heart as willing

As bondage e'er of freedom: here's my hand.

*Mir.* And mine, with my heart in't: and now farewell
Till half an hour hence.

*Ferdinand.* A thousand thousand!

[*Exeunt Ferdinand and Miranda severally.*

*Prospero.* So glad of this as they I cannot be,
Who are surpris'd withal; but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more. I'll to my book;
For yet, ere supper-time, must I perform
Much business appertaining. [*Exit.*

## SCENE II. *Another part of the island.*

*Enter* CALIBAN, STEPHANO, *and* TRINCULO.

*Stephano.* Tell not me;—when the butt is out, we will drink water; not a drop before: therefore bear up, and board 'em.—Servant-monster, drink to me.

*Trinculo.* Servant-monster! the folly of this island! They say there's but five upon this isle: we are three of them; if th' other two be brained like us, the state totters.

*Stephano.* Drink, servant-monster, when I bid thee: thy eyes are almost set in thy head.

*Trinculo.* Where should they be set else? he were a brave monster, indeed, if they were set in his tail.

*Stephano.* My man-monster hath drowned his tongue in sack: for my part, the sea cannot drown me; I swam, ere I could recover the shore, five-and-thirty leagues off and on. By this light, thou shalt be my lieutenant, monster, or my standard.

*Trin.* Your lieutenant, if you list; he's no standard.

*Stephano.* We'll not run, Monsieur Monster.

*Trinculo.* Nor go neither: but you'll lie, like dogs, and yet say nothing neither.

*Stephano.* Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou beest a good moon-calf.

*Caliban.* How does thy honour? Let me lick thy shoe. I'll not serve him, he is not valiant.

*Trinculo.* Thou liest, most ignorant monster: I am in case to justle a constable. Why, thou deboshed fish, thou, was there ever a man a coward that hath drunk so much sack as I to-day? Wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being but half a fish and half a monster?

*Cal.* Lo, how he mocks me! wilt thou let him, my lord?

*Trinculo.* "Lord," quoth he!—that a monster should be such a natural!

*Caliban.* Lo, lo, again! bite him to death, I prithee.

*Stephano.* Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head: if you prove a mutineer,—the next tree! The poor monster's my subject, and he shall not suffer indignity.

*Caliban.* I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleas'd to hearken once again to the suit I made to thee?

*Stephano.* Marry, will I: kneel and repeat it; I will stand, and so shall Trinculo.

*Enter* ARIEL, *invisible.*

*Cal.* As I told thee before, I am subject to a tyrant,—a sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me of the island.

*Ariel.* Thou liest.

*Caliban.* Thou liest, thou jesting monkey, thou:
I would my valiant master would destroy thee!
I do not lie.

*Stephano.* Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in 's tale, by this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth.

*Trinculo.* Why, I said nothing.

*Ste.* Mum, then, and no more.—[*To Caliban*] Proceed.

*Caliban.* I say, by sorcery he got this isle;
From me he got it. If thy greatness will
Revenge it on him,—for I know thou dar'st,
But this thing dare not,—

*Stephano.* That's most certain.

*Caliban.* Thou shalt be lord of it, and I'll serve thee.

*Stephano.* How now shall this be compassed? Canst thou bring me to the party?

*Cal.* Yea, yea, my lord: I'll yield him thee asleep,
Where thou mayst knock a nail into his head.

*Ariel.* Thou liest; thou canst not.

*Cal.* What a pied ninny's this!—Thou scurvy patch!—
I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows,
And take his bottle from him: when that's gone,
He shall drink naught but brine; for I'll not show him
Where the quick freshes are.

*Ste.* Trinculo, run into no further danger: interrupt the monster one word further, and, by this hand, I'll turn my mercy out o' doors, and make a stock-fish of thee.

*Trinculo.* Why, what did I? I did nothing. I'll go further off.

*Stephano.* Didst thou not say he lied?

*Ariel.* Thou liest.

*Stephano.* Do I so? take thou that [*Strikes Trinculo*]. As you like this, give me the lie another time.

*Trinculo.* I did not give the lie.—Out o' your wits, and hearing too?—A plague o' your bottle! this can sack and drinking do.—A murrain on your monster, and the devil take your fingers!

*Caliban.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Stephano.* Now, forward with your tale. [*To Trinculo*] Prithee, stand further off.

*Caliban.* Beat him enough: after a little time,
I'll beat him too.

*Stephano.* Stand further.—Come, proceed.

*Caliban.* Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him
I' th' afternoon to sleep: there thou mayst brain him,
Having first seiz'd his books; or with a log
Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,
Or cut his wezand with thy knife. Remember
First to possess his books; for without them
He's but a sot, as I am, nor hath not
One spirit to command: they all do hate him
As rootedly as I:—burn but his books.
He has brave utensils,—for so he calls them,—
Which, when he has a house, he'll deck withal:
And that most deeply to consider is
The beauty of his daughter; he himself
Calls her a nonpareil: I never saw a woman,
But only Sycorax my dam and she;
But she as far surpasseth Sycorax
As great'st does least.

*Stephano.* Is it so brave a lass? Monster, I will kill this man: his daughter and I will be king and queen,—save our graces!—and Trinculo and thyself shall be viceroys.—Dost thou like the plot, Trinculo?

*Trinculo.* Excellent.

*Stephano.* Give me thy hand: I am sorry I beat thee; but, while thou livest, keep a good tongue in thy head.

*Caliban.* Within this half hour will he be asleep:
Wilt thou destroy him then?

*Stephano.* Ay, on mine honour.

*Ariel.* This will I tell my master.

*Cal.* Thou mak'st me merry; I am full of pleasure:
Let us be jocund: will you troll the catch

You taught me but while-ere?

*Stephano.* At thy request, monster, I will do reason, any reason.—Come on, Trinculo, let us sing. [*Sings.*

Flout 'em and scout 'em,
And scout 'em and flout 'em;
Thought is free.

*Caliban.* That's not the tune.

[*Ariel plays the tune on a tabor and pipe.*

*Stephano.* What is this same?

*Trinculo.* This is the tune of our catch, played by the picture of Nobody.

*Stephano.* If thou beest a man, show thyself in thy likeness: if thou beest a devil, take't as thou list.

*Trinculo.* O, forgive me my sins!

*Stephano.* He that dies pays all debts: I defy thee.—Mercy upon us!

*Caliban.* Art thou afeard?

*Stephano.* No, monster, not I.

*Caliban.* Be not afeard; the isle is full of noises,
Sounds and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not.
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
Will hum about mine ears, and sometime voices
That, if I then had wak'd after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again: and then, in dreaming,
The clouds methought would open, and show riches
Ready to drop upon me; that, when I wak'd,
I cried to dream again.

*Stephano.* This will prove a brave kingdom to me, where I shall have my music for nothing.

*Caliban.* When Prospero is destroyed.

*Ste.* That shall be by and by: I remember the story.

*Trinculo.* The sound is going away; let's follow it, and after do our work.

*Stephano.* Lead, monster; we'll follow.—I would I could see this taborer! he lays it on.

*Trinculo.* [*To Caliban*] Wilt come? I'll follow, Stephano.

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III. *Another part of the island.*

*Enter* ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO, ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, *and others.*

*Gonzalo.* By'r lakin, I can go no further, sir;
My old bones ache: here's a maze trod, indeed,
Through forth-rights and meanders! by your patience,
I needs must rest me.

*Alonso.* Old lord, I cannot blame thee,
Who am myself attach'd with weariness,
To the dulling of my spirits: sit down, and rest.
Even here I will put off my hope, and keep it
No longer for my flatterer: he is drown'd
Whom thus we stray to find; and the sea mocks
Our frustrate search on land. Well, let him go.

*Antonio.* [*Aside to Sebastian*] I am right glad that he's so out of hope.
Do not, for one repulse, forgo the purpose
That you resolv'd to effect.

*Sebastian.* [*Aside to Antonio*] The next advantage
Will we take throughly.

*Antonio.* [*Aside to Sebastian*] Let it be to-night;
For, now they are oppress'd with travel, they
Will not, nor cannot, use such vigilance
As when they're fresh.

*Sebastian.* [*Aside to Antonio*] I say, to-night: no more.

[*Solemn and strange music.*

*Alon.* What harmony is this?—My good friends, hark!
*Gonzalo.* Marvellous sweet music!

*Enter* PROSPERO *above, invisible. Enter, below, several strange Shapes, bringing in a banquet: they dance about it with gentle actions of salutation; and, inviting the King, &c., to eat, they depart.*

*Alonso.* Give us kind keepers, heavens!—What were these?
*Sebastian.* A living drollery. Now I will believe
That there are unicorns; that in Arabia
There is one tree, the phœnix' throne, one phœnix
At this hour reigning there.
*Antonio.* I'll believe both;
And what does else want credit, come to me,
And I'll be sworn 'tis true: travellers ne'er did lie,
Though fools at home condemn 'em
*Gonzalo.* If in Naples
I should report this now, would they believe me?
If I should say, I saw such islanders,—
For, certes, these are people of the island,—
Who, though they are of monstrous shape, yet, note,
Their manners are more gentle-kind than of
Our human generation you shall find
Many, nay, almost any.
*Prospero.* [*Aside*] Honest lord,
Thou hast said well; for some of you there present
Are worse than devils.
*Alonso.* I cannot too much muse
Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound, expressing—
Although they want the use of tongue—a kind
Of excellent dumb discourse.
*Prospero.* [*Aside*] Praise in departing.

*Francisco.* They vanish'd strangely.

*Sebastian.* No matter, since
They have left their viands behind; for we have stomachs.—
Will't please you taste of what is here?

*Alonso.* Not I.

*Gon.* Faith, sir, you need not fear. When we were boys,
Who would believe that there were mountaineers
Dew-lapp'd like bulls, whose throats had hanging at 'em
Wallets of flesh? or that there were such men
Whose heads stood in their breasts? which now we find
Each putter-out of five for one will bring us
Good warrant of.

*Alonso.* I will stand to, and feed,
Although my last: no matter, since I feel
The best is passed.—Brother, my lord the duke,
Stand to, and do as we.

*Thunder and lightning. Enter* ARIEL, *like a harpy; claps his wings upon the table; and, with a quaint device, the banquet vanishes.*

*Ariel.* You are three men of sin, whom Destiny,—
That hath to instrument this lower world
And what is in't,—the never-surfeited sea
Hath caus'd to belch up you; and on this island,
Where man doth not inhabit,—you 'mongst men
Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad;
And even with such-like valour men hang and drown
Their proper selves. [*Alon., Seb., &c., draw their swords.*
You fools! I and my fellows
Are ministers of Fate: the elements,
Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well
Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd-at stabs
Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish

One dowle that's in my plume: my fellow-ministers
Are like invulnerable. If you could hurt,
Your swords are now too massy for your strengths,
And will not be uplifted. But remember,—
For that's my business to you,—that you three
From Milan did supplant good Prospero;
Expos'd unto the sea, which hath requit it,
Him and his innocent child: for which foul deed
The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have
Incens'd the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures,
Against your peace. Thee of thy son, Alonso,
They have bereft; and do pronounce by me
Lingering perdition—worse than any death
Can be at once—shall step by step attend
You and your ways; whose wraths to guard you from,—
Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls
Upon your heads,—is nothing but heart's-sorrow
And a clear life ensuing.

*He vanishes in thunder; then, to soft music, enter the Shapes again, and dance with mocks and mows, and carry out the table.*

*Pros.* [*Aside*] Bravely the figure of this harpy hast thou
Perform'd, my Ariel; a grace it had, devouring:
Of my instruction hast thou nothing bated
In what thou hadst to say: so, with good life
And observation strange, my meaner ministers
Their several kinds have done. My high charms work,
And these, mine enemies, are all knit up
In their distractions: they now are in my power;
And in these fits I leave them, while I visit
Young Ferdinand,—whom they suppose is drown'd,—
And his and mine loved darling. [*Exit above.*

*Gon.* I' the name of something holy, sir, why stand you
In this strange stare?
*Alonso.* O, it is monstrous, monstrous!
Methought the billows spoke, and told me of it;
The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounc'd
The name of Prosper: it did bass my trespass.
Therefore my son i' the ooze is bedded; and
I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded,
And with him there lie mudded. [*Exit.*
*Sebastian.* But one fiend at a time,
I'll fight their legions o'er.
*Antonio.* I'll be thy second.
[*Exeunt Sebastian and Antonio.*
*Gon.* All three of them are desperate: their great guilt,
Like poison given to work a great time after,
Now 'gins to bite the spirits.—I do beseech you,
That are of suppler joints, follow them swiftly,
And hinder them from what this ecstasy
May now provoke them to.
*Adrian.* Follow, I pray you. [*Exeunt.*

# ACT IV.

## SCENE I. *Before* PROSPERO'S *cell.*

*Enter* PROSPERO, FERDINAND, *and* MIRANDA.

*Prospero.* If I have too austerely punish'd you,
Your compensation makes amends; for I
Have given you here a thrid of mine own life,
Or that for which I live: who once again
I tender to thy hand: all thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou
Hast strangely stood the test: here, afore Heaven,
I ratify this my rich gift. O Ferdinand,
Do not smile at me that I boast her off,
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise,
And make it halt behind her.

*Ferdinand.* I do believe it
Against an oracle.

*Prospero.* Then, as my gift and thine own acquisition
Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter:
Sit, then, and talk with her; she is thine own.—
What, Ariel! my industrious servant, Ariel!

*Enter* ARIEL.

*Ariel.* What would my potent master? here I am.

*Prospero.* Thou and thy meaner fellows your last service
Did worthily perform; and I must use you
In such another trick. Go bring the rabble,
O'er whom I give thee power, here, to this place:

Incite them to quick motion; for I must
Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple
Some vanity of mine art: it is my promise,
And they expect it from me.

*Ariel.* Presently?

*Prospero.* Ay, with a twink.

*Ariel.* Before you can say, "Come," and "Go,"
And breathe twice, and cry, "So, so,"
Each one, tripping on his toe,
Will be here with mop and mow.
Do you love me, master? no?

*Prospero.* Dearly.

Now come, my Ariel! bring a corollary,
Rather than want a spirit: appear, and pertly!—
No tongue; all eyes; be silent. [*Soft music.*

*Enter* IRIS.

*Iris.* Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas
Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats, and pease:
Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,
And flat meads thatch'd with stover, them to keep;
Thy banks with pioned and twilled brims,
Which spongy April at thy hest betrims,
To make cold nymphs chaste crowns; and thy broom-groves,
Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,
Being lass-lorn; thy pole-clipt vineyard;
And thy sea-marge, sterile and rocky-hard,
Where thou thyself dost air;—the queen o' the sky,
Whose watery arch and messenger am I,
Bids thee leave these; and with her sovereign grace,
Here on this grass plot, in this very place,

To come and sport: her peacocks fly amain:
Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

*Enter* CERES.

*Cer.* Hail, many-colour'd messenger, that ne'er
Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter;
Who with thy saffron wings upon my flowers
Diffusest honey-drops, refreshing showers;
And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown
My bosky acres and my unshrubb'd down,
Rich scarf to my proud earth;—why hath thy queen
Summon'd me hither, to this short-grass'd green?

*Iris.* A contract of true love to celebrate;
And some donation freely to estate
On the bless'd lovers.

*Ceres.* Tell me, heavenly bow,
If Venus or her son, as thou dost know,
Do now attend the queen? Since they did plot
The means that dusky Dis my daughter got,
Her and her blind boy's scandal'd company
I have forsworn.

*Iris.* Of her society
Be not afraid: I met her deity
Cutting the clouds towards Paphos, and her son
Dove-drawn with her. Here thought they to have done
Some wanton charm upon this man and maid,
Ere Hymen's torch be lighted: but in vain;
Mars's hot minion is return'd again;
Her waspish-headed son has broke his arrows,
Swears he will shoot no more, but play with sparrows,
And be a boy right out.

*Ceres.* High'st queen of state,
Great Juno, comes; I know her by her gait.

*Enter* JUNO.

*Juno.* How does my bounteous sister? Go with me
To bless this twain, that they may prosperous be,
And honour'd in their issue.

SONG.

*Juno.* Honour, riches, marriage-blessing,
Long continuance, and increasing,
Hourly joys be still upon you!
Juno sings her blessings on you.

*Ceres.* Earth's increase, and foison plenty,
Barns and garners never empty;
Vines with clustering bunches growing;
Plants with goodly burden bowing;
Spring come to you at the farthest
In the very end of harvest!
Scarcity and want shall shun you;
Ceres' blessing so is on you.

*Ferdinand.* This is a most majestic vision, and
Harmonious charmingly. May I be bold
To think these spirits?

*Prospero.* Spirits, which by mine art
I have from their confines call'd to enact
My present fancies.

*Ferdinand.* Let me live here ever;
So rare a wonder'd father and a wise
Makes this place Paradise.

[*Juno and Ceres whisper, and send Iris on employment.*

*Prospero.* Sweet, now, silence!
Juno and Ceres whisper seriously;
There's something else to do; hush, and be mute,
Or else our spell is marr'd.

*Iris.* You nymphs, call'd Naiads, of the wandering brooks,
With your sedg'd crowns and ever-harmless looks,
Leave your crisp channels, and on this green land
Answer your summons; Juno does command:
Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate
A contract of true love; be not too late.

*Enter certain Nymphs.*

You sunburnt sicklemen, of August weary,
Come hither from the furrow and be merry:
Make holiday; your rye-straw hats put on,
And these fresh nymphs encounter every one
In country footing.

*Enter certain Reapers, properly habited: they join with the Nymphs in a graceful dance; towards the end whereof* PROSPERO *starts suddenly, and speaks; after which, to a strange, hollow, and confused noise, they heavily vanish.*

*Prospero.* [*Aside*] I had forgot that foul conspiracy
Of the beast Caliban and his confederates
Against my life: the minute of their plot
Is almost come.—[*To the Spirits*] Well done; avoid; no more.

*Fer.* This is strange: your father's in some passion
That works him strongly.

*Miranda.* Never till this day
Saw I him touch'd with anger so distemper'd.

*Prospero.* You do look, my son, in a moved sort,
As if you were dismay'd: be cheerful, sir.
Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and

Are melted into air, into thin air:
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.—Sir, I am vex'd;
Bear with my weakness; my old brain is troubled:
Be not disturb'd with my infirmity:
If you be pleased, retire into my cell
And there repose: a turn or two I'll walk,
To still my beating mind.

*Ferdinand, Miranda.* We wish your peace. [*Exeunt.*

*Prospero.* Come with a thought! I thank thee, Ariel: come.

*Re-enter* ARIEL.

*Ariel.* Thy thoughts I cleave to. What's thy pleasure?

*Prospero.* Spirit,
We must prepare to meet with Caliban.

*Ariel.* Ay, my commander: when I presented Ceres,
I thought to have told thee of it; but I fear'd
Lest I might anger thee.

*Pros.* Say again, where didst thou leave these varlets?

*Ari.* I told you, sir, they were red-hot with drinking;
So full of valour that they smote the air
For breathing in their faces; beat the ground
For kissing of their feet; yet always bending
Towards their project. Then I beat my tabor;
At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd their ears,
Advanc'd their eyelids, lifted up their noses

As they smelt music: so I charm'd their ears,
That, calf-like, they my lowing follow'd through
Tooth'd briers, sharp furzes, pricking goss, and thorns,
Which enter'd their frail shins: at last I left them
I' the filthy-mantled pool beyond your cell,
There dancing up to the chins.

*Prospero.* This was well done, my bird.
Thy shape invisible retain thou still:
The trumpery in my house, go bring it hither,
For stale to catch these thieves.

*Ariel.* I go, I go. [*Exit*

*Prospero.* A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
Nurture can never stick; on whom my pains,
Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost;
And as with age his body uglier grows,
So his mind cankers. I will plague them all,
Even to roaring.

*Re-enter* ARIEL, *loaden with glistering apparel, &c.*

Come, hang them on this line.

PROSPERO *and* ARIEL *remain, invisible.* *Enter* CALIBAN, STEPHANO, *and* TRINCULO, *all wet.*

*Cal.* Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole may not
Hear a foot fall: we now are near his cell.

*Stephano.* Monster, your fairy, which you say is a harmless fairy, has done little better than played the Jack with us. Do you hear, monster? If I should take a displeasure against you, look you,—

*Trinculo.* Thou wert but a lost monster.

*Caliban.* Good my lord, give me thy favour still.
Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to
Shall hoodwink this mischance: therefore speak softly;—
All's hush'd as midnight yet.

*Trinculo.* Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool,—

*Stephano.* There is not only disgrace and dishonour in that, monster, but an infinite loss.

*Trinculo.* That's more to me than my wetting: yet this is your harmless fairy, monster.

*Stephano.* I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er ears for my labour.

*Caliban.* Prithee, my king, be quiet. See'st thou here,
This is the mouth o' the cell: no noise, and enter.
Do that good mischief which may make this island
Thine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban,
For aye thy foot-licker.

*Stephano.* Give me thy hand. I do begin to have bloody thoughts.

*Trinculo.* O King Stephano! O peer! O worthy Stephano! look what a wardrobe here is for thee!

*Caliban.* Let it alone, thou fool; it is but trash.

*Trinculo.* O, ho, monster! we know what belongs to a frippery.—O King Stephano!

*Stephano.* Put off that gown, Trinculo: by this hand, I'll have that gown.

*Trinculo.* Thy grace shall have it.

*Cal.* The dropsy drown this fool! what do you mean
To dote thus on such luggage? Let's along,
And do the murder first: if he awake,
From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with pinches,
Make us strange stuff.

*Stephano.* Be you quiet, monster.—Mistress line, is not this my jerkin? Now is the jerkin under the line: now, jerkin, you are like to lose your hair, and prove a bald jerkin.

*Trinculo.* Do, do: we steal by line and level, an't like your grace.

*Stephano.* I thank thee for that jest; here's a garment for't: wit shall not go unrewarded while I am king of this country. "Steal by line and level" is an excellent pass of pate; there's another garment for't.

*Trinculo.* Monster, come, put some lime upon your fingers, and away with the rest.

*Cal.* I will have none on't: we shall lose our time,
And all be turn'd to barnacles, or to apes
With foreheads villanous low.

*Stephano.* Monster, lay-to your fingers: help to bear this away where my hogshead of wine is, or I'll turn you out of my kingdom: go to, carry this.

*Trinculo.* And this.

*Stephano.* Ay, and this.

*A noise of hunters heard. Enter divers Spirits, in shape of dogs and hounds, and hunt them about,* PROSPERO *and* ARIEL *setting them on.*

*Prospero.* Hey, Mountain, hey!

*Ariel.* Silver! there it goes, Silver!

*Pros.* Fury, Fury! there, Tyrant, there! hark, hark!
[*Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo are driven out.*
Go charge my goblins that they grind their joints
With dry convulsions; shorten up their sinews
With aged cramps; and more pinch-spotted make them
Than pard or cat-o'-mountain.

*Ariel.* Hark, they roar!

*Prospero.* Let them be hunted soundly. At this hour
Lies at my mercy all mine enemies:
Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou
Shalt have the air at freedom: for a little
Follow, and do me service. [*Exeunt.*

# ACT V.

## SCENE I. *Before* PROSPERO'S *cell.*

*Enter* PROSPERO *in his magic robes, and* ARIEL.

*Prospero.* Now does my project gather to a head:
My charms crack not; my spirits obey; and time
Goes upright with his carriage. How's the day?
*Ariel.* On the sixth hour; at which time, my lord,
You said our work should cease.
*Prospero.* I did say so,
When first I rais'd the tempest. Say, my spirit,
How fares the king and 's followers?
*Ariel.* Confin'd together
In the same fashion as you gave in charge,
Just as you left them; all prisoners, sir,
In the line-grove which weather-fends your cell;
They cannot budge till your release. The king,
His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted,
And the remainder mourning over them,
Brimful of sorrow and dismay; but chiefly
Him that you term'd, sir, "The good old lord, Gonzalo;"
His tears run down his beard, like winter's drops
From eaves of reeds. Your charm so strongly works 'em,
That if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.
*Prospero.* Dost thou think so, spirit?
*Ariel.* Mine would, sir, were I human.
*Prospero.* And mine shall.
Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions, and shall not myself,

One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,
Passion as they, be kindlier mov'd than thou art?
Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the quick,
Yet with my nobler reason 'gainst my fury
Do I take part: the rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance: they being penitent,
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown further. Go release them, Ariel:
My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,
And they shall be themselves.

*Ariel.* I'll fetch them, sir. [*Exit.*

*Prospero.* Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves;
And ye that on the sands with printless foot
Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him
When he comes back; you demi-puppets that
By moonshine do the green-sour ringlets make,
Whereof the ewe not bites; and you whose pastime
Is to make midnight mushrooms, that rejoice
To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid,
Weak masters though ye be, I have bedimm'd
The noontide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green sea and the azured vault
Set roaring war: to the dread-rattling thunder
Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak
With his own bolt: the strong-based promontory
Have I made shake; and by the spurs pluck'd up
The pine and cedar: graves at my command
Have waked their sleepers, op'd, and let 'em forth
By my so potent art. But this rough magic
I here abjure; and, when I have requir'd
Some heavenly music,—which even now I do,—
To work mine end upon their senses that

This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And deeper than did ever plummet sound
I'll drown my book. [*Solemn music.*

*Re-enter* ARIEL: *after him,* ALONSO, *with a frantic gesture, attended by* GONZALO; SEBASTIAN *and* ANTONIO *in like manner, attended by* ADRIAN *and* FRANCISCO: *they all enter the circle which* PROSPERO *had made, and there stand charmed; which* PROSPERO *observing, speaks.*

A solemn air, and the best comforter
To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains,
Now useless, boil'd within thy skull! There stand,
For you are spell-stopp'd.—
Holy Gonzalo, honourable man,
Mine eyes, even sociable to the show of thine,
Fall fellowly drops.—The charm dissolves apace;
And as the morning steals upon the night,
Melting the darkness, so their rising senses
Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle
Their clearer reason.—O good Gonzalo,
My true preserver, and a loyal sir
To him thou follow'st! I will pay thy graces
Home both in word and deed.—Most cruelly
Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter:
Thy brother was a furtherer in the act,—
Thou'rt pinch'd for't now, Sebastian.—Flesh and blood,
You, brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,
Expell'd remorse and nature; who, with Sebastian
(Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong)
Would here have kill'd your king; I do forgive thee,
Unnatural though thou art.—Their understanding
Begins to swell, and the approaching tide

Will shortly fill the reasonable shore
That now lies foul and muddy. Not one of them
That yet looks on me, or would know me:—Ariel,
Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell:— [*Exit Ariel.*
I will discase me, and myself present
As I was sometime Milan:—quickly, spirit;
Thou shalt ere long be free.

*Re-enter* ARIEL; *who sings while helping to attire* PROSPERO.

Where the bee sucks, there suck I:
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

*Pros.* Why, that's my dainty Ariel! I shall miss thee;
But yet thou shalt have freedom:—so, so, so.—
To the king's ship, invisible as thou art:
There shalt thou find the mariners asleep
Under the hatches; the master and the boatswain
Being awake, enforce them to this place,
And presently, I prithee.

*Ariel.* I drink the air before me, and return
Or ere your pulse twice beat. [*Exit.*

*Gonzalo.* All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement
Inhabits here: some heavenly power guide us
Out of this fearful country!

*Prospero.* Behold, sir king,
The wronged Duke of Milan, Prospero:
For more assurance that a living prince
Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body;
And to thee and thy company I bid

A hearty welcome.

*Alonso.* Whether thou be'st he or no,
Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,
As late I have been, I not know: thy pulse
Beats as of flesh and blood; and, since I saw thee,
The affliction of my mind amends, with which,
I fear, a madness held me: this must crave—
An if this be at all—a most strange story.
Thy dukedom I resign, and do entreat
Thou pardon me my wrongs.—But how should Prospero
Be living and be here?

*Prospero.* First, noble friend, 120
Let me embrace thine age, whose honour cannot
Be measur'd or confin'd.

*Gonzalo.* Whether this be
Or be not, I'll not swear.

*Prospero.* You do yet taste
Some subtilties o' the isle, that will not let you
Believe things certain.—Welcome, my friends all:—
[*Aside to Sebastian and Antonio*] But you, my brace of lords, were I so minded,
I here could pluck his highness' frown upon you,
And justify you traitors: at this time
I'll tell no tales.

*Sebastian.* [*Aside*] The devil speaks in him.

*Prospero.* No.— 130
For you, most wicked sir, whom to call brother
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankest fault; all of them; and require
My dukedom of thee, which perforce, I know,
Thou must restore.

*Alonso.* If thou be'st Prospero,
Give us particulars of thy preservation;

How thou hast met us here, who three hours since
Were wreck'd upon this shore; where I have lost—
How sharp the point of this remembrance is!—
My dear son Ferdinand.

*Prospero.* I'm woe for't, sir.

*Alonso.* Irreparable is the loss; and patience
Says it is past her cure.

*Prospero.* I rather think
You have not sought her help; of whose soft grace
For the like loss I have her sovereign aid,
And rest myself content.

*Alonso.* You the like loss!

*Prospero.* As great to me as late; and, supportable
To make the dear loss, have I means much weaker
Than you may call to comfort you, for I
Have lost my daughter.

*Alonso.* A daughter!
O heavens, that they were living both in Naples,
The king and queen there! that they were, I wish
Myself were mudded in that oozy bed
Where my son lies. When did you lose your daughter?

*Prospero.* In this last tempest. I perceive, these lords
At this encounter do so much admire,
That they devour their reason, and scarce think
Their eyes do offices of truth, their words
Are natural breath: but, howsoe'er you have
Been justled from your senses, know for certain
That I am Prospero, and that very duke
Which was thrust forth of Milan; who most strangely
Upon this shore, where you were wreck'd, was landed,
To be the lord on't. No more yet of this;
For 'tis a chronicle of day by day,
Not a relation for a breakfast nor

Befitting this first meeting. Welcome, sir;
This cell's my court: here have I few attendants,
And subjects none abroad: pray you, look in.
My dukedom since you have given me again,
I will requite you with as good a thing;
At least bring forth a wonder, to content ye
As much as me my dukedom.

*The entrance of the cell opens, and discovers* FERDINAND *and* MIRANDA *playing at chess.*

*Miranda.* Sweet lord, you play me false.
*Ferdinand.* No, my dear'st love,
I would not for the world.
*Miranda.* Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should wrangle,
And I would call it fair play.
*Alonso.* If this prove
A vision of the island, one dear son
Shall I twice lose.
*Sebastian.* A most high miracle!
*Ferdinand.* Though the seas threaten, they are merciful:
I have curs'd them without cause. [*Kneels to Alonso.*
*Alonso.* Now all the blessings
Of a glad father compass thee about!
Arise, and say how thou cam'st here.
*Miranda.* O, wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there here!
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,
That has such people in't!
*Prospero.* 'Tis new to thee.
*Alonso.* What is this maid with whom thou wast at play?
Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours:
Is she the goddess that hath sever'd us,

And brought us thus together?

*Ferdinand.* Sir, she's mortal;
But by immortal Providence she's mine:
I chose her when I could not ask my father
For his advice, nor thought I had one. She
Is daughter to this famous Duke of Milan,
Of whom so often I have heard renown,
But never saw before; of whom I have
Receiv'd a second life; and second father
This lady makes him to me.

*Alonso.* I am hers:
But, O, how oddly will it sound that I
Must ask my child forgiveness!

*Prospero.* There, sir, stop:
Let us not burden our remembrance with
A heaviness that's gone.

*Gonzalo.* I have inly wept,
Or should have spoke ere this.—Look down, you gods,
And on this couple drop a blessed crown!
For it is you that have chalk'd forth the way
Which brought us hither.

*Alonso.* I say, Amen, Gonzalo!

*Gonzalo.* Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his issue
Should become king of Naples? O, rejoice
Beyond a common joy! and set it down
With gold on lasting pillars: In one voyage
Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis;
And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife
Where he himself was lost; Prospero, his dukedom
In a poor isle; and all of us, ourselves
When no man was his own.

*Alonso.* [*to Fer. and Mir.*] Give me your hands:
Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart

That doth not wish you joy!

*Gonzalo.* Be it so! Amen!

*Re-enter* ARIEL, *with the* Master *and* Boatswain *amazedly following.*

O, look, sir, look, sir! here is more of us:
I prophesied, if a gallows were on land,
This fellow could not drown.—Now, blasphemy,
That swear'st grace o'erboard, not an oath on shore?
Hast thou no mouth by land? What is the news?

*Boats.* The best news is, that we have safely found
Our king and company; the next, our ship—
Which, but three glasses since, we gave out split—
Is tight and yare and bravely rigg'd as when
We first put out to sea.

*Ariel.* [*Aside to Prospero*] Sir, all this service
Have I done since I went.

*Prospero.* [*Aside to Ariel*] My tricksy spirit!

*Alonso.* These are not natural events; they strengthen
From strange to stranger.—Say, how came you hither?

*Boats.* If I did think, sir, I were well awake,
I'd strive to tell you. We were dead of sleep,
And—how we know not—all clapp'd under hatches;
Where, but even now, with strange and several noises
Of roaring, shrieking, howling, jingling chains,
And mo diversity of sounds, all horrible,
We were awak'd; straightway, at liberty:
Where we, in all her trim, freshly beheld
Our royal, good, and gallant ship; our master
Capering to eye her: on a trice, so please you,
Even in a dream, were we divided from them,
And were brought moping hither.

*Ariel.* [*Aside to Prospero*] Was't well done?

*Prospero.* [*Aside to Ariel*] Bravely, my diligence. Thou shalt be free.

*Alonso.* This is as strange a maze as e'er men trod;
And there is in this business more than nature
Was ever conduct of: some oracle
Must rectify our knowledge.

*Prospero.* Sir, my liege,
Do not infest your mind with beating on
The strangeness of this business; at pick'd leisure,
Which shall be shortly, single I'll resolve you—
Which to you shall seem probable—of every
These happen'd accidents: till when, be cheerful,
And think of each thing well.—[*Aside to Ariel*] Come hither, spirit:
Set Caliban and his companions free;
Untie the spell. [*Exit Ariel.*]—How fares my gracious sir?
There are yet missing of your company
Some few odd lads that you remember not.

*Re-enter* ARIEL, *driving in* CALIBAN, STEPHANO, *and* TRINCULO, *in their stolen apparel.*

*Stephano.* Every man shift for all the rest, and let no man take care for himself; for all is but fortune.—Coragio, bully-monster, coragio!

*Trinculo.* If these be true spies which I wear in my head, here's a goodly sight.

*Caliban.* O Setebos, these be brave spirits indeed!
How fine my master is! I am afraid
He will chastise me.

*Sebastian.* Ha, ha!
What things are these, my lord Antonio?
Will money buy 'em?

*Antonio.* Very like; one of them

Is a plain fish, and, no doubt, marketable.

*Prospero.* Mark but the badges of these men, my lords,
Then say if they be true.—This mis-shapen knave,—
His mother was a witch, and one so strong
That could control the moon, make flows and ebbs,
And deal in her command, without her power.
These three have robb'd me; and this demi-devil—
For he's a bastard one—had plotted with them
To take my life: two of these fellows you
Must know and own; this thing of darkness I
Acknowledge mine.

*Caliban.* I shall be pinch'd to death.

*Alonso.* Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?

*Sebastian.* He is drunk now: where had he wine?

*Alonso.* And Trinculo is reeling ripe: where should they
Find this grand liquor that hath gilded 'em?
How cam'st thou in this pickle?

*Trinculo.* I have been in such a pickle since I saw you last that, I fear me, will never out of my bones: I shall not fear fly-blowing.

*Sebastian.* Why, how now, Stephano!

*Stephano.* O touch me not;—I am not Stephano, but a cramp.

*Prospero.* You'd be king o' the isle, sirrah?

*Stephano.* I should have been a sore one then.

*Alonso.* This is a strange thing as e'er I look'd on. [*Pointing to Caliban.*

*Prospero.* He is as disproportion'd in his manners
As in his shape.—Go, sirrah, to my cell;
Take with you your companions; as you look
To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.

*Caliban.* Ay, that I will; and I'll be wise hereafter,
And seek for grace. What a thrice-double ass

Was I, to take this drunkard for a god,
And worship this dull fool!

*Prospero.* Go to; away!

*Alonso.* Hence, and bestow your luggage where you found it.

*Sebastian.* Or stole it, rather.

[*Exeunt Caliban, Stephano and Trinculo.*

*Prospero.* Sir, I invite your highness and your train
To my poor cell, where you shall take your rest
For this one night; which, part of it, I'll waste
With such discourse as, I not doubt, shall make it
Go quick away,—the story of my life,
And the particular accidents gone by
Since I came to this isle: and in the morn
I'll bring you to your ship, and so to Naples,
Where I have hope to see the nuptial
Of these our dear-beloved solemnized;
And thence retire me to my Milan, where
Every third thought shall be my grave.

*Alonso.* I long
To hear the story of your life, which must
Take the ear strangely.

*Prospero.* I'll deliver all;
And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,
And sail so expeditious, that shall catch
Your royal fleet far off.—[*Aside to Ariel.*] My Ariel,—chick,—
This is thy charge: then to the elements
Be free, and fare thou well!—Please you, draw near.

[*Exeunt.*

## EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BY PROSPERO.

Now my charms are all o'erthrown,
And what strength I have's mine own,
Which is most faint: now, 'tis true,
I must be here confin'd by you,
Or sent to Naples. Let me not,
Since I have my dukedom got,
And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell
In this bare island by your spell;
But release me from my bands
With the help of your good hands:
Gentle breath of yours my sails
Must fill, or else my project fails,
Which was to please: now I want
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant;
And my ending is despair,
Unless I be reliev'd by prayer,
Which pierces so that it assaults
Mercy itself and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your indulgence set me free.

# NOTES.

G. = *Glossary*. Several other abbreviations used sometimes in the *Notes* are explained at the beginning of the *Glossary*, in which they occur more frequently. They should be observed; see p. 133.

By "the Folio" is meant the 1st Folio edition of Shakespeare's plays, published in 1623. This was the first collected edition; it is the earliest authority for the text of many plays (e.g. *The Tempest*, *Julius Cæsar*) which had not been printed in Quarto.

## ACT I.

### Scene 1.

In the Folio *The Tempest* stands first of the plays: an indication perhaps of popularity.

This first Scene is an introduction to the play, telling us the names of some of the characters and just a little about them, and explaining how they reach the Island where all the events take place.

The Scene contains various terms (see p. 145) drawn from seamanship, and the accuracy with which they are used illustrates the variety of Shakespeare's knowledge. No sailor could give a *truer* picture (to say nothing of its vividness) of a vessel gradually drifting upon a rocky coast and of the efforts of the crew to keep her off. Shakespeare must, says one critic, have "had some practical acquaintance with the sea, and ships, and seamen." But in the same way it has been argued that he must (as an old tradition says) have been for some time in a lawyer's office because he uses legal terms so often and so precisely. No less precise, however, are his references to other pursuits e.g. music, and acting (we know that he *was* an actor in his youth), and all kinds of sport.

This range of sympathy and knowledge shows that for him most aspects of life and many sorts and conditions of men had interest.

*Master;* still a name for the captain or commander of a merchant-vessel.

*Boatswain;* "an officer in a ship who has charge of the sails, rigging etc., and whose duty it is to summon the men to their duties" (*New English Dictionary*). Literally 'boat-lad' (A. S. *swán*, 'lad').

2. *what cheer;* generally used with the sense 'how goes it with you?' Perhaps here='what do you want?' said in reply to the Master's call.

3. *good;* short for 'good friend' or 'good fellow'; cf. 16, 21.

*fall to't*, set about your work, do not be idle.

4. *yarely*, nimbly; cf. *yare*='sharp, quick!' in line 7; see G.

6. *hearts*, friends; *heart*, especially with 'good' or 'dear' (I. 2. 305), is a familiar form of addressing persons.

8. *tend*, attend to. *Blow;* addressed to the storm.

9. *if room enough;* this is his only anxiety: if the vessel escapes being driven on shore she can weather the storm.

11. *play the men*, show yourselves men. A phrase used several times by Marlowe; cf. 2 *Tamburlaine*, III. 3. 63, "And, soldiers, play the men; the hold is yours." So in 2 *Samuel* x. 12.

15. *assist the storm*, i.e. by hindering the sailors. Cf. a similar scene, *Pericles*, III. 1. 19, "Patience, good sir; do not assist the storm."

17. *cares;* probably a singular, such as is not uncommon where the subject follows; cf. I. 2. 478. Possibly a case of the "Northern plural"; see p. 173.

18. *these roarers*, the winds and waves; perhaps with an allusion to the slang Elizabethan sense of "roarer"=a blustering fellow, a bully. Cf. the list of characters in Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*, "Val. Cutting, a Roarer, or Bully."

24. *work*, produce, bring about.

25. *of the present*, at the present moment. *hand*, handle.

32. *his complexion...;* 'he has all the appearance of a gallows-bird.' An allusion to the proverb "He that is born to be hanged will never be drowned." Cf. Gonzalo's words just afterwards.

*complexion*, general appearance, not merely colour of the face.

33. *the rope*, i.e. the halter, with which destiny meant that he should be hung. 'May it (says Gonzalo) serve as a cable to prevent our ship drifting on to the shore.'

34. *advantage;* a verb=benefit, help.

37. *Down with the topmast!;* because the topmast from its weight and from holding the wind causes the vessel to drift to leeward, i.e. nearer the shore. *lower!* probably the verb.

38. *main-course*, main-sail. To "try with main-course" was a technical term = to try by means of the main-sail to keep a vessel close to the wind, so that she should make less leeway.

40. *than our office*, i.e. louder than we are at our work (though the sailors have to shout the orders to each other etc.).

44. *incharitable*, unfeeling.

49. *for drowning*, against (or 'as regards') drowning; because he was "born to be hanged."

52. *Lay her a-hold*, keep her as close to the wind as possible; another old nautical term. They had already tried to do this by setting the "main-course"; the vessel, however, had still drifted, and now they try another device to keep her off the land, viz. they "set her two courses," i.e. hoist the foresail as well as the main-sail.

56. *cold*, i.e. in death. 'Must we die?'

59. *merely*, absolutely. For *mere* = absolute, entire, cf. *The Merchant of Venice*, III. 2. 265, "his mere enemy." Lat. *merus*, pure, unmixed, i.e. 'unqualified.'

61. i.e. during the ebb and flow of ten tides. Shakespeare alludes to the mode of executing pirates at that time in England; they were hanged on the shore at low water-mark, and left, as a warning to passing seamen, till *three* tides had overwashed them. "Evidently Antonio's phrase is a mere exaggeration. For such a 'wide-chapped rascal' as the Boatswain, *three* tide-washings are not enough,—let him have *ten*."

63—65. *glut*, swallow. *split;* used of a ship breaking up.

70. *long heath, brown furze.* So the Folio reads. Many editors change to "*ling*, heath, *broom*, furze," mainly because of the epithets "long" and "brown," which have been considered rather pointless. But an old writer on botany says, "There is in this Countrie two kindes of Heath, one which beareth his flowers alongst the stemmes, and is called long Heath" (Lyte's *Herbal*, 1576). Again, "brown" is not at all inapplicable to ill-grown furze bushes on some "barren" common. Also, "ling" is merely another name for "heath."

The full effectiveness of a scene often becomes apparent only when we look back. So here: this scene just strikes the keynote of a drama, in which "seamen, the sea smell, Robinson Crusoe-like solitude, foreign nature, and air [and adventures] surround us sensibly in all parts" (Gervinus). Note too how danger has been made to test and reveal character; cf. the storm in *Julius Cæsar*, I. 2.

## Scene 2.

*Enter Prospero.* He is the chief character. At present we know nothing about him and Miranda. So to enlighten us Shakespeare makes Prospero narrate his history briefly. Nominally this is done for the benefit of Miranda alone, but really of the audience also. In fact, Prospero's narrative (53—184)—introduced so naturally and varied by bits of dialogue which keep up the dramatic character of the work—serves the same purpose as the 'Prologue' of Greek, more especially Euripidean, tragedy: i.e. that prefatory speech by which the audience received such information as they needed to be able to understand the plot. Again, in the interviews with Ariel and Caliban, note how we are informed about *their* history too. Retrospective explanation, then, is the chief element of the first 400 lines of the Scene: united with a sufficient, though slight, development of the action.

1. Miranda addresses her father by *you*, he replies by *thou*. In Shakespeare this is the almost invariable rule between parents and children: *you* expressing respect and *thou* affection between people of equal rank.

2. *allay*, appease, quiet. A. S. *álecgan*, 'to make to *lie* down.'

4. *welkin*, sky; see G. Cf. *Rich. II.* III. 3. 57, "the cloudy cheeks of heaven"; *Coriolanus*, V. 3. 151, "the wide cheeks o' the air."

5, 6. *fire*; scan *fi-er*. *brave*, fine, gallant; cf. 206, 411.

7. *creature*; collective = 'creatures.'

11. *or ere*, before; see G.

13. *fraughting*, i.e. who composed the fraught or cargo; see G.

14. *amazement*; a stronger word then than now, implying 'utter bewilderment,' even 'horror,' as here, and in 198. Cf. 1 *Peter* iii. 6, "not afraid with any amazement" (Revised Version 'terror').

*piteous*, full of pity. Miranda's "distinguishing virtue is pity," and Prospero's assurances (14, 15, 29—32), like his reproof later (501), are as a mirror in which her silent glances of pity, or entreaty (501), are reflected for us. Pity is an elemental quality, "one which may be acquired in solitude without man." (Gervinus.)

19. *more better*; see p. 176. *better*, i.e. in rank, position; cf. 430.

20. *full*, very, quite; cf. III. 1. 39, "full many."

21. *thy no greater father*, thy father who has no other greatness, viz. than that he owns a very humble dwelling.

22. *meddle with*; literally 'mix with,' i.e. form part of: hence the

whole phrase='it never entered my mind to seek more knowledge.' O. F. *medler*, modern F. *mêler*, from Low Lat. *misculare*, to mix.

24. *So*, that's right; a form of thanks; cf. v. 96.

25. *Lie there, my art.* He calls the robe his "art," not because his power is due to it, but because it symbolises the character of a magician. Here he lays it aside because he wishes to be merely as a father talking to his child: he "resumes" it (169, 170 note) when he has to be Prospero the magician again. Steevens quotes an anecdote about Elizabeth's High Treasurer, Lord Burleigh, that "when he put off his gown at night, [he] used to say, *Lie there, Lord Treasurer.*" Is Shakespeare hinting at his own resignation of his "art"?

The Elizabethan theatre-owner Henslowe mentions (*Diary*) among his stage-articles "a robe for to goo invisibell" (*Shakespeare's England*, II. 268). While wearing such a "robe," a magician was supposed to be unseen by other characters on the stage.

31—35. *Betid...bootless;* see G.

29. *ordered*, arranged. *no soul;* he was going to say 'lost.'

41. *out*, quite, fully; cf. IV. 76, "and be a boy right out."

43, 44. i.e. tell me the image of anything that. *kept*, remained, survived.

45, 46. *an assurance that*, a feeling of certainty for which my memory stands surety ("warrants").

50. *the dark backward*, the dim past. *backward;* an adverb= noun, illustrating Shakespeare's way of interchanging the parts of speech; see p. 176. *abysm*, depth, void; see G.

53. A syllable may be omitted before a stressed (') or accented syllable; so we can scan the line "⏑ Twélve | year since, | Miran|da, twelve | year since." Cf. the licence which Chaucer sometimes allows himself of making *one* syllable stand for the first foot—thus "⏑ Twén|ty bok|es clad | in black | or reed" (*The Prologue*, 294). But some take it—"Twelve ye|ar since, | Mirand|a, twelve | year since": the scansion of words which occur twice in a line is frequently varied thus by Shakespeare. *year;* often uninflected in familiar speech.

54. Shakespeare accents *Milan;* we say *Milán*. He makes it a sea-town (144, 145); cf. the sea-coast of *Bohemia* in *The Winter's Tale*.

56. *piece;* almost='masterpiece.' Cf. *Pericles*, IV. 6. 118, "Thou art a piece of virtue."

58, 59. 'And his only heir was a princess—of no humbler birth.' The Folio has a semi-colon after "princess," as though the words "no worse issued" were added after a slight pause. Some editors read

"*thou* his only heir (instead of *and*)," to correspond with "*Thy* mother," "*thy* father."

62. *heaved*, removed, carried off. Cf. cognate Germ. *heben*, to lift.

63. *holp*; see G.

64. *To think*; a gerundial infinitive='*in* or *at* thinking.' Cf. 119, III. I. 37, 74, 79, IV. 202; in each instance the sense is 'in' or 'by'—showing the old locative sense of *to*='at' or 'in.'

*teen*, trouble, anxiety; see G.

65. *which is from*, i.e. passed from. 'Which I have forgotten.'

66. *My brother*; the sentence thus begun is never completed. The disjointed style reflects the speaker's emotion.

69. *put*, entrusted; as we say, 'put into his hands.'

70. *manage*, management, administration. Lat. *manus*.

70, 71. Observe that "it was the first" is an independent clause, *as* being not the conjunction='because' but an adverb to be taken with "at that time"; cf. *Julius Cæsar*, V. I. 71, "*as* this very day"='on this very day.'

Formerly *as* was combined thus with adverbs and adverbial phrases of time, e.g. 'as then,' 'as now,' 'as three years ago,' 'as yet.' Cf. Ascham's *Letters* (1551), "The prince of Spain, which *as to-morrow* should have gone to Italy." So in the 'Collect' for Christmas Day, "*as at this time* to be born." The *as* seems to have had a restrictive force, which may be rendered by emphasising the next word with which it is combined, e.g. 'at *that* time.' Prospero means that *then* Milan stood first; afterwards it was humbled (see 111–116).

*signories*, principalities; see G. *the first*. Hunter notes that, as a matter of history, the duchy of Milan did make this claim.

72. 'And Prospero was the chief of dukes.'

*prime*, Lat. *primus*, 'first.'

73. *for*, in respect to. *the liberal arts*, the culture and refinement which befit a gentleman. Cf. the phrase 'a liberal education.'

74. *parallel*, equal, rival.

76. *grew stranger to*, neglected. *state*, position as duke.

77. *rapt*, engrossed in, devoted to; see G.

80. *who*, whom; Shakespeare often neglects the inflection. Cf. colloquial phrases like '*who* did you see?' *advance*, raise to higher rank.

81. *To trash*, to cut down. *for over-topping*, because of their rising too high. Antonio would not let anyone become too powerful.

The noun *trash* (see G.) meant originally 'broken twigs': here I take it as a verb='to lop, cut down.' For the metaphor see

*Richard II.* III. 4, where England is likened to a neglected garden and "the great and growing men" (such as Bolingbroke) to "the too fast growing sprays" of trees that need lopping. Cf. too the old story of Tarquin the Proud striking off the heads of the tallest poppies as a hint to his son how to deal with the chief men of Gabii.

Some editors explain *trash* as a hunting-term = to hamper a hound which goes ahead of the rest of the pack by fastening a strap or weight to his neck: whence the general sense 'to check, restrain.' If we take this view we must either (i) suppose that Shakespeare has combined two metaphors—hunting + gardening, surely a most awkward union, or (ii) interpret *over-topping* = 'outstripping'; but in the only other passage (*Antony and Cleopatra*, IV. 12. 24) where he uses *over-top* it is applied to a tree that has outgrown its fellows.

81, 82. *created;* the subject is "uncle," 77. *'em;* see G.

83. *key*, tuning-key. Antonio could regulate all offices and their holders as a musician regulates his instrument: the whole state had to be of his way of thinking.

85. *that*, so that; cf. 371.

87. *verdure*, life, vigour. It is by preventing the flow of the sap, not by "sucking" it out, that ivy destroys trees.

89. *ends*, designs, aims; cf. 143. *dedicated*, devoted.

90—92. *closeness*, seclusion. *the bettering;* 'the improvement of my mind with those studies which—except that they necessitated a life of such retirement—exceeded in value all that is commonly held in esteem'; or 'all vulgar popularity'—*Craig.*

94. *like a good parent.* "A father above the common rate of men has commonly a son below it"—*Johnson.* Similarly Prospero's noble confidence in Antonio produced an evil result.

95. *falsehood*, perfidy; now limited to 'false statement.'

*in its contrary*, in its opposite nature. *its;* see *his* in G.

97. *sans*, without; F. *sans*, Lat. *sine*. *lorded*, made supreme.

98. *revenue*. Probably we ought to scan *revénue*.

100—102. The general sense is—'one who is habitually so untruthful that at last he comes to believe his own lie.' Connect "sinner" with "into (i.e. unto) truth" = 'made his memory an offender against truth'; and refer "it" in 100 to "lie" in 102. *Who* in 100 has no verb. *into* = 'unto,' as often in Shakespeare. *to credit* (102), i.e. *as* to credit.

The sentiment is illustrated by a passage which Malone quoted from Bacon's account of Perkin Warbeck in the *History of Henry VII.:*

"With long and continual counterfeiting, and with oft telling a lie, [he] was turned by habit almost into the thing he seemed to be; and from a liar to a believer" (Pitt Press ed. p. 111).

103, 104. *out o' the substitution....* 'Through acting as my substitute and playing outwardly the part of king.'

106. *Dost thou hear?* Cf. 78. These questions are designed—partly to vary what would be a very lengthy narrative (too lengthy for a play) if told without any break; partly to increase the vividness and reality of the scene: we feel how deeply Prospero is stirred, and how great an impression his story is making upon Miranda. Such touches (cf. *Coriolanus*, I. 1. 99—151) help to make a play seem actual.

107, 108. There had to be *some* acting Duke of Milan and Antonio played the part for him; but it was only a part—the "outward face of royalty," not the reality—because Prospero stood like a screen in the way; hence Prospero had to be removed.

109. *Absolute Milan*, completely duke of Milan, not a mere 'substitute' (103). *Milan;* cf. v. 205, where we have both senses, 'duke' and 'dukedom.' *me*, for me; a dative.

110. *Was...enough*, i.e. Antonio thought that it was.

*temporal*, belonging to the world: an antithesis between the world of affairs and that of study. *royalties*, kingly acts and duties.

111, 112. *confederates*, plots. *dry*, thirsty.

114. *coronet*, an inferior crown worn by a nobleman, such as Antonio agreed to be in his relations to the King of Naples.

117, 118. *his condition*, the terms ("premises") which he made with the king. *event*, issue, result (=Lat. *eventus*). *might*, could; *may* originally meant 'can.'

119. *but nobly*, otherwise than honourably.

121—124. Important because it shows that Alonso's motive was *national* rather than personal. *in lieu o'*, in return for.

125. *presently*, at once, without delay; cf. IV. 25.

128. *levied*, having been collected; an absolute construction.

131. *The ministers for*, those whom he employed for.

134. *hint*, cause, motive for grief; cf. II. 1. 3.

135. *to't*, i.e. to crying.

137. *the which;* more definite than *which* alone; cf. F. *lequel.*

138. *impertinent;* in its original sense 'not to the purpose, not pertinent' (Lat. *impertinens*). We use 'irrelevant.'

139. *Well demanded*, a very proper question. *demand;* see G. *wench;* not a vulgar word then, as now.

143. *colours*, appearances; implying 'false appearances.'

144. *In few*, i.e. words. 'To be brief.'

146. *carcass;* i.e. there was the mere hulk, with no rigging, etc.

*butt;* properly 'a cask, barrel'; cf. II. 2. 126. F. *botte*, Low Lat. *butta*, 'wine-cask.' Here used contemptuously for a clumsy, ill-shaped 'tub' of a boat. The change to *boat* (which some print) seems needless.

Collier noted that Perdita in *The Winter's Tale* is not set adrift thus, though the incident occurs in Greene's novel *Pandosto* on which the *Tale* was founded; he took this as evidence that *The Tempest* was the earlier play, because Shakespeare, having used the device once, i.e. in Miranda's case, would not be likely to repeat it.

151. *loving wrong;* an antithetical phrase (or *oxymoron*) like "dumb discourse," III. 3. 39, "good mischief," IV. 1. 188. Cf. the oft-quoted classical examples of this figure of speech, e.g. γενναῖον ψεῦδος, *splendide mendax*, and Tennyson's line "And faith unfaithful kept him falsely true," *Lancelot and Elaine.*

152. *a cherubin*, an angel; see G.

155. The original sense of *deck*—cf. Germ. *decken*—was 'to cover,' and "Prospero means to say that he shed so many tears as to cover the surface of the sea with them"—*Schmidt.* It is an exaggeration similar to that in 3 *Henry VI.* v. 4, 8, "With tearful eyes add water to the sea"; see also *As You Like It*, II. 1. 43, where the tears of the hunted stag are said to "augment" the stream.

Some editors think that *deck'd* is a misprint for *degg'd* = 'sprinkled': *deg* being a form of *dag*, 'to moisten, sprinkle'—akin to *dew* and Germ. *thau*. But (i) it is not a likely misprint, nor (ii) is *deg* or *dag* a likely word for Shakespeare to use. It is purely a provincial word, belonging to the *north* of England, and the *New English Dictionary* does not quote a single illustration of its use earlier than 1674.

156. *groan'd*, i.e. '*and* groan'd.'

*which;* referring to "Thou didst smile."

157. *An undergoing stomach*, an enduring and stubborn courage. Commonly *stomach* has a bad sense = 'anger' or 'proud spirit,' as in "whoso hath a...high stomach," *Psalm* ci. 7, Prayer-Book.

162. *Out of his charity*, in his goodness of heart. See G.

*who;* redundant because "A noble Neapolitan" is the subject of the verb—"did" (163).

165. *steaded much*, been of great use; see G. *gentleness*, kindness.

167. *volumes;* such as his book of magic; cf. III. 2. 103.

169. *ever*, some day.

169, 170. It seems to me best to take "Now I arise" literally. Prospero has almost finished his narrative and knows that he will soon (see 185, 186) have to exercise the "art" (25) which he had laid aside for a while. So he says to Miranda, 'Now I must get up,' suits the action to the word, and puts on his robe as a sign that he is again Prospero the magician. Seeing him move, Miranda rises too—hence his "Sit still" (170). He does not wish her to stir because she must shortly be sent into a sleep (185, 186): possibly he emphasises "*I* arise" as a hint to her not to do so. The stage-direction *Resumes his mantle*, though not in the Folio, seems justified by the context.

Some editors take arise figuratively = 'I begin to be in the ascendant': as though Prospero meant that hitherto his enemies had triumphed but now his turn had come. But any figurative interpretation of "arise" fits in awkwardly with the literal "Sit still."

172. *more profit*, make more progress. *profit;* a verb.

173. *princess'* = 'princesses': a contracted form (to suit the metre), such as is frequent with words of which the singular ends in *s*. The Folio has *princesse*. Some suggest *princes*, the word being sometimes feminine (=*princess*) in Elizabethan E.

175—177. This question links his narrative with the play's action

176. *'tis beating in*, the thought is perplexing me. Cf. v. 246.

179. *Now my dear lady*, who is now my auspicious mistress.

*Now;* emphatic; formerly Fortune was ungracious to Prospero.

181—184. A metaphor from astrology. It was a popular belief that a man's character and fortune were 'influenced' by the stars, especially the star under which he was born. In *Lear* I. 2. 128—144 Shakespeare makes Edmund ridicule these astrological notions—"*planetary* influence," "*heavenly* compulsion"—and we can scarcely suppose that he himself believed in them, though they are often (as here) referred to in his plays.

The idea of the whole passage, viz. that a man should seize at once the supreme chance of his life, is conveyed under a different metaphor in the famous lines in *Julius Cæsar*, IV. 3. 218—221 ("There is a tide in the affairs of men," etc.).

Through Prospero's magic power *The Tempest* "really loses one main source of dramatic interest, viz. the struggle between man and circumstance" (Boas). For Prospero's foes cannot struggle against him.

181. *zenith*, highest good fortune; see G.

182. *influence*, power; see G.

183. *omit*, fail to take advantage of, neglect; cf. II. 1. 194.

185, 186. Here of course, Prospero exercises (i.e. over Miranda) his magic power which he resumed just before.

*dulness*, the heaviness of slumber, drowsiness.

*give it way*, yield to it. *not choose*, i.e. not help "giving it way."

187. *come away*, i.e. come here, come to me; cf. *Twelfth Night*, II. 4. 52, "Come away, come away, death."

188. *Ariel;* for the name see *Introduction*, p. xxiv.

190—193. These lines, combined with 255, show that Ariel is not merely 'a spirit of air,' but that he is at home in all four elements—air (cf. "fly"); water (cf. "swim"); fire, and earth (255). Primarily, however, "his ideas are the ideas associated with the atmosphere, viz. liberty and omnipresence"—*Moulton*.

190. *To answer;* to perform whatever you are pleased to order.

193, 194. *quality*, faculties. *to point*, to the very letter, exactly.

196, 197. *beak*, bow (Lat. *rostrum*). *waist*, the middle part of a ship.

198—201. Editors quote from Hakluyt's *Voyages* (1589), and other Elizabethan narratives of travel, very similar accounts given by sailors of the phenomena called "St Elmo's Fire," i.e. the electric lights which play sometimes about the tops of the masts or the pointed spars of a ship before or during a storm, especially in the Mediterranean. Cf. Horace's *sic fratres Helenæ, lucida sidera* (*Odes*, I. 3. 2).

200. *bowsprit;* the large spar or boom running out from the stem of a vessel. *distinctly*, separately, i.e. in several places at once.

203. *cracks*, loud reports; cf. "the crack of doom," *Macbeth*, IV. 1. 117. Often used of thunder, cannon-roar, or trumpet-blast.

205. *seem;* a change to the vivid present in a description; cf. 148.

206. *trident*, the sceptre of Neptune, god of the sea; it was a spear with three points (Lat. *tridens*, three-pronged, from *tres*+*dens*).

207. *constant*, self-controlled, unshaken. *coil*, turmoil; see G.

209. *But felt*, i.e. there was not a soul who did not feel.

*but;* used thus='who or which not' after negatives.

211. *quit*, quitt*ed;* the *ed* of the preterite or p. p. is often omitted for euphony with verbs ending in *t;* cf. perhaps *hoist* in 148.

213. *up-staring*, standing on end; see G.

215. *that's my;* a phrase of approval; cf. 299, V. 95.

218. *sustaining garments;* either 'that bore up their wearers,' i.e. kept them from sinking, or 'that endured the effect of salt-water without damage.'

222. *cooling of;* cf. *Lear*, II. 1. 41, "Here stood he...*mumbling of* wicked charms."

In these cases what seems to us a present participle is really a verbal noun (hence the *of*) before which a preposition has been omitted—thus '*a* cooling'='in the act of'; cf. "a bat-fowling," II. 1. 185. No doubt, the omission of the preposition (*a*='on' or *in*) was due to the tendency to treat the verbal noun as a participle; but the *of* should also have been omitted, e.g. "cooling the air."

223. *odd angle*, lonely corner; Lat. *angulus*, corner.

224. *in this sad knot*, i.e. folded; an attitude of grief; cf. *Julius Cæsar*, II. 1. 240, "Musing and sighing, with your arms across."

*this;* of course, Ariel imitates the attitude.

228. *dew;* traditionally associated with magic and witchcraft. Thus the witches in Ben Jonson's *Masque of Queens* bring to their orgies "Both milk and blood, the dew and the flood."

229. *still-vex'd*, constantly vexed by storms; for *still*='constantly, ever,' cf. III. 3. 64, "still-closing."

*Bermoothes*, Bermudas, a group of islands in the North Atlantic, about equidistant (600 miles) from the nearest of the West Indian Islands and from the coast of America. Called after a Spaniard, Juan Bermudez, who discovered them about 1522; also known as "Somers Islands," from their English coloniser (1609). See p. ix.

In Elizabethan times the Bermudas were proverbial for their stormy coasts; cf. "still-vex'd." They were also regarded as an enchanted region (so that Ariel might well be sent thither); thus an old ballad, *Newes from Virginia* (1610), on the shipwreck of Sir George Somers, speaks of that "Island of Devils, otherwise called *Bermoothawes.*"

230. i.e. "packed away in the hold of the ship with the gratings or covers of the hatchways fastened down above them"—*Rowe.*

231, 232. i.e. they were asleep from the combined effects of weariness after their labours and of the spell laid upon them.

234. *flote;* an obsolete word for 'billow, wave'; the same as *float*, A.S. *flot;* cognate with A.S. *flēot*, 'a *fleet*.'

240. *At least two glasses.* 'Yes, it must be at least 2 o'clock.' *glasses;* i.e. 'hour-glasses,' hence 'hours'; cf. v. 136, "three *hours* since" and v. 223, "three *glasses* since." A sailor's "glass," was a half-hour glass; so that the Boatswain's use, v. 223, was not strictly correct.

242. But a short time since Ariel professed himself (189—193) the willing servant of Prospero; he is a capricious creature.

*pains*, tasks; cf. *pains*=trouble (F. *peine*), as in 'take pains.'

243. *remember*, remind; we have another transitive use in 405.

244. *me;* the old dative, 'to or for me.'

*moody*, discontented. "The spirits or familiars attending on magicians were always impatient of confinement"—*Douce*: i.e. in the mediæval stories of magic.

248. *mistakings*, mistakes (a noun which Shakespeare never uses).

249. *without grudge*, without murmuring.

250. i.e. to lessen my time of service by a year. *bate=abate.*

252. *think'st it much*, i.e. a great thing; 'a hardship.'

254. *of the north.* An allusion, perhaps, to the mediæval belief that the northern quarter of the world was the abode of demons and spirits. Cf. 1 *Henry VI.* v. 3. 6, where Joan of Arc invokes the demons who are subject "Under the lordly monarch of the north" (meaning possibly Beelzebub). Milton refers to this notion when he makes Satan assemble the rebellious angels in the northern quarter of heaven; cf. *Paradise Lost*, v. 688, 689, 726, 755. There are signs in the Bible —*Job* xxxvii. 22, *Ezekiel* i. 4—that the north was held mysterious.

255. A line which Milton seems to have remembered; cf. *Paradise Lost*, I. 150—152.

*in the veins*; used metaphorically='in the interior.'

258. *Sycorax.* Various derivations have been suggested: e.g.

(i) From Gk. σῦς, a sow+κόραξ, a raven. Both sows and ravens (malignant, ill-omened birds) are associated with witchcraft, and the name might be meant to indicate a mixture of their characteristics—i.e. grossness + malignity, something at once bestial and fiendish. (J. W. Hales, *Notes and Essays.*)

(ii) The Arabian Algiers being the native country of Sycorax, her name may be connected with Arabic *Shokereth*, the deceiver.

(iii) Sycorax=Gk. ψυχορρήξ, 'heart-breaker,' from ψυχή+ῥήγνυμι. Some connection with κόραξ, raven, seems most probable.

*envy*; in the general sense 'malice.'

259. *grown into a hoop*, i.e. crooked, bent double.

261. *Argier*; the old name for *Algiers*, Arabic *Al-Jezair*, 'The Islands.'

266. *one thing she did.* If *The Tempest*, like several of Shakespeare's plays, was founded partly upon some novel or earlier play, this "one thing" may have been mentioned in it.

269. *blue-ey'd*, haggard-looking; cf. *As You Like It*, III. 2. 393, "a lean cheek, a blue eye and sunken," i.e. with dark circles about the eye from exhaustion or weeping. The "hags" of Scottish legend "have invariably blue faces"; cf. "blue meagre hag" (i.e. lean). *Comus*, 434.

272. *for*, because. *spirit*; often a monosyllable=*sprite.*

273. *earthy;* in the figurative sense 'gross, low'; cf. Milton's Ode *On Time*, 20, "this earthy grossness."

*abhorr'd;* worthy to be abhorred, detestable. In Elizabethan E. the use of adjectival and participial endings was very free.

274. *grand hests*, chief commands.

275. i.e. her attendant spirits more powerful than Ariel.

282, 283. *litter;* properly used of beasts bringing forth young: hence applied in contempt (like "whelp"=a young dog) to the "monster" Caliban (II. 2. 31). *freckled*, spotted.

284. *Caliban;* for the name see *Introduction*, p. xxv.

290. *To lay*, i.e. fit to lay; cf. II. 1. 314.

296. *twelve winters*, the same term of imprisonment as before (279).

297. *correspondent*, obedient.

298. *gently*, willingly; without any "more murmuring" (294).

311. *miss*, do without; Germ. *missen* can be used thus.

314. *Thou...thou;* the repetition is contemptuous; cf. III. 2. 29, "thou deboshed fish, thou," and III. 2. 52. Also, Shakespeare generally makes a master address a servant and inferior by *thou*.

317. *quaint*, dainty; see G.

321. *wicked*, harmful. *dew;* cf. 228, note.

322. *raven*, the bird of ill omen. See note on 258.

323. Originally *ye* was nominative and *you* accusative; cf. "Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you," *John* xv. 16. The distinction, however, was then becoming obsolete.

*a south-west*. A south wind was formerly considered unhealthy because relaxing and apt to bring rain; cf. *Coriolanus*, I. 4. 30, "All the contagion of the south light on you."

326. *pen*, confine; see G. *urchins*, hedge-hogs (?); see G.

327, 328. i.e. shall, during that desolate period of the night in which they are permitted to be active, all ply thee hard.

It was an old belief that spirits might only be abroad between curfew-time (v. 40) and cock-crow. Thus in *Hamlet*, the Ghost has to leave Hamlet as soon as he feels "the matin to be near" (I. 5. 89), i.e. the morning.

*vast;* 'the *waste* (akin to *vast*), i.e. desolate, lonely, time.' Cf. *Hamlet*, I. 2. 198, "In the dead vast and middle of the night."

*exercise on*, practise on; with the implied idea 'torment, afflict' (=Lat. *exercere*). Cf. *Ecclesiastes* i. 13, "this sore travail...to be exercised therewith"—marginal rendering, "afflict."

Some editors would read, "Shall *forth at* vast.....," placing the

comma after "night" instead of at the end of the line. The sense then is—'Shall go forth at vast of night [a most awkward phrase] in order that they may practise all their activity on thee'—or 'inflict torment,' *exercise* being in either case taken as a noun governed by *work*.

330. *'em*, i.e. the cells of the honeycomb.

334. *Water with berries;* thought by some to mean coffee, which, although not introduced into England till about 20 years after Shakespeare's death, had been mentioned by travellers in the East as early as the close of the 16th century.

335. Shakespeare seems to have had *Genesis* i. 16 in his mind.

338. *brine-pits*, salt springs.

340. *toads...bats;* similarly associated with witchcraft in *Macbeth*, IV. 1. 6, 15. One of the 'charms' (=incantations) sung by the Witches in Jonson's *Masque of Queens* begins "The owl is abroad, the bat and the toad." The toad was thought venomous (*As You Like It*, II. 1. 13).

342. *which*, who; cf. *which* referring to a *personal* antecedent in 347, 413, III. 1. 6. So in the Bible often, e.g. in the Lord's Prayer.

346. *human*, humane, kind.

348. *capable of*, receptive of, susceptible to.

352, 353. 'I enabled thee to make thy desires known.' *race*, nature.

364. Cf. *Coriolanus*, IV. 1. 13, "Now the red pestilence strike all trades in Rome!"; and *Troilus*, II. 1. 20, "a red murrain on!" The reference is to bubonic plague, brought by rats in ships from the East; one of the constant dangers of old London; there were bad outbreaks in 1582 and 1606. A red swelling is an early sign of the disease. See *Shakespeare's England* (1916), I. 435, 436.

365. *learning*, teaching; cf. *Psalm* xxv. 4 (Prayer-Book), "Lead me forth in thy truth, and learn me." A common Elizabethan use.

*Hag-seed*, offspring of a hag. Prospero's harshness is significant. In his new kingdom he learnt "discipline and the art of government. Experience had taught him. He keeps all around him in strict subjection, his commands are dictatorial, and demand blind obedience and instant service. Not the monster Caliban alone fears his wrath; even his spirits serve him trembling." He can be harsh with Ariel, and "even appear full of severity to Ferdinand and Miranda. His misfortunes have made him careful and prudent, indignant and severe; but this severity does not detract from his goodness," nor disincline him to mercy and forgiveness and the beneficent use of his powers (Gervinus).

366, 367. *thou'rt best;* see p. 176. *answer;* cf. 190. *malice;* abstract for concrete; cf. "blasphemy"=blasphemer, v. 218; "diligence"

=diligent servant, v. 241. This figure of speech is intensive: to say that a man is 'malice' itself is worse than to call him 'malignant.'

369. *old*, such as old people suffer from; cf. IV. 231.

370. Scan *achës*, i.e. as two syllables. The noun *ache* was then pronounced like the letter *h*; hence the pun in *Much Ado About Nothing*, III. 4. 54—56.

371. *pray thee;* for the omission of *I* in such phrases of address cf. *prithee*='I pray thee.' See 473 and III. 1. 15.

373. *dam*, mother; used generally of animals or birds; cf. "litter" and "whelp" applied to Caliban, 282, 283.

*Setebos;* the name given by travellers as that of the chief deity of the Patagonians. The source from which Shakespeare probably took it was *Eden's History of Travel*, 1555. This *History* contains an account, translated from the Portuguese, of Magellan's attempted voyage round the world, 1519—1526. It describes how "Capitayne Magellan" captured two giants in Patagonia by a trick: "loading them with presents and then causing shackels of iren to be put on theyr legges, makynge signes that he wold also giue them those chaynes; but...when at last they sawe how they were deceaued they rored lyke bulles and cryed vppon theyr great devyll [i.e. *devil*] Setebos to helpe them."

376—379. Imitated twice by Milton—*Comus* 117 (where the Cambridge MS. has "yellow" for "tawny"); *Nativity Ode*, 64, 65.

378, 379. Either 'kissed the waves silent=into silence,' or 'kissed each other, the waves being silent' (an absolute construction).

The former way seems to me better; the other would refer to the custom in some dances of partners kissing at the outset—a custom mentioned in *Henry VIII.* I. 4. 95, 96, where Henry dances with Anne Boleyn. *whist;* see G.

380. *Foot it;* the *it* is a cognate accusative referring to the action (i.e. dancing) expressed by the verb; cf. "fight *it* out"=the fight, 1 *Henry VI.* I. 1. 99. Abbott notes that *it* is often added thus to "nouns or words that are not generally used as verbs, in order to give them the force of verbs"; cf. "duke it," *Measure for Measure*, III. 2. 100, =play the duke. *featly*, deftly; see G.

381. *Burden*, refrain, i.e. the word "Bow, wow," uttered by the other "sprites" in imitation of the barking of dogs. *burden;* see G.

Stage-direction: *dispersedly*, from different parts of the stage.

384—386. Of course, the sound of a cock-crow is made somewhere behind the scenery.

392. *passion*, grief; see G.

393. *its;* see *his* in G.

396. *full*, quite. *fathom;* left uninflected in the plural on the analogy of phrases of measure, weight etc., e.g. "five *foot* ten." Cf. *The Ancient Mariner*, 377, "Under the keel nine fathom deep." Sometimes Shakespeare uses 'fathoms'; here the sound would be unpleasant.

399, 400. i.e. everything about him that is liable to alteration is changed—*Steevens*. *But doth*, which doth not; cf. 209, note.

*a sea-change*, a change such as the sea produces.

405. *ditty*, song; see G. *remember*, commemorate, mention.

406. *nor no;* for the emphatic double negative see pp. 169, 170.

407. *owes*, has, possesses; cf. 454 and see G.

408. The slow, deliberate rhythm suggests the action.

*advance*, lift; see G. *fringed;* cf. *Pericles*, III. 2. 99, 101:

"Her *eyelids*, cases to those heavenly jewels,
Begin to part their *fringes* of bright gold."

409. She had known only "spirits" there (save Prospero and Caliban).

414. *but he's*, except that he is. *stain'd*, disfigured.

415. i.e. grief that like a canker-worm eats away the flower of beauty. *canker;* see G.

418. *natural;* in the literal sense 'belonging to nature.'

419. *It goes on*, my scheme progresses; cf. 493, "*it* works."

421. *the goddess;* cf. Alonso's words, v. 187.

422. *these airs*, i.e. Ariel's songs. *Vouchsafe my prayer may know*, permit that I who pray may know.

423. *remain*, dwell; a rare meaning; cf. 3 *Henry VI.* III. 1. 75.

425. *bear me*, conduct myself, behave. *prime*, chief.

427. *If you be maid;* cf. what Ferdinand says later, 447—449. For *maid* the 4th Folio (1685) has *made*, which many 18th century editors adopted, with the sense 'created=mortal': an antithesis to goddess" (421). 429. *the best*, the chief; cf. "better," 19.

432. *single;* a mild, disparaging epithet=poor, weak. But he also means 'alone, isolated,' since he believes that his father ("Naples," i.e. the King of Naples) and the others have perished. In fact, he uses *single* in two senses.

438. *brave son;* note that he does not appear in the play. There may have been such a character in the original novel or play (if there was one). *The Duke*, i.e. Prospero himself—the real Duke.

439. *more braver;* see 19, note. *control*, confute, contradict in a way which admitted no answer.

440. Cf. the line from Marlowe's poem *Hero and Leander* which

Shakespeare introduced in *As You Like It*, III. 5. 83, and thereby made proverbial: "Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?" Much of the love in Shakespeare's plays is love at first sight. Give instances.

441. *changed eyes*, exchanged looks of love.

443. *To do wrong*=to do injustice, not to give a man his due. Here the phrase is ironical: Prospero means that Ferdinand has done himself more than justice in falsely claiming to be King of Naples.

445. *the third man;* here she recognises Caliban as a man; afterwards (III. 1. 50—52) she does not.

451, 452. Quibbling on *light*='easy' (451), and *light*='of small value' (452); for the latter cf. 489. *uneasy*, difficult, hard to compass.

453. *attend*, attend *to*.

455. *to win it;* even as Prospero himself dispossessed Caliban.

457. *There's nothing...can;* the relative pronoun is often omitted after 'there is,' 'there are'; cf. III. 1. 1. It is an illustration of Shakespeare's "brevity." *ill*, evil; cf. "his ill angel," 2 *Hen. IV.* I. 2. 186. *temple*, i.e. body (cf. "brave form," 411); as in *John* ii. 21. Cf. *Macbeth*, II. 3. 72—74, where Macduff announces the murder of Duncan:

> "murder hath broke ope
> The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
> The life o' the building."

465. *entertainment*, treatment, i.e. such as Prospero mentioned.

Stage-direction: *Draws*, i.e. his sword. *charmed;* by Prospero's wand (472).

467, 468. "Do not rashly determine to treat him with severity, he is *mild and harmless*, and not in the least *terrible* or *dangerous*" (Ritson). Others explain, "He's of gentle birth, and therefore no coward" (as Ferdinand had proved by drawing his sword).

469. *foot*, i.e. inferior. 'Is my servant going to teach me?' Perhaps a proverbial phrase; of course, a reproof to Miranda.

471. *ward*, posture of defence; the old fencing term='guard.'

472. *stick;* he intentionally uses a depreciatory word for his wand. The magician's white wand is said to be traceable to the sleep-bringing wand, twined with serpents, of the Greek deity, Hermes; cf. too the wishing-rod of German mythology.

474, 475. Of course, the harsher Prospero is towards Ferdinand, the keener grows Miranda's pity—and love; as Prospero intends. "She will be surety for Ferdinand; her good heart generates her trust and pity, and both her love, which she cannot hide for a moment"

(Gervinus). Olivia tells Viola that pity is a step towards love, *Twelfth Night*, III. 1. 134. Here, too, it is pity for the innocent.

480. *to*, in comparison with; from the notion 'in relation to.'

484. *nerves*, sinews; see G. The spell cast by Prospero's wand has robbed Ferdinand of all his strength. Cf. *Comus*, 614, 615.

488. *nor;* we should expect *or* (if not *and*); but *nor* strengthens the negative idea of 'not heavy' contained in "light" (489).

*this man's*. Ferdinand does not address Prospero; rather, he speaks aloud to himself "as in a dream," with his eyes fixed on Miranda ("this maid," 491). The scenes between Ferdinand and Miranda, especially III. 1, illustrate the happy criticism that the young people of Shakespeare's last plays (the Romances) have more of the essential spirit of youth than those he depicted in his own youth. They represent Youth idealised by Age. Note that after this scene Miranda is never alone with Prospero. You feel, as the play advances, the transfer of her affections; remember and apply *Matthew* xix. 5.

492. *liberty*, free men; abstract for concrete; cf. 367, note.

# ACT II.

## Scene 1.

1. *sir*, Alonso, who thinks that his son is drowned; cf. 109.

3. *hint*, occasion for, cause; cf. I. 2. 134.

5. *The masters of some merchant*, the owners of some merchant-ship.

*and the merchant*, i.e. the merchant to whom the ship's cargo belonged. The use of "merchant" in two senses in the same line is awkward.

8, 9. *weigh with*, i.e. balance the one against the other.

10, 11. Sebastian and Antonio speak aside in a running comment on the remarks of Gonzalo and the others. Sebastian and Antonio are the wicked men of the play and their conduct here is characteristic; for such ill-natured, cynical levity shows that they are not moved by any noble feeling of thankfulness for their preservation, nor by sympathy with Alonso's grief at the loss of his son. Also, it is the tendency of bad men to ridicule the good, as though they could thereby conceal from themselves and from others their own consciousness of being inferior. The Scene therefore on the one hand gives us an insight into the characters of Sebastian and his partner and prepares us for their

plot; and on the other hand it throws into relief the loyalty of Gonzalo and the Courtiers whose aim is to cheer Alonso.

10. *like cold porridge*, i.e. as something very unpalatable.

11. *visitor*. "Gonzalo gives...comfort [i.e. to Alonso], and is therefore properly called 'the visitor,' like others who visit the sick or distressed to give them consolation"—*Johnson*. Most parishes have 'district-visitors.'

12, 13. *Watches* were introduced from Germany into England about 1580. *strike*, i.e. like the old 'repeater' watches.

15. *one*, i.e. stroke: each word that Gonzalo speaks represents a stroke of "the watch of his wit." *tell*, count them; see G.

16. *entertain'd*, received, not rejected.

17. *A dollar*, i.e. in payment for the 'entertainment': the metaphor of paying at an inn. Sebastian purposely quibbles on the different senses of 'entertain.' *dollar*, see G.

17, 18. *dolour...dollar;* there is the same pun in *Lear*, II. 4. 54.

27. *He will be*, he can't help. Emphasise *will*.

28. *Which, of he or Adrian*. A combination of (i) 'Which, he or Adrian,' (ii) 'Which *of them*, he or Adrian.' Cf. *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, III. 2. 336, 337:

"Now follow, if thou dar'st, to try whose right,
*Of* thine or mine, is most in Helena":

where (i) 'whose right, thine or mine,' and (ii) 'which *of* our right-*s*' are united.

28—36. Antonio bets that Adrian (the young man) will speak before Gonzalo: the wager is to be a laugh from the loser. Adrian does speak first: therefore Sebastian the loser laughs 'Ha, ha!' and says 'there, you are paid!' Possibly 'laughter' was also a slang name for some coin.

The point of the incident lies in its very foolishness, i.e. that at such a time, in the presence of such grief as Alonso's, men should indulge in such heartless nonsense. Observe later (123—135) Sebastian's unfeeling language to the king.

40. *could not miss't;* he was bound to say "yet," after "though."

42. *temperance*, temperature (perhaps implying 'mildness').

43. *Temperance;* here a proper name, such as the Puritans liked; cf. 'Patience,' 'Mercy,' etc.

*delicate;* used by Adrian='delicious' (42), by Antonio='lovely' (43).

45. *delivered*, expounded.

52. *lush*, luxuriant. *lusty*, vigorous. The former epithet indicates

quantity, the latter quality. The words are cognate, and akin to *luscious*. These references to the soft climate and vegetation of the island are due, no doubt, to contemporary accounts of the Bermudas.

55. *eye*, tinge; see G. 56. i.e. he is not far wrong. Said ironically.

60. *vouched*, for which people vouch; 'warranted.'

62. *hold*, keep. *glosses*, glossiness. Cf. Ariel's words, I. 2. 218.

65. *pockets*, into which mud etc. must have got.

69. Shakespeare prefers the form *Afric* to *Africa*.

75. *paragon*, model of excellence.

*to their queen*, i.e. for; cf. *Luke* iii. 8, "We have Abraham to our father." So "I take thee to my wedded wife," Prayer-Book. The notion is 'equivalent to,' hence 'for,' 'as.'

76—79. *Dido...Æneas*. After the fall of Troy, Æneas came to the court of Dido, queen of Carthage, who fell in love with him; when he sailed away to Italy, she burned herself on a pyre, through grief at his desertion. Vergil tells the story in the first books of the *Æneid*. There was a play of *Dido* by Marlowe and Peele (1594).

77. *Widow! a plague o' that;* because it was surely "an ill omen to speak of widows in connection with Claribel's marriage"—*Deighton*.

80. *How you take it!* how it annoys you! Cf. 'to take on' over a thing, i.e. be angry, fret, about it.

83. *Tunis;* it was 10 miles from Carthage.

86. *miraculous harp;* either the harp of Amphion, the sweet notes of which affected even stones and caused them to form the wall of Thebes of their own accord (*movit Amphion lapides canendo*, Horace, *Odes*, III. 11. 2); or the harp of Apollo, which raised the wall of Troy. Gonzalo's "word" had performed a still greater feat, for it had revived, in a way, the destroyed city Carthage (not only its "wall," but "houses too") by identifying it with the existing city Tunis.

94. *Ay?* What do you say? He does not catch their meaning.

96. *Sir, we were talking*. Here Gonzalo turns to Alonso.

100. *Bate*, except; a sarcastic reference to Gonzalo's remark in 76.

102. *doublet*, the ordinary jacket worn in the house by Elizabethans. Literally a 'double,' i.e. inner, garment as compared with the over-coat or outer cloak.

103. *in a sort*, in a way; implying 'not entirely'.

104. *That sort was well fished for*. Antonio means that Gonzalo did well to qualify his question "is not my doublet as fresh?" by adding "in a sort." So he says sneeringly, 'I compliment you on that word "sort": it was long in coming'—*Craig*.

*fished for;* implying that Gonzalo had cast about in his mind for the right word: perhaps indeed he hesitated, e.g. "in a...sort.'

107. *stomach*, appetite, inclination. *sense*, i.e. of hearing.

109. *rate*, reckoning. *she too*, i.e. "is lost."

110, 111. i.e. so far away *that* I.

112. *of Milan;* which was "subjected" to Naples (I. 2. 112—116).

114—117. Cf. the description of Cæsar swimming the Tiber, *Julius Cæsar*, I. 2. 107—109.

118. *oar'd*, rowed: a noun=verb; see pp. 169, 170.

120. *wave-worn basis*, the part of the "shore" or coast sloping right down into the sea. *basis*, foundation.

121. *I not doubt. Not* and the older negative *ne* might precede the verb in Old English; cf. *nam*, am not, *nill*, will not (as in 'willy-*nilly*'): hence the not uncommon transposition of *not* in Elizabethan English, which was affected by old idioms (see p. 167).

126. *where*, in which country, viz. Africa implied by "African."

*she at least;* even if your son also be not lost.

127. *Who;* referring probably to "eye" (rather than "she"), the general sense being: 'Your eye has good cause to moisten with tears the grief you feel *at it*' (=the loss of Claribel).

130, 131. 'Divided between reluctance to go and desire to obey you, she weighed in her own mind to which side of the balance she ought to incline.'

Probably the subject of "bow" is "she" understood: the subject, if a pronoun, is often omitted. The simplest change is

(i) either to omit "o'" and make "beam" the subject, or

(ii) change "should" to "she'd"='she would.'

The former gives the easier sense—viz. the one scale held reluctance, the other scale obedience: on which side should the balance descend?

133. *Mo;* see G.

133, 134. Apparently "they were themselves confident of returning [home], but imagined part of the fleet destroyed"—*Johnson.*

135. *the dear'st o'*, the worst part of. Elizabethan writers apply *dear* to that which affects a man much, touches him closely, in an unpleasant way; cf. *Richard III.* v. 2. 21, "his dearest need" (where the Quartos read "greatest"). See v. 146. Probably this use of *dear* was partly due to some confusion with A. S. *déor*, 'hard, grievous.'

140. *chirurgeonly*, like a surgeon (see G.); said contemptuously, surgeons being held much inferior to physicians in Shakespeare's time.

141. *good sir*, i.e. Alonso, the "my lord" of 143.

142. *cloudy*, gloomy.

143. *plantation*, colonisation (see G); but Antonio and Sebastian take it in its ordinary sense of 'planting' a garden.

145. *And were the king*, i.e. and were *I* the king.

146. Sebastian and Antonio are constantly sneering. Shakespeare, says Coleridge, "never puts habitual scorn into the mouths of other than bad men...his sneerers are all worthless villains" (like Iago in *Othello*).

147. See *Appendix*, p. 147. Gonzalo wants to divert Alonso from his grief. *by contraries*, in ways contrary to all usual customs.

150. *Letters*, learning.

151. *succession*, the inheriting of property.

152. *Bourn*, limit; see G. *tilth*, tillage. A. S. *tilth*, cultivation.

157, 158. i.e. Gonzalo's picture of an ideal state is not consistent; contrast 145 and 156.

160, 161. *felony*, robbery. *engine;* instrument of war.

163. *it own;* see *his* in G. *foison*, plenty; see G.

167, 168. i.e. such perfection *as* to excel; cf. I. 2. 101, 102.

*the golden age;* the fabulous era when (according to Roman mythology) Saturnus reigned in Italy—a time of 'golden' prosperity and innocence. One of Ben Jonson's Masques is called "The Golden Age Restored."

168. *Save;* probably the original MS. had "God save," and the editors of the Folio made the omission because of the Statute of James I. forbidding profanity on the stage. Often they substituted the name of some classical deity, e.g. 'Jove.'

170. *talk nothing;* cf. Gk. *οὐδὲν λέγειν*, 'to talk nonsense.' The talkative Gratiano in *The Merchant of Venice* is said (I. 1. 114) to "speak an infinite deal of nothing."

173. *minister occasion*, supply with a topic of jesting.

174. *sensible*, sensitive. *nimble*, quick of motion.

175. *use*, are wont; now only in the pret., e.g. 'he *used* to.'

178. *am nothing to you*, am nothing if compared with you.

*so you;* so while continuing to laugh at *me* (who am "nothing"), you will still keep your custom (cf. 175) of laughing at nothing—*Rowe.*

181. *An;* see G. *flat-long;* "not edgewise, but with the flat side downward"—*Schmidt*; hence implying 'harmless'; see G.

182, 183. *mettle*, spirit; see G. *moon;* see v. 270. *sphere*, orbit.

Stage-direction: *Enter Ariel, invisible.* "Of old, performers who were to be supposed unseen by the other actors, and yet were to be

seen by the auditors, wore a particular kind of dress, understood to indicate their invisibility"—*Collier*.

185. *and then go;* because a moonless night was best for *bat-fowling*, a cruel mode of catching birds practised thus, according to an old writer.

A number of men went out on a dark night: some with long poles "very rough and bushy at the upper ends," and three or four with stakes to which bundles of inflammable stuff were fastened, e.g. hay, wood soaked in pitch, etc. One of the company carried a lantern. When they came to a favourite roosting place of birds, the bundles were set alight from the lantern and held aloft by their bearers, while the rest beat the bushes and disturbed the birds, which in consequence of the darkness would at once make for the lights (like moths to a candle) and fly round and round them in a dazed fashion, even scorching their wings. Then, of course, the men with the "very rough and bushy" poles could easily strike down their poor victims. Sometimes nets were used. "Bat-fowling" was a very old practice (one cannot say 'sport'), being mentioned in the old Latin Dictionary the *Promptorium Parvulorum*, written about 1440. (As regards a bird's habit of flying towards a light cf. the stories told how migratory birds dash themselves against light-houses on dark nights.)

186. *good my lord;* a possessive pronoun is often transposed (perhaps to emphasise the adjective) in short phrases of address; cf. *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, I. 3. 13, "Do so, *good mine* host."

187. *adventure my discretion*, risk my reputation for being discreet.

190. i.e. 'compose yourself to sleep and hear us laughing, for that will increase your drowsiness'—as Gonzalo himself had suggested; cf. "will you laugh me asleep?".

191, 192. Cf. the great lines on sleep in *Macbeth*, II. 2. 36—40.

194. *omit*, neglect; as in I. 2. 183. *heavy*, drowsy; the epithet, which belongs rather to sleep itself than to the "offer" of it, is 'transferred' by the figure of speech called *hypallage*.

*of it*, i.e. of 'sleep,' which the context implies.

201. *sink;* cf. 'fall' used transitively, 296.

204—209. "How well the poet prepares the feelings of the reader for this plot.... Antonio and Sebastian at first had no such intention: it was suggested by the magical sleep cast on Alonso and Gonzalo; but they are previously introduced scoffing and scorning at what was said by others...giving themselves up entirely to [a] malignant and unsocial

feeling"—*Coleridge*. And this revelation of character has warned us to expect no good thing of them. Antonio is the worse; note this.

207. *speaks*, i.e. speaks to thee; 'summons thee to act.'

209—228. Note how they avoid coming straight to the point: each would rather that the other should put into words what each really has in his thoughts. Sebastian especially is determined not to be the first to hint at treachery; so he jests and affects not to understand Antonio, and thus forces him to speak plainly. A strong contrast is the scene (I. 5) in *Macbeth*, where Lady Macbeth proposes openly the murder of Duncan the instant she sees her husband.

216. *wink'st*, dost keep thy eyes closed; cf. "wink"=sleep, 285.

220. *if heed*, if *you* heed. *which to do*, i.e. heed.

221. *Trebles thee o'er*, makes thee thrice as great as thou art.

*I am standing water;* a metaphor of the sea between ebb and flood='I am passive.' Sebastian is either (i) pretending that he is content with his present position, i.e. does not want to "treble himself o'er," or (ii) hinting that he is quite ready to receive advice, if only Antonio will speak. The former explanation seems the more probable, since Sebastian in his next remark disclaims ambition to rise: *his* natural instinct (he says) is rather "to ebb," i.e. to fall back.

224. *the purpose*, i.e. the scheme of displacing Alonso.

225. *invest it*, hug it closer to you, like a garment (*vestis*).

226. *ebbing*, declining; 'the tide of whose fortunes has turned.'

227. *near the bottom run*, like a ship that runs aground through the "ebbing" (226) of the tide.

229. *setting*, fixed look.

230. *A matter*, something of importance.

231. *throes thee much*, costs thee great pain to bring forth.

*birth...throes...yield;* the same metaphor.

232, 233. 'This lord (Gonzalo), who in his grave shall be as little remembered as he is himself able to remember things now.'

235, 236. *only professes to persuade*, makes it his sole profession to: a contemptuous allusion to Gonzalo's position as a "counsellor."

238. *As he*, as *that* he (Alonso).

240, 241. *that way*, i.e. as regards Ferdinand's being "undrowned."

*another way*, i.e. as regards obtaining the throne of Naples; the death of Ferdinand would increase Sebastian's chance of being king.

242, 243. A way of saying that to be king is the very limit of an ambitious man's desires: if there be a region of greatness "beyond" kingship, even the eye of ambition cannot hope to discern

clearly any thing "there," i.e. in that region, so far is it beyond human ken.

Cf. Johnson's explanation: "This [kingship] is the utmost extent of the prospect of ambition, the point where the eye can pass no further, and where objects lose their distinctness, so that what is there discovered is faint, obscure, and doubtful."

242. *a wink*, the smallest space; properly used of time, not distance. *But doubt*, i.e. "cannot" (242) but, must doubt.

243. *discovery*, discerning. To "doubt discovery" is to distrust the power of perception—not to feel sure that the eye discerns objects aright.

247. *beyond man's life*, i.e. at a greater distance than a man could travel in his whole lifetime. An intentional exaggeration. Craig says 'beyond the region where civilised man dwells.'

248. *note*, information. *post*, messenger.

249. *The man-i'-the moon;* see II. 2. 142—145, note.

250. *from whom*, in coming from whom. The Folio has "she *that* from whom," probably the printer's repetition from line 247.

251—254. 'Though some of us were cast up by the sea again, and by that dispensation of fate were marked out to perform an act of which these events are the prelude and of which the execution rests with you and me.'

254. *In yours and my discharge.* Understand "is" from 253 and take "what [is] to come" as its subject. *discharge*, execution.

259. *us*, the cubits (257). *keep*, remain; cf. I. 2. 44.

260. *wake*, i.e. not "let his fortune sleep" (216).

*death;* intentionally put in the emphatic place.

262. *There be that*, there are those who. *be*, see G.

265, 266. 'Even I could make (=prove myself) as wise and profound a prater as he.' *though*, see G. *bore*, had.

270. *tender*, regard. 'Are you pleased with your good fortune?' *good fortune*, i.e. in having Alonso at his mercy now; cf. 267, 268.

273. *feater*, more trimly; see *feat* in the 'Glossary.'

274. *fellows*, equals. *men*, servants; cf. II. 2. 189.

276. *kibe*, sore in the heel, or chilblain; cf. *Hamlet*, V. 1. 153.

278. *bosom;* the seat of the conscience, as in *Hamlet*, I. 5. 86—88:

"leave her to heaven
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
To prick and sting her,"

(i.e. to remorse).

279. *Milan*, i.e. the duchy.

*candied*, congealed; cf. *Timon of Athens*, IV. 3. 226, "the cold brook candied with ice." Others explain 'turned into sugar'; cf. *candy* used as an adjective 'sugary' in 1 *Henry IV.* I. 3. 251. Either way we get the notion of something (whether ice or sugar) easily dissolved, and the metaphor is *completed* in "and melt."

282. 'If he were what he seems to be, viz. dead.'

284. *thus;* he accompanies his words with a motion, e.g. a thrust of his sword.

285. *Wink*, sleep, i.e. death; cf. *The Winter's Tale*, I. 2. 317, "To give mine enemy a lasting wink."

286. *this ancient morsel*, this piece of antiquity; a contemptuous reference to Gonzalo's age. *Sir Prudence*; cf. *The Merchant of Venice*, I. 1. 93, "I am Sir Oracle."

288. *suggestion*, evil prompting; see G. *as*, as readily as.

289. *tell*, count; see G. 'If we say that some work must be done, let us suppose, at 1 o'clock, they will pretend that the clock is striking that hour (and be ready to do the work), though really the time may be 12: i.e. they will be utterly subservient to us.'

292, 293. *come by*, get, obtain. *tribute;* cf. I. 2. 111—113, 123, 124. He knows that Antonio's motive for the plot is to get rid of the tribute and homage. Antonio's treachery lies in the fact that he is acting against the man (Alonso) who had helped him to the crown of Milan.

298. Compare Prospero's words about Gonzalo ("you") I. 2. 160—168.

Ariel speaks these words, as he enters, looking in the direction of Gonzalo: then turning to face the audience he remarks that he has come because the sleepers must be saved, i.e. he speaks *of* them, not *to* them: hence the change from "you" (298) to "them" (299). This way of making a character talk aloud to himself is one of the commonest devices of a dramatist for explaining his plot to the audience.

301. *Open-ey'd*, wakeful and watching. *Conspiracy;* personified.

302. *His time doth take*, seizes his opportunity.

306. *sudden*. Cf. *Julius Cæsar*, III. 1. 19, "Casca, be sudden," i.e. quick.

307—309. This distribution of the speeches agrees with 317—320. The Folio gives "Why, how now?...ghastly looking" to Alonso, and "What's the matter?" to Gonzalo.

308. *drawn*, with swords drawn. *looking*, appearance, looks.

317. *a humming*, i.e. Ariel's song ("Whiles you here").

321. *That's verily;* cf. *Coriolanus*, IV. 1. 53, "That's worthily."

Understand some verb, e.g. 'said.' Cf. our common phrase "that's well," i.e. 'done.'

324. *these beasts;* referring to 315, 316, but with a hint perhaps at Antonio and Sebastian, whom Gonzalo begins to suspect.

326, 327. The only rhymed couplet of the play (excluding the songs and 'Masque' in Act IV.).

## Scene 2.

3. *inch-meal*, inch by inch; see G.

5. *urchin-shows*, apparitions of hob-goblins; see G.

6, 7. There were supposed to be a number of malicious spirits, such as Will-o'-the-Wisp and Jack-o'-Lanthorn, which misled wayfarers by means of a false light (called *elf-licht* in German). It was one of Puck's tricks (*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, II. 1. 39, III. 1. 112).

9. *mow*, make grimaces; see G.

11. *mount*, erect, cause to bristle.

13. *wound*, i.e. wound round, twisted about with.

*cloven;* cf. *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, II. 2. 9, "You spotted snakes with *double* tongue," i.e. forked.

17. *mind me*, i.e. notice.

18. *bear off*, ward off.

21. *bombard*, wine-vessel; see G. *his*, its; see G.

25. *or a fish;* cf. Antonio's words, v. 265, 266.

28. *Poor-John;* a name for hake fish dried and salted.

29. *in England...this fish.* Such exhibitions were common, especially at fairs. Malone quotes a licence given by the Master of the Revels (who to some extent controlled public entertainments) "to shew a strange fish for half a yeare, the 3rd of September, 1632."

*painted*, i.e. as an advertisement outside a booth at a fair, so as to tempt people to pay for going inside (where the "Monster" itself would be exhibited). Cf. *Macbeth*, v. 8. 25—27; *Antony*, IV. 12. 36, 37.

In Shakespeare's plays and in Elizabethan plays generally there is (I believe) a considerable element of what has been called 'topical allusion'—allusion, that is, to topics and events of the time, literary customs, pastimes, fashions, current jokes etc.

In London the great showplace was Fleet Street.

33, 34. *doit*, farthing; see G. *Indian;* an inhabitant of N. America or the West Indies. American Indians were brought to England by the great explorer Sir Martin Frobisher in 1577. Later, Raleigh brought back two Indians of Guiana who waited on him in the Tower. Public exhibitions of "natives" were common in Shakespeare's time. They

were apt to die of the English cold; hence "*dead* Indian"—*Lee*. The play is full of this atmosphere of American colonisation.

40. *gaberdine*, long cloak; see G.

47. *at a man's funeral;* said perhaps in allusion to his good friend Trinculo, of whose escape from drowning he does not yet know.

48—55. Well called a typical "sailor's chanty," i.e. song.

*swabber*, a sailor who washes the deck of a vessel with a *swab* or mop.

50. *Mall*, a diminutive of *Mary*, as *Meg* is of *Margaret*.

51. *Kate;* the name of the ill-tempered and sharp-tongued heroine of *The Taming of the Shrew*.

52. *tang*, i.e. twang (a cognate word), a sharp, shrill note.

60. *put tricks upon 's*, impose upon, try to frighten, us.

61. *Ind;* a common form of *India* in poetry; from F. *Inde*.

62. *afeard;* see G.

63. *proper*, fine; see G. "An ironical expression: a man who goes on four legs, being of course a man who goes on crutches"—*Evans*.

64. *make him give ground*, make Stephano yield.

67. *some monster with four legs;* we must remember that Trinculo had crept under Caliban's cloak.

69. *should he learn*, i.e. *can* (emphatic) he have learned.

73. Cf. *Julius Cæsar*, I. 1. 28, 29, "As proper men [cf. line 63] as ever trod upon neat's-leather"=ox-hide.

76. *after the wisest*, in the wisest manner.

80. *I will not take too much*, I will be content with a moderate price. Spoken ironically, as his next words show.

81. *he...that hath him*, whoever buys him.

83. *trembling;* Steevens says, "This *tremor* is always represented as the effect of being possessed by the devil." Caliban does not know that there is a less mysterious cause of Stephano's unsteadiness.

84. *on your ways;* merely intensive='come now' or 'come along.'

86. *give language to you, cat.* "Alluding to the old proverb that 'good liquor will make a cat speak'"—*Steevens*.

87. *shake your shaking*, rid you of your ague. *shake*=shake off.

90. *I should know*, I *ought* to know; observe how often *should* gives an intensive force to the verb; see 69, note.

93. *delicate monster*, i.e. lovely; as in II. 1. 43.

98. *Amen!* there, that's enough! (i.e. stop drinking).

102, 103. Cf. *The Comedy of Errors*, IV. 3. 64, 65, "he must have a *long spoon* that must eat with the *devil*": a common proverb then. The Devil and the Vice (or Clown) were stock-characters in the

Morality plays, and it was part of the comic 'business' to make them "feed of the same custard or some such dish; the Devil on one side and the Vice on the other, with a 'spoon' of vast length"—*Capell.*

115. *moon-calf*, a monstrous creature, supposed to be formed through the moon's influence. 120. *not constant*, unsteady.

121. Shakespeare had in mind stories of the natives' passion for intoxicating liquors ("fire-water") in the New World (a sort of background then to these Caliban scenes). It is the common evil where white and coloured meet; cf. the restrictions on the sale of liquor to natives.

126. *butt of sack*, cask (cf. I. 2. 146) of wine. *sack;* see G.

127. *this bottle!* he himself swears by it (as he meant Trinculo to).

132. *Here; swear then;* Stephano still addresses Trinculo, not noticing Caliban's offer "I'll swear" (130, 131).

135. *kiss the book;* i.e. raise the bottle to your lips; a vulgar allusion to the custom of kissing the Bible in a law-court when swearing to give true evidence.

142—145. There were several traditions as to the 'Man in the Moon' and his bush—e.g. that he was (i) the man who picked up sticks on the Sabbath day—*Numbers* xv. 32—36; (ii) Cain, the bush of thorns being an emblem of the curse pronounced on the earth, "Thorns also and thistles shall it bring forth to thee"—*Genesis* iii. 18; (iii) Isaac, the bush being "the wood" which he bore for the sacrifice of himself on Mt Moriah—*Genesis* xxii. 6—9. Another account gave the 'Man' a classical origin, viz. that he was Endymion, placed in the moon by Diana. In any case, the whole myth was probably an attempt to explain the 'spots' in the moon, i.e. the unevennesses in its surface caused by mountains and river-beds. See *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, v., where the 'Man' appears in the 'interlude,' with his bush and dog.

144. *my mistress*, Miranda.

151. *Well drawn!* a fine drain! (of wine). *sooth*, truth.

154, 155. *perfidious...he'll rob;* probably Caliban has been trying to get hold of the bottle, and Trinculo has noticed his attempts.

159. *puppy-headed*, stupid.

171. *crabs*, crab-apples.

172. *pig-nuts*, earth-nuts, the edible root of a plant akin to hemlock; it is rooted up and eaten by pigs—whence its common name. Underground the stem bends in and out so much that it breaks off if pulled forcibly; to get at the root one must dig right down to it—as Shakespeare evidently knew.

174. *marmoset*, a small monkey; see G.

176. *Young scamels from the rock.* To the old editors the meaning of "scamel" was unknown: hence various changes, e.g. 'seamalls' (said to be a name for 'seamews'), 'staniels,' a kind of hawk which breeds in cliffs, and 'shamois.' But "scamel" has been found to survive in Norfolk as a name for the 'Bar-tailed Godwit,' and one can scarcely doubt that the allusion here is to this bird. "It visits," says Seebohm (*British Birds*, III. 156), "all the *coasts* of the British Islands ...a few often remain on our *coasts* all summer"; cf. the description "from the *rock*." It was reckoned a great delicacy, as references in Elizabethan writers show; several of Caliban's gifts were to be delicacies, and one of the tracts (1610) about Bermuda mentions its "godwights and plouer." Very likely the name "scamel" was then in wider use.

179. *inherit*, take possession; see G.

187. *trencher;* the Folio has 'trencher*ing*,' probably a printer's error due to 'fir*ing*,' 'requir*ing*.' Mistakes are apt to arise thus through repetition of something just printed; cf. II. 1. 250, note.

O.F. *trencheoir*, a platter on which to carve (cf. *trancher*, to cut).

188. *'Ban;* the final syllable of his own name, which he finds difficult to pronounce in his present state.

189. *Get a new man*, i.e. servant; addressed to Prospero, in the direction of whose cell he may be supposed to make some contemptuous gesture.—*Capell.* It is a measure of Prospero's failure to humanise Caliban, that he prefers the besotted Stephano for his "new master," and at the same time acclaims his "freedom" and fresh bondage.

# ACT III.

## Scene 1.

1, 2. *There be some sports*, etc. 'There are pastimes which (cf. I. 2. 457) are toilsome, but the pleasure they afford us is a set-off against the labour they involve': or, 'and the very labour they involve heightens the pleasure they give us.'

The first interpretation yields, perhaps, better sense, and certainly suits much better the rhythm, which points to "delight," not "their labour," as the subject. On the other hand, Shakespeare does not elsewhere use *set off*='to be a set-off against, to counterbalance'; it always means 'to show to the best advantage,' as the setting of a precious stone throws it into relief; cf. 1 *Henry IV*. I. 2. 239, "hath no foil to set it off" (*foil*='gold leaf'). Still, it is very awkward to make "their labour" the subject, and "delight" the object.

2. *baseness*, mean employment; cf. 12.

3. *most*; qualifying either "poor" or "matters"—e.g. (i) matters most poor=the humblest things, or (ii) poor matters for the most part.

6. *mistress which*; cf. the notes on 38 and 1. 2. 342.

*quickens what's dead*, gives life to dull toil; see *quick* in G.

9. *compos'd of*, entirely made up of.

11. *Upon a sore injunction*, under grievous (or 'strict') orders, i.e. of Prospero.

13. *executor*, performer. *I forget*, i.e. my work.

13—15. *I forget...when I do it*. See pp. 148, 149.

15. *pray you*; for the omission of *I* see 1. 2. 371, note.

19. *'Twill weep*; alluding to the moisture and resin which exudes from burning wood.

21. *safe*; as we say, 'safe out of the way.' Of course, Shakespeare makes Miranda say this because the audience see (though she does not) that Prospero is by no means "safe" away. Dramatists constantly place in the mouth of their characters remarks that have for the audience a point, a significance, of which the speaker himself is quite unconscious. Often the effect produced is humorous—a "comic irony" parallel to the "tragic irony" of the Greek drama.

31. *worm*; usually a term of contempt, here of pity.

32. *visitation*, visit, i.e. her coming to see Ferdinand.

37. *to say so*, by saying so; see 79 and 1. 2. 64, note.

*Admir'd Miranda*; playing on the meaning of *Miranda*='one to be admired' (from Lat. *mirari*).

38. Cf. *Measure for Measure*, II. 2. 76, "If *he*, *which* is the *top* of judgment," i.e. the crown, summit of.

42. *several*, different; see G.

43—46. i.e. I never liked any with such complete devotion as to be blind to her faults. *ow'd*, possessed—cf. 1. 2. 407.

46. *put it to the foil*, marred (literally 'defeated') it. *foil*; see G.

49. *no woman's face remember*; though she did recollect having had attendants (1. 2. 46, 47). *The Tempest* is the only play of S. which has but one female character: hence Miranda is depicted *per se* (that is, not by contrast with some other character, e. g. Rosalind with Celia).

50—52. Once—before she knew Ferdinand so well—she reckoned Caliban as a man (1. 2. 445). *feature*; then used of outward appearance, 'make' (F. *faiture*); not limited to 'face.'

53. *skilless*, ignorant, without skill=knowledge; see G.

59. Cf. "all sorts and *conditions* of men," i.e. ranks.

61. *not so!* because it means that his father is dead. *would no more endure;* we must understand "except *for your sake*" (66).

62. *This wooden slavery*, slavery in regard to this wood; cf. 66, 67.

*than to suffer;* the "to" is omitted with the first infinitive, "endure," but inserted with the other, "suffer." Cf. *Psalm* lxxxiv. 10, "I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness."

63. *blow*, pollute, cause to putrefy (as flies do meat).

69. *event*, issue, result; cf. I. 2. 117.

70. *hollowly*, falsely, viz. 'if I speak.'

70, 71. *invert.* 'Turn my best fortune to misfortune.'

74. *encounter*, meeting; cf. F. *rencontre.* See v. 154.

79. *to want*, by, through, wanting.

80. *it*, her love.

84. *maid* = "servant" in 85. *fellow*, companion.

87. *thus humble;* Ferdinand is kneeling.

89. 'As bondage ever was willing (=desirous) of freedom.'

*bondage*, i.e. a prisoner—the abstract for the concrete; cf. I. 2. 367, note.

91. *thousand;* 'farewells.'

Stage-direction: *severally*, separately, in different directions.

92, 93. Prospero had *foreseen* their falling in love (I. 2. 419, 420); hence though he "rejoices" over it greatly, yet he cannot be "glad" to the same degree as they, because "glad" rather implies *unexpected* joy, an element of surprise. *withal*, with it.

94. *my book*, i.e. of magic; cf. I. 2. 167, 168, III. 2. 103.

96. *appertaining*, necessary.

## Scene 2.

1. *Tell not me*, don't talk to me! Stephano resents the suggestion (probably made by Trinculo) that they should be more sparing with the "butt" of wine. *is out*, i.e. finished.

3. *bear up...board;* the metaphor of a ship approaching and attacking another. Cf. *Othello*, I. 3. 8, "A Turkish fleet, and bearing up to Cyprus." *'em*, the enemy; indefinite. Stephano means: 'let us boldly assail the bottle'—*Craig. Servant-Monster;* see p. xi.

4. *the folly of*, what a deal of folly there must be on!

5. *but five*, i.e. their three selves and Prospero and Miranda, of whom Caliban has told them; cf. 47—50 ("as I told thee before" etc.).

8. *totters;* his own reeling state emphasises the remark.

10. *set;* cf. *Twelfth Night*, v. 1. 205, 206, "O, he's drunk...his eyes were set at eight i' the morning." Probably the sense is 'closed'; cf. *King John*, v. 7. 51, "O cousin, thou art come to *set* mine *eye*" (spoken by the dying king). Or 'fixed in a drunken vacant stare.'

18. *standard*, standard-bearer.

19, 20. *list*, please; akin to *lust* (formerly = 'pleasure, desire'). *no standard*, because too intoxicated to *stand* steadily.

21. *not run*, i.e. away from the enemy; it continues the military metaphor in "lieutenant" and "standard."

22. *go*, walk. *lie;* used quibblingly = 'to lie down' and 'to tell lies'—cf. "say nothing" (also a quibble; cf. II. 1. 170).

24. *speak once*, i.e. for once, just once.

29. *in case to*, ready to. *justle*, jostle; see G.

29, 30. *thou...thou;* contemptuous; cf. I. 2. 314.

*deboshed*, see G.

32. *Wilt thou tell?* As though Caliban, being only half a monster, ought not to tell a wholly "monstrous" lie.

37. *such a natural*, such a fool, although a *monster;* see G.

40. *the next tree;* meaning 'you'll be hanged.'

49. *cheated me of the island;* cf. I. 2. 331—344.

52. Of course, Caliban thinks that Trinculo interrupted with "Thou liest" (51), and the same confusion occurs below (71, 84). Ariel contrives that Trinculo himself should not hear the interruptions. Ariel has his own reasons for liking to tease Caliban (I. 2. 263—291).

63. *this thing*, Trinculo.

66, 67. *compassed*, achieved. *party;* colloquial for 'person.'

71. *pied*, parti-coloured; alluding to the 'motley' dress (i.e. of red and yellow alternately) which Trinculo wore as jester. See *pied*, *ninny* and *patch* in G.

75. *quick freshes*, springs of fresh water. Milton uses *freshet* = a little stream, *Par. Regained*, II. 345. *quick*, not stagnant; see G.

79. *make a stock-fish of thee;* "beat thee as a stock-fish (dried cod) is beaten before it is boiled"; a proverbial phrase.

86. *Out o' your wits?* i.e. have you lost? *and hearing;* Trinculo thinks that Stephano has merely imagined that he heard something.

88. *A murrain*, a plague on; see G.

96. *there*, on that occasion, almost = 'then'; so Shakespeare uses *where* almost = 'when'; cf. v. 236.

99. *wezand*, windpipe.

101. *sot*, fool, dullard, without, as now, the implied notion 'drunkard.' F. *sot*, foolish. *nor...not;* cf. III. 3. 16.

103. *burn but*, only burn, i.e. be sure to.

104. *utensils*, implements, goods; referring, perhaps, to the articles mentioned in I. 2. 164. We must scan *útensils*.

105. i.e. with which, when he has a house (not merely a 'cell'), he will deck *it* (the object, easily understood, of "deck").

*withal;* treated as a preposition (='with') governing "which."

106. *that is;* cf. *Richard II.*, II. 2. 52, "And that is worse...the Lords of Ross are fled," i.e. that *which* is worse. An omission of the relative pronoun, since *that* is the demonstrative.

108. *a nonpareil*, one who has no equal (F. *non*+*pareil*, equal).

109. *she;* grammar requires *her;* cf. "saw" (108).

115. *save our graces*, i.e. *God* save; cf. II. 1. 168.

116. *viceroy;* F. prefix *vice*, in the place of+*roi*, king (Lat. *rex*).

126. *troll*, sing; see G. *catch*, part-song; see G.

127. *but while-ere*, but a little while ago (literally 'before'). A.S. *hwíl*, time+*ǽr*, before.

128. *any reason*, anything reasonable.

130. *Flout*, mock at. *scout*, ridicule; lit. 'to *shoot*, shove aside.'

132. *Thought is free;* a proverb, implying unfavourable thought, disparagement of others in one's own mind. It occurs in *Twelfth Night*, I. 3. 73.

Stage-direction: *tabor*, a small drum; the word is akin to *tambourine*.

136. *the picture of Nobody*. There was an Elizabethan comedy, *No-body and Some-body*, to which was prefixed a print representing a man with head, arms and legs but 'no body.' There was also a ballad, *The Well-spoken Nobody*, which had a picture of a forlorn, tattered-looking man, with the motto, "Nobody is my name that beareth everybodyes blame." One of these may be the "picture" to which Trinculo is made to refer. Or there may have been in London some well-known sign-board of "No-body." In any case the passage contains a 'topical' allusion (see II. 2. 29, note) which Shakespeare's audience would understand at once, though we cannot.

138. *take 't;* "take what shape pleases thee"—*Rolfe*.

144—147. Another hint of the descriptions of Bermuda. Somers and his men were "sorely tried by mysterious noises which led them to imagine that spirits and devils had made the island their home" (Lee). Cf. the title of Jourdain's narrative. *noises;* see G.

146. *twangling*, clear-sounding; an 'imitative' word like *jangling*.

157—161. Cf. Ariel's account of his misleading them, IV. 150—158.

160. *lays it on*, beats his tabor vigorously. *it;* a cognate accusative ('the beating, the blows') as in "foot *it*," I. 2. 380.

161. *Wilt come?;* to Caliban, who would rather go against Prospero.

## Scene 3.

1. *By'r lakin=by our ladykin* ('little lady'); cf. *by our lady*, i.e. the Virgin Mary, and *marry* (III. 2. 46), a corruption of *Mary*. Such exclamations dated from the pre-Reformation times.

2. *maze*, labyrinth; cf. V. 242.

3. *forth-rights and meanders*, straight and winding ways. *meander;* see G. *By your patience;* cf. the colloquialism 'by your leave.'

5. *attach'd*, seized; the ordinary meaning then. Cf. *Henry VIII.*, I. 1. 95, "France hath attach'd our merchants' goods." Literally 'to fasten with a *tack* or small nail.'

10. *frustrate*, vain, useless.

12. *for*, because of. *repulse*, i.e. when Ariel roused Gonzalo, II. 1. 300—305. *forgo;* see G.

13, 14. *advantage*, opportunity. *throughly*, thoroughly; see G.

19. *music*. Cf. III. 2. 144—149. Stories of mysterious "music" in deserts, of "voices" calling aloud names (cf. 99), and of strange apparitions, abound in old works of travel and romance. Brandes quotes such an account in Marco Polo's *Travels*, which Shak. may have known in the Elizabethan translation (1579). Cf. *Comus*, 205—209.

*Enter Prospero above*, i.e. at the back of the stage, on higher ground.

*a banquet*. Great magicians are often represented in the old legends as giving proof of their supernatural power by raising up 'banquets.' Thus the German Faust-Book (1587) describes (chapter 44) how the famous wizard Dr Faustus supped once with the Prince of Anhalt, and, learning that the Princess desired some fruit, furnished his amazed hosts with ripe grapes and pears such as did not grow in their country. Compare also the magic banquet with which Milton (who was deeply versed in mediæval legend) makes Satan tempt our Lord in the wilderness—*Paradise Regained*, II. 337—405.

21. *living*, with living characters. *drollery*, puppet-show; see G.

23. *phœnix;* the mythical bird anciently supposed to exist in Arabia. According to legend, only one phœnix was alive at a time; cf. *Paradise Lost*, V. 272, "A phœnix...that sole bird." And it sat upon one particular tree, of which there was only one specimen; cf.

"On the sole Arabian tree," *The Phœnix and the Turtle*, 2. The fullest classical account of the phœnix is in Pliny's *Natural History*, x. 2.

25, 26. 'And any other prodigy that people disbelieve, let it come to me and I'll vouch for it.' *want*, lack.

*travellers ne'er did lie;* alluding to the phrase "travellers' tales," a proverb for exaggeration.

31. *of monstrous shape;* cf. the stage-direction, "*strange* Shapes."

32—34. i.e. more courteous than you will find many, nay most, human beings. Cf. "with *gentle* actions" in the stage-direction.

35. *some of you*, i.e. Antonio and Sebastian.

36. *muse*, wonder at.

39. *dumb discourse;* cf. 'in dumb show.' See I. 2. 151, note.

*Praise in departing;* a proverb='do not praise your host too soon: wait to see how his hospitality will end.'

43—49. A passage like this reminds us that travel was one of the chief influences at work in Shakespeare's time. "We may trace everywhere in Elizabethan literature the impression made by the wonders told by the sailors and captains who explored and fought from the North Pole to the Southern Seas." The great storehouse of travel and adventure was Hakluyt's *Navigation, Voyages, and Discoveries of the English Nation* (1589)—the "prose epic" of Elizabethan England.

45, 46. *Dew-lapp'd...wallets of flesh.* An allusion to the disease called *goître* (an enlargement of the throat), prevalent in many parts of the world; in Europe it is particularly common in the Alpine valleys—hence Juvenal's line (XIII. 162) *quis tumidum guttur miratur in Alpibus?* There were various books of travel, e.g. Sir John Maundeville's *Voiage and Travaile* (1356), in which Shakespeare could find descriptions of people suffering from the *goître*.

A *dew-lap* is properly the loose flesh and skin that hangs from the necks of animals, e.g. cattle. "Dew-lapp'd like bulls" occurred in the earlier play *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, IV. 1. 127, as a description of the hounds of Theseus.

*wallets*, bags; another form of *wattle*=the fleshy part under the throat of a turkey or cock.

46, 47. Cf. *Othello*, I. 3. 144, 145:

"men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders."

Pliny (*Natural History*, V. 8) speaks of a race—"the Blemmyi"—reported to "have no heads, but mouth and eyes both in their

breasts." There is a similar description in Raleigh's *Discoverye of Guiana*, which Shakespeare had probably read.

48. *Each putter-out of five for one*, every traveller; a reference to an Elizabethan system of insurance. Before starting on a voyage, a man might go to a banker and deposit with him, say, £1000, on condition that if he returned he received £5000, but that if he did not, the £1000 should be forfeited to the banker (who in the meantime had the use of it). Of course, the rates varied according to the risk of the voyage, sometimes as little as "two for one" being given; but "five" was the ordinary rate. The system was useful in days when travelling involved danger; but it was brought into discredit by the frauds to which it was liable, since sometimes it must have been difficult for bankers to make sure that their clients completed the voyages honestly. The phrase "putter-out of five for one" is really eliptical='one who puts out *money at the rate* of five for one *in return*': what he puts (i.e. lays) out is the £1, not the £5.

49. *stand to*, fall to work.

51. *The best*, i.e. part of his life; he is sad about his son.

Stage-direction: *like a harpy;* Shakespeare must have had in mind Vergil's *Æneid*, III. 225 *et seq.*, where the Harpies (hideous winged creatures with hooked claws) swoop upon the Trojans as they are feasting in one of the islands of the Strophades and carry off their food. Similarly Milton makes the banquet which Satan spread in the wilderness, to tempt our Lord, disappear "With sound of harpies' wings and talons heard"—*Paradise Regained*, II. 403. (There was an English version of the *Æneid* by Phaer, 1558.)

*harpy;* cf. Gk. ἁρπάζειν, to seize.

*with a quaint device;* probably by means of machinery such as was used at the performance of Masques.

53. *three men;* Antonio, Alonso, and Sebastian (who had joined in the plot against Prospero: see V. 71—74).

54. *to instrument*, i.e. for, as; cf. II. 1. 75.

55. *never-surfeited;* cf. *Twelfth Night*, II. 4. 103, "as hungry as the sea"; yet the sea refused to retain them, so bad were they.

56. *you;* the object of "belch" is repeated for the sake of clearness, "whom" being so far off (53).

60. *Their proper selves*, themselves; *proper*, own; see G.

61, 62. *elements*, materials. *tempered*, compounded, mixed.

63, 64. *Wound the winds.* Cf. *Hamlet*, IV. 1. 44, "the woundless air," i.e. not to be wounded. *still-closing*, which always close again.

65. *dowle*, fibre of down; probably connected with F. *douillet*, soft, downy, from Lat. *ductilis*, easily drawn. It is said to be one of the dialect-words (not many) peculiar to Warwickshire and those parts of England which Shakespeare uses. *plume*, wing.

67, 68. Observe how the laboured rhythm, due to the number of monosyllables, suggests toilsome effort. In "uplifted" too, partly from its emphatic position, the sound echoes the sense.

76. 'And do proclaim *that* perdition shall wait on ("attend") you.'

79. *whose*, i.e. of "the powers" (73).

80. *falls;* in Shakespeare, the relative often "takes a *singular* verb, though the antecedent be *plural*" (Abbott). See p. 176.

81. *is nothing but*, there is no remedy except.

82. *clear*, blameless, innocent.

84. *devouring*, i.e. as it consumed the "banquet." Some take "devouring" as an epithet qualifying "grace," with the sense 'absorbing' or 'fascinating.'

86. *with good life*, in a most life-like manner; cf. 'to the life.'

87. *observation strange*, rare accuracy. *meaner*, inferior to Ariel.

88. *their several kinds*, their respective duties. *several*, see G.

89, 90. *knit up in*, completely under the influence of.

*up;* an intensive adverb='entirely.' Cf. 'burn up,' III. 1. 17; 'stifle up,' *King John*, IV. 3. 133; 'kill up,' *As you Like It*, II. 1. 62.

92. *whom they suppose is drown'd;* a combination of "*whom* they suppose *to be* drowned," and "*who*, they suppose, *is* drowned."

99. *bass*, sound with deep voice. *trespass*, offence (against Prospero, I. 2. 121, 122).

101. *plummet*, a *plumb*-line for "sounding" depths; Lat. *plumbum*, lead. Cf. v. 56.

102. *But one;* let them come but one at a time and I'll fight etc.

105. *given to work*, administered with the intention that it should act.

106. *bite;* the same metaphor as in *remorse* (see G). Cf. the title of the old English work the *Ayenbite of Inwyt* (1340)='Remorse (literally "Again-biting") of Conscience.'

108. *ecstasy;* Gk. ἐκ, out + στάσις, a standing; so that the literal notion is a being 'beside (i.e. outside) oneself.'

The close of the scene illustrates well the degrees of guilt in the "three men of sin"; Antonio and Sebastian being moved to reckless defiance of their supernatural visitant, while Alonso is stricken into an agony of remorse—*Boas*.

# ACT IV.

## Scene 1.

3. *a third*, i.e. "a fibre or integral part of his own life"—*Rowe*. The Folio has 'third,' probably an obsolete spelling of 'thrid'='thread.' *Metathesis* or transposition of sound is especially common with *r*; cf. 'fright' from A. S. 'fyrhto.' Some editors believe that the Folio's *third* means simply 'third part,' and that Prospero uses it as a figurative term of endearment like the commoner expression 'half' (as in 'better half,' said of a husband or wife—cf. Horace's *animæ dimidium meæ*); or perhaps regards Miranda as *one* of the *three* elements composing his life, the other two being his dukedom and his studies.

4. *who;* for *whom;* see I. 2. 80, note.

7. *strangely*, in a remarkable degree, implying 'wonderfully well'; cf. "strange"=rare, unusual, III. 3. 87.

9. *boast her off*, praise her as if with a view to your accepting her from me.

12. *Against*, i.e. though an oracle told me not to believe it.

13. *thine own acquisition*, that which thou hast thyself won.

14. *purchas'd*, obtained; see G.

18. *meaner;* explained by l. 21; cf. III. 3. 87.

20. *rabble*, band (of spirits); now a contemptuous word, but not always so then.

It is one of the notable principles of language that words tend to deteriorate in sense. Cf. 'wench' (I. 2. 139), 'quaint' (I. 2. 317), 'sot' (III. 2. 101), 'pertly' (IV. 34), 'bully' (V. 258); all have gone down in meaning since Shakespeare's time. Few words show improvement of meaning, like 'companion,' which Shakespeare often (but not always, cf. III. 1. 55) uses in a bad sense='fellow'; cf. 2 *Henry IV.* II. 4. 132, "I scorn you, scurvy companion.' Again 'mountaineer' (III. 3. 44) has lost its common Elizabethan notion 'savage, barbarian,' because people's feelings with regard to mountains (witness the Alps) has changed.

24. *vanity*, illusion; cf. "*insubstantial* pageant," 130.

25. *Presently*, immediately; the ordinary sense in Shakespeare.

26. *with a twink*, in a twinkling=instant; *twinkle* is a frequentative of the old verb *twink*, to wink, twitch the eyes.

30. Cf. the reference in *Lear*, IV. 1. 64, to the evil spirit Flibbertigibbet, prince "of mopping and mowing." "Mop" (see G) and "mow" both='grimace': alliteration brings words together thus.

33. *corollary*, surplus, extra number; Lat. *corollarium*, a gratuity. He means: "Let there rather be too many than too few spirits in attendance"—*Craig*.

34. *want*, lack. *pertly*, briskly; see G.

35. *No tongue*. "Those who are present at incantations are obliged to be strictly silent, 'else,' as we are afterwards [101, 102] told, 'the spell is marr'd.'" Cf. *εὐφημεῖτε* and *favete linguis* (Horace, *Odes*, III. 1. 2), *ore favete* (*Æneid*, v. 71); commanding silence at a sacrificial rite. So the Witch bids Macbeth (IV. 1. 70) not address the Apparitions.

Stage-direction: *Enter Iris*. This 'Masque' (see pp. 157—160) has an allegorical force, each goddess being invoked in view of her particular attributes and gifts—Juno to grant happiness in the married state and the blessing of children, and Ceres wealth and prosperity. Cf. their 'Song,' 81—92.

*Iris*, the goddess of the rainbow (cf. 56 and 62), and messenger of the gods, especially of Juno. Gk *ἶρις*, 'a rainbow.' Cf. *iridescent*.

36. *Ceres;* in Roman mythology the goddess of agriculture and of all the fruits of the earth; identified with the Greek goddess *Demeter*, 'Mother-Earth' (*γῆ* + *μήτηρ*). Ceres says "*my* proud earth," 58.

*leas*, fields; the original (and still usual) sense is 'meadow,' i.e untilled, grass land—not 'arable,' as here.

39. *thatch'd*, covered. *stover*, fodder; generally used of dried grass, straw, etc. kept for feeding stock during the winter and often strewn then over meadows (as may be meant here). Probably, however, in this line it means the uncut grass. *them*, the sheep.

40, 41. *pioned and twilled;* perhaps='covered with marsh-marigolds and reeds'; see, however, pp. 150, 151. *spongy*, rainy. Cf. *Cymbeline*, IV. 2. 349, "the spongy south," i.e. south-wind.

42. *cold*, chaste: cf. 107.

*broom-groves*, woods where the genista (broom) flourishes, or perhaps 'clumps of genista,' though "grove"='clump' is peculiar. The shrub may, like the willow, have been an emblem of unfortunate love.

44. *lass-lorn*, forsaken by his lady-love; cf. "dismissed" (43).

*-lorn;* the strong p. p. of *lose*, always used adjectively; cf. *for-lorn*.

*pole-clipt vineyard;* "a vineyard in which the *poles* are *clipt* (embraced) by the vines"—*Dyce*, i.e. twined round with their tendrils and shoots. For *clip*='embrace,' cf. *King John*, v. 2. 34, "That Neptune's arms, who clippeth thee about." Scan *vinĕyard*, i.e. three syllables.

46. *the queen o' the sky*, Juno, wife (53) of Jupiter the chief of the gods, and so herself chief of goddesses and "queen" of heaven.

47. *arch*, the rainbow. *messenger;* see note on *Iris* (above).

50. In mythology peacocks are sacred to Juno and draw her chariot; just as doves are the special birds of Venus and draw hers (cf. 70), while sparrows (75) belong to Cupid. *amain;* see G.

54. Cf. Vergil's description of Iris flying "*croceis per cælum roscida pennis*," i.e. on saffron-coloured (yellow) wings—*Æneid*, IV. 700.

55. *honey-drops*, moisture sweet as honey to the flowers.

57. *bosky*, covered with bushes; see G. The fields ("acres"), with their hedge-rows and trees, are contrasted with the bare ("unshrubbed") tract of hill ("down," A.S. *dún*).

58. *scarf*, ornament; referring to the rainbow (56).

61. *freely*, liberally. *estate*, bestow; cf. *As You Like It*, V. 2. 13, "all the revenue...will I estate upon you." 63. *her son*, Cupid.

65. *Dis*, a name (said to be contracted from *dives*, 'rich') of Pluto, Gk. Hades, god of the gloomy, infernal regions: cf. "dusky" and the epithets applied to him by Latin poets, e.g. *ater* in *Æneid*, VI. 127, *niger* in Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, IV. 438.

*my daughter*, Lat. Proserpina, Gk. Persephone.

According to the legend referred to here (64, 65), Proserpine was gathering flowers when suddenly Pluto appeared from the nether world in his chariot and carried her off to be his wife. Greek poets make the plain of Nysa in Asia Minor, Roman poets the plain of Enna in Sicily, the scene of this story.

*the means that*, i.e. by which he got.

66. *blind*, blindfolded; a symbol that Cupid acts blindly, inspiring love without respect of difference of rank etc. between people.

*scandal'd*, scandalous, disgraceful.

69. *Paphos*, a town in the island of Cyprus, sacred to Venus, who was often called 'the Paphian goddess.'

70. *dove-drawn;* see 50, note. *thought*, hoped.

72. *Hymen*, the classical god of marriage.

73. *minion*, favourite, darling (i.e. Venus); see G.

74. *waspish-headed*, irritable.

*broke his arrows.* In classical legend Cupid's "arms consist of arrows, which he carries in a golden quiver...some are golden, and kindle love in the heart they wound; others are blunt and heavy with lead, and produce aversion to a lover"—*Classical Dictionary.*

77. *by her gait.* Vergil makes Juno say of herself "*divom incedo regina*"—*Æneid*, I. 46; "with an allusion, of course, to the majesty of Juno's gait"—*Conington.*

Note how many classical allusions we have in this Scene, and minor touches, such as "saffron" applied to the rainbow, "dusky" to Pluto, "dove-drawn" to Venus—all accurate and appropriate. They make one doubt the truth of the old view that Shakespeare was a comparatively uncultured man, with little knowledge of the classics.

81—92. The imperfect rhymes in this 'Song' are very noticeable, and justify, I think, some doubt as to whether it was written by Shakespeare. A song is easily interpolated into a play.

81—84. Juno speaks as the patroness of marriage. "As Jupiter was the protector of the male sex, so Juno watched over the female sex. She was supposed to accompany every woman through life, from the moment of her birth to her death...she was believed especially to preside over marriage. Women in childbed invoked Juno to help them, and newly-born children were likewise under her protection"—*Classical Dictionary*. Cf. the epithets *jugalis* and *pronuba* (both = 'nuptial') applied to her.

82. *increasing*, thriving.

85. *and;* not in the 1st Folio; inserted in the 2nd, and necessary, I think, to the scansion—"Eárth's in|creáse, and | foíson | plénty." Some editors keep the text of the 1st Folio and treat *Earth's* as two syllables, *Earthës*, thus—"Eárthës | íncrease | foíson | plénty." The objection to this, as Furness notes, is that Shakespeare always elsewhere scans *increáse*, not *increase*.

*increase*, produce; cf. *Psalm* lxvii. 6, "Then shall the earth bring forth her increase" (Prayer-Book).

*foison*, abundance; see G. *plenty;* an adjective.

89, 90. i.e. may spring "rapidly succeed autumn, leaving the dreary winter out of the calendar"—*Mrs Kemble*. *at the farthest*, at the earliest possible date; lit. 'as far back as possible.'

95, 96. *spirits*, i.e. of air; sylphs. Scan *confines* (abodes).

98. *So rare a wonder'd* = a so rarely wonder'd.

*wonder'd*, wonder-working, able to perform miracles.

*wise*. Some copies of the 1st Folio have *wife*, others *wife*: a confusion due, I suppose, to the similarity between the old-fashioned ſ (= *s*) and *f*. All the later Folios read *wise*. Either reading gives good sense, and editors vary between them.

101, 102. Cf. his previous command to be silent, 35 (note).

*to do;* the gerundial infinitive, which was originally a verbal noun, with dative case-ending, governed by the preposition *to*. Cf. phrases like 'a house *to let*' = 'for letting'; 'water *to drink*' = 'for drinking';

'sad *to say*' etc. This was an old idiom; cf. Chaucer, *Second Nun's Tale*, 437, "'Your might,' quod she, 'ful litel is *to drede*,'" i.e. your might, she said, is little to be feared.

103. *Naiads.* There were in mythology a number of inferior female divinities, collectively called Νύμφαι, Lat. *Nymphæ*, and divided into classes according to their abodes. The *Naiads* were "the nymphs of fresh water, whether of rivers, lakes, brooks, or wells"—*Classical Dictionary*. Gk. ναιάς, a water-nymph, from νάειν, to flow.

*wandering;* the Folios have *windring* (an unknown word); perhaps the printer mixed up *wandring* and *winding*.

104, 105. *sedg'd*, made of sedge, the usual adornment of river-deities, being symbolical of their character and abode. *crisp*, rippling.

*green land;* cf. 49, 59; contrasted with "furrow"='cornfields.'

111. Straw-plaiting was a cottage-industry in Shakespeare's time, and rye-straw was used for its toughness (*Shakespeare's England*, I. 327, 352).

113. *In country footing*, i.e. a country dance.

Stage-direction: *habited*, attired. *heavily*, gloomily.

117. *avoid!* be gone! See G.

118. *in some passion*, stirred by some emotion. *passion*, see G.

120. *distemper'd*, violent, excessive.

121. *in a moved sort*, somewhat moved, i.e. agitated.

124. *As I foretold you;* cf. 95—97.

126—133. One of the most famous and most frequently quoted passages in all Shakespeare's works; inscribed (down to line 131) on his monument in Westminster Abbey. The slow-moving majesty of the rhythm suits the sense to a marvellous degree. (See p. xi.)

129. *inherit*, possess.

130. *like this pageant;* an even more effective simile then than now, because Shakespeare's hearers would be reminded of the splendid City 'Pageants' and 'Shows' (see p. 158).

131. *not a rack*, not a film of cloud. Properly "*the* rack" (see G.) is a collective word for a mass of light vapoury clouds high up in the heavens: what sailors call the "scud." There appears to be no other passage in any writer where "*a* rack" occurs, or where the sense is 'a *single* cloud.' Some editors therefore think that *rack*, the reading of the Folios, is simply an old spelling (not uncommon) of *wrack*=*wreck* (see G.); so they print the modern form *wreck*.

But (i) the notion 'cloud' is far more suitable than that of 'wreck.' For observe that the metaphor of 'cloud' follows naturally on line 124,

"melted into air," and is continued in "cloud-capp'd," "dissolve," "faded"; a sudden change of metaphor at the very end of the passage is surely most awkward.

(ii) We need not interpret "a rack"='a *single* floating cloud,' though some scholars do. We may keep the collective sense of "rack" by interpreting it 'a film of cloud.'

132. *dreams;* often in Scripture a symbol of nothingness, vanity; cf. *Job* xx. 8, "He shall fly away as a dream, and shall not be found." *made on*, made of.

133. *rounded with*, i.e. rounded off, finished, with. For the comparison of death with "sleep" cf. 1 *Corinthians* xv. 20, 51, 1 *Thessalonians* iv. 14.

133—138. The cause of Prospero's present emotion seems twofold. (i) The "foul conspiracy" showed that all his efforts to reform Caliban were vain; cf. 162—164. That thought (not any fear) touched him. (ii) Still more, his reflections on life in general must have reminded him of his own life in particular and of all the wrongs that he had endured so unjustly; and for him, the wise, gracious man, the sting of these wrongs lay less in the suffering they caused him than in the regret that his fellow-creatures could fall so low as to inflict them. Hence what he requires (cf. v. 25—30) is their penitence, not his own personal revenge. He uses his great power only for good ends.

139. *with a thought*, quick as thought.

141. *meet with*, encounter as an enemy.

142. *presented*, represented, performed the part of.

150—153. Cf. III. 2. 157—161. *unback'd*, unridden, not broken in. *Advanc'd*, lifted; cf. I. 2. 408, and see G. *As*, as if. For the effect of music on young horses see *The Merchant of Venice*, v. 1. 71—79.

155. *goss*, gorse.

157. *filthy-mantled*, covered with a filthy scum; cf. *Lear*, III. 4. 139, "the green mantle of the standing pool," i.e. the green, slimy covering which collects on small pools of standing water.

158. *bird*, a term of endearment, like "chick" v. 316), 'birdie.'

160, 161. *trumpery*, trash; something showy but deceptive. F. *tromper*, to deceive. *stale*, decoy; used specially of the tame bird (or stuffed one) with which bird-catchers decoy wild birds into the snare. Cognate with *steal*.

162, 163. *A devil;* i.e. Caliban. *Nurture*, training, education.

Caliban is an illustration that cultivation of the intellect alone, without moral training and discipline, may develop criminal instincts.

167. *line;* probably 'lime-tree'; cf. "line-grove," v. 10, and see G. Some editors, however, take it to mean 'clothes-line.'

168. *blind;* a popular notion; but the mole has a tiny eye.

170. *your fairy*, i.e. the one you talk about; a colloquial use.

172. *played the Jack*, played the knave, made a fool of us. 'Jack' is often used by Shakespeare as a term for any 'saucy-fellow.'

177. *hoodwink*, make of no account. 184. *fetch off*, recover.

193, 194. *O King Stephano! O peer!* An allusion to a popular Elizabethan ballad, "Take thy old cloak about thee." One stanza, quoted in *Othello*, II. 3. 92—95, runs

> "*King Stephen* was a *worthy peer*,
> His *breeches* cost him but a crown;
> He held them sixpence all too dear,
> With that he call'd the tailor loun,"

i.e. *loon*, base fellow. The 2nd line explains "what a *wardrobe!*"

195. *trash;* see G. Here Caliban shows far more sense than they.

197. *frippery*, old-clothes shop; see G.

202. *To*, by. *luggage;* cf. the contemptuous use of 'baggage.'

205. *make us strange stuff*, make (i.e. turn) us into something queer; cf. 219, 220. *stuff;* often used indefinitely = 'thing, matter.'

207—211. *Now is the jerkin* etc. Probably Stephano is guilty of two jokes. (i) The phrase "under the line" occurs in descriptions of the then favourite game of tennis, but with what sense is not clear. Here Stephano uses it with quibbling allusion to the 'line' tree, from which, as he speaks, he takes down the jerkin. Then (ii), in "you are like to lose your hair," he jokes on "the line" = the equator; for in passing "under the line," i.e. crossing the equator, people are apt to contract fevers which cause them to lose their hair. Not to be outdone, Trinculo makes *his* jest, "by line and level" = by rule; a term such as a carpenter might use. *like*, please (the original sense).

212. Cf. *The Merchant of Venice*, IV. 341, "I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word" (viz. "a Daniel").

215. *pass of pate*, sally of wit. The metaphor is from fencing, which was much practised by the Elizabethans. *pass* = thrust.

217. *lime*, bird-lime; a hint to be more active in stealing.

219. "Barnacle" was the name of a sort of shell-fish. A strange notion prevailed that this shell-fish grew upon the branches of a certain tree near the sea, and when it became 'mature' dropped from its shell into the water and turned into a species of goose, variously called "Barnacles" "Brant Geese," and "Tree Geese." The context therefore of a passage

can be the only indication whether "Barnacle" is used=shell-fish or =goose: here geese are meant. Probably the whole myth arose through the similarity between a Celtic word meaning 'limpet' and another Celtic word meaning 'goose.'

Stage-direction: *divers Spirits, in shape of dogs.* Spirits often assume the forms of animals in stories of the supernatural. Thus in Goethe's *Faust* Mephistopheles first appears as a poodle.

227. *Silver;* used also in the *Taming of the Shrew, Induction* I. 19, as the name of a hound; in allusion to the dog's 'silvery' note.

229. *goblins*, elves, spirits; see G.

231. *aged*, such as afflict old people; cf. I. 2. 369. Prospero's orders were well carried out; cf. what Stephano says, V. 286.

"Pinching" was a trick of malicious fairies; cf. Falstaff's experience in Windsor Park, *Merry Wives of Windsor*, V. 5. 103—106.

232. *pard*, leopard. *Cat-o-mountain*, wild cat.

234. *Lies;* so the Folios; cf. I. 1. 17 (note).

## ACT V.

It is in these closing scenes that the grave serenity of Prospero's character—his elevation above ignoble passion—shines forth most radiantly; and the fact (says Dowden) that this spirit characterises all Shakespeare's last plays is one of the reasons why Prospero has come to be associated so closely with the poet himself.

### Scene 1.

2. *crack not*, do not fail; the metaphor of something 'cracking,' i.e. breaking down, under a great strain.

2, 3. "Time is usually represented as an old man bending under his load. Here he is painted as in great vigour, and walking upright to denote that things went prosperously on"—*Warburton.*

*carriage*, the thing carried, burden.

4. *the sixth hour*, six o'clock; cf. I. 2. 240, 241.

7. *fares;* probably singular, "the king" being the chief thought in Prospero's mind.

8. *gave in charge*, ordered.

9. *Just as you left them;* cf. III. 3. 88—91.

10. *line-grove*, grove of lime-trees; see G. *weather-fends*, shelters.

11. *till your release*, till you release them from the "charm" (17).

17. *eaves of reeds*, i.e. a thatched roof.

21—24. 'If thou, a spirit of air, canst sympathise with them, how much more must I—one of their race, who feel as keenly as they and have like passions (i.e. feelings, emotions) with them.'

*passion;* cf. *Acts* xiv. 15, "men of like passions with you."

*kindlier*, more naturally, more in accordance with my "kind" (23).

25. *their high wrongs*, the grievous wrongs they have done me.

27. *rarer;* perhaps with both ideas, 'uncommon'+'nobler.'

28. *virtue;* any 'goodness'; here 'mercy,' as the context shows.

28—30. Prospero's sole aim is to bring them into a state of penitence—"heart's-sorrow," III. 3. 81—for their misdeeds: not to take personal revenge. Cf. IV. 133—138, note.

33—50. This passage contains clear signs that Shakespeare was indebted to Golding's translation of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, VII. 197—219 (referring to Medea). See p. 151 (*noting the personal interpretation*, p. 152). S. had used the same source (Golding) previously; many of the witches' spells and ingredients in *Macbeth* IV. 1 came from Medea's caldron.—*Lee.*

34. Cf. I. 2. 376—380. *printless*, that leaves no print.

36. *demi-puppet;* literally "half a puppet, smaller than a puppet," i.e. a very tiny being. Cf. F. *poupée.*

37. *ringlets*, the small circles of luxuriant, rich-coloured (cf. "green") grass often found in meadows. They were popularly thought to be caused by the fairies dancing "in a round"; hence their common names—"fairy circles," "fairy rings," "fairy rounds." The prosaic explanation is that they are due to fungi which fringe their outer border and serve as fertilisers (and also impart a 'sourness' to the grass).

38. *not bites;* for the inverted order cf. II. 1. 121, note.

39. *mushroom;* O.F. *mouscheron;* cognate with *moss.*

39, 40. *that rejoice;* because at the sound of the curfew spirits were permitted to leave their prisons and wander abroad. The "foul fiend" in *Lear* "begins at curfew and walks till the first cock" (i.e. cock-crow), III. 4. 121. *curfew;* O.F. *covrir* (modern *couvrir*) + *feu.*

41. *Weak masters.* "Though you are but inferior masters of these supernatural powers, though you possess them but in a low degree"—*Steevens.*

42—44. The first Scene of the play showed that Prospero possessed the power here claimed.

43. *azured*=azure, i.e. light-blue.

45. *rifted*, cleft. *Jove's oak*, i.e. sacred to him; cf. Vergil, *Georgic* III. 332, "*magna Jovis quercus.*"

46. *his own bolt.* Being essentially the supreme ruler of the sky, according to Roman mythology, Jupiter controlled the elements and in particular had the thunderbolt at his command: hence his title 'The Thunderer'= *Tonans* or *Tonitrualis*. 47. *spurs*, lateral roots.

51. *required*, asked for, i.e. from his attendant spirits.

53. *To work mine end*, to effect my purpose, viz. of restoring them to a natural state.

*that;* the antecedent is contained in "*their* senses"='the senses *of those* for *whom*' etc. Cf. *Twelfth Night*, III. 1. 69, "He must observe *their* mood on *whom* he jests," i.e. the mood *of those* on *whom*. See 214, 215.

54. *airy charm;* a spell "wrought by spirits of the air"—*Schmidt*.

54—57. Many critics suppose that in these lines, as also perhaps in the Epilogue, Shakespeare is thinking of himself, and alludes to his intended withdrawal from the theatre and retirement to Stratford.

56. *plummet; sound.* See III. 3. 101.

59, 60. *thy brains;* spoken probably to Alonso.

*boil'd*, i.e. over-heated, excited; cf. *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, v. 4, "Lovers and madmen have such seething brains." The Folio has *boile*. For the soothing influence of music cf. *Lear*, IV. 7.

61. The brevity of the line seems meant to emphasise the pause before he begins to address them each in turn.

*you;* referring to them all, not to Alonso alone.

62. *Holy;* a general term of admiration, 'virtuous,' 'just.'

63. *even sociable to*, out of pure sympathy with.

64. *fall;* cf. II. 1. 296, note. *fellowly*, fellowlike, companionable.

67. *fumes*, delusions; properly 'mists,' hence that which 'clouds,' i.e. dulls, the brain. Lat. *fumus*, smoke.

*mantle*, cover (cf. IV. 1. 157); with the implied sense 'obscure.'

69. *My preserver;* alluding to the services mentioned in I. 2. 160—168. *sir*, gentleman; cf. *Twelfth Night*, III. 4. 81, "some sir of note"; F. *sire* from Lat. *senior*.

70, 71. *pay thy graces home*, repay fully thy acts of kindness.

76. *remorse*, pity; see G. *nature*, natural feeling.

80. *to swell*, to rise, like the in-coming tide.

81. *the reasonable shore*, the shore of reason. Cf. "slanderous loads"='loads of slander,' *Julius Cæsar*, IV. 1. 20; "civil bounds"='bounds of civility,' *Twelfth Night*, I. 4. 21. Shakespeare uses such phrases often, making the adjective define the sphere or character of the noun; just as in compound nouns (cf. German in this respect) the first

noun defines the second, e.g. 'slander-load,' that is, a load consisting of slander.

85. *discase me*, take off my magic robe. Cf. *The Winter's Tale*, IV. 4. 647, "discase thee instantly,...change garments with this gentleman."

86. *i.e.* as I was formerly when Duke of Milan.

91, 92. Being a very "delicate," "dainty" (95) sprite, Ariel dislikes the dull, cold winter: so when the summer goes he follows in pursuit ("after"), just as a swallow migrates to warmer lands. Shakespeare selects "the bat's back" as Ariel's vehicle because the bat is naturally associated with summer evenings; but, of course, bats do not migrate. Some editors therefore have changed *summer* to *sunset*—without any need, for in a fanciful piece like *The Tempest* one is not meant to think about natural history: also, what could be prettier than the notion of the "tricksy spirit" (226) chasing the summer from shore to shore?

93, 94. Cf. *Marmion*, Introduction to Canto IV. 181, 182:

"Not Ariel lived more merrily
Under the blossom'd bough, than we."

96. *so, so*, very good, that will do; thanking Ariel for help with the garments; cf. *Cymbeline*, I. 5. 82, "So, so: well done"—*Rowe*.

102. *drink the air;* "an expression of swiftness"—*Johnson;* cf. 2 *Henry IV.* I. 1. 47, "He seem'd in running to devour the way."

108. *For more assurance*, to make thee more certain that.

111. *Whether;* scan as one syllable *whe'er;* the Folios print *where*.

112. *trifle*, phantom, delusive image. Alonso fears that he may be addressing some wicked spirit who has assumed Prospero's form.

*abuse*, deceive; see G.

117. *An if this be at all*, if it is not all a mere dream.

118. *Thy dukedom*, i.e. the homage and tribute (I. 2. 111—116).

120, 121. *noble friend;* Gonzalo. *age;* abstract for concrete.

123, 124. *taste*, experience. *subtilties*, deceptions. In old descriptions of banquets the word "subtilty" is applied to devices in pastry representing castles, knights in armour etc., made of sugar and wax. Perhaps there is a glance at this meaning here; cf. "taste." Prospero may be referring to the magic banquet which vanished (III. 3).

128. *justify*, prove. Why does Shakespeare let the evil-doers off so easily? Because he wants the play to end on a note of happiness.

129. *No.* Either Prospero (being a magician) has heard Sebastian's remark, though spoken aside, and contradicts him; or else he is merely emphasising his promise, "I will tell no tales."

136. *three hours since;* this time-reference agrees with 186, 223.

138. *the point*, the sting.

139. *woe*, sorry; a common adjectival use.

142, 143. *of whose grace*, i.e. who in her gracious mercy has given me efficacious aid to bear a similar loss.

145. *As great...as late*, i.e. as great as it was recent.

146. *dear*, grievous; see II. 1. 135, note.

*means much weaker.* Alonso still has his daughter Claribel to comfort him, whereas Prospero has just "lost" his only child—*Capell.*

148—150. Here, of course, the 'irony' (see III. 1. 21, note) is intentional: the audience know that Ferdinand and Miranda *are* likely to be "king and queen" of Naples.

154. *encounter;* cf. III. 1. 74. *admire*, wonder; see G.

155—157. i.e. they "distrust and disregard their reason and can hardly trust their eyes or believe that their words are mere natural utterances"—*Rowe. their words;* during the dialogue between Prospero and Alonso, the others have been talking together amazedly. For *their* some read *these* (meaning Prospero's own words).

164. *a relation for*, a narrative to be told at. *relation*, see G.

Stage-direction: *discovers*, displays; see G.

It has been suggested that Shakespeare represents Ferdinand (the prince of Naples) as a chess-player because Naples was the great centre of chess-playing in Elizabethan times.

174, 175. *you should...I would*, even if you were to, yet would I.

182. *How many!* before she had known but two (III. 1. 50—52).

184. *'Tis new to thee;* a touch at once of sadness and bitterness.

It seems to me that no other line brings out with such clearness and pathos the contrast between Miranda and her father: the contrast between all-hopeful youth and sad experience.

187. *the goddess;* Alonso unconsciously repeats Ferdinand's own description of Miranda (I. 2. 421).

193. *renown*, report; "Prospero...being so reputed" (I. 2. 73).

196. *I am hers*, i.e. her father (just as Prospero is now yours).

200. *heaviness*, sorrow.

203. *chalk'd forth*, marked out.

213. *When no man*, when every man was beside himself.

214, 215. *still*, always, ever. *his...that*; see 53, note.

217. *I prophesied;* cf. I. 1. 49, 50, 61.

218. *blasphemy;* the abstract for the concrete (i.e. 'blasphemer');

cf. "diligence" 241, "conduct" 244, and see I. 1. 367, note. Sebastian called the Boatswain a "blasphemous, incharitable dog," I. 1. 44.

219. i.e. his blasphemous language had driven away the merciful providence ("grace") which watched over and guarded the ship.

223. *glasses;* see I. 2. 240. *gave out split*, supposed to be wrecked.

224. *tight and yare*, all sound and ready (to sail). *yare*, see G.

230. *dead of sleep;* literally 'like dead men in consequence of sleep'—cf. II. 1. 282; so practically = 'dead asleep.' See 98, 99.

236. *freshly*, in an undamaged state; as though he said 'fresh.'

238. *trice;* see G. *you;* the dative after "please" (impersonal).

240. *moping*, downcast, because they wanted to go on board.

242. Note that the Hampton Court *maze*, the earliest in England, had recently (1608) been made.

244. *conduct*, conductor. 'Responsible for.'

246. *infest*, vex. *beating on*, puzzling over; cf. I. 2. 176.

248. *single I'll resolve you*, I will explain to you in private. Probably *single* qualifies *you*—'when you are alone.' To "resolve" a person often = 'to inform him or to explain something to him.'

249. *Which to you;* 'and my explanation shall appear reasonable to you.' A parenthetic clause.

*which;* referring to the noun-idea 'explanation' contained in "I'll resolve." *every*, all; Shakespeare interchanges the two words.

258. *Coragio;* Italian for 'courage.' *bully*, see G.

262. *fine;* being now dressed as "Milan" (84—86).

265, 266. Cf. Trinculo's words when he finds Caliban (II. 2. 25—38). *plain*, downright.

267. *the badges.* Stephano (cf. 277) and Trinculo were servants, and in Shakespeare's time "house-hold servants usually wore on their arms, as a part of their livery, silver 'badges,' whereon the shield of their masters was engraved."—*Furness.* Cf. the crest on the buttons of a footman's or coachman's livery.

268. *true;* referring to "badges." Sebastian (cf. 264, "What things are these") and probably some of the others had not recognised Stephano and Trinculo ("these men"); so Prospero says, 'look at their badges: are n't they genuine?' Then he explains who Caliban is.

269. *strong*, powerful.

269, 270. For the sequence *so...that* (relative pronoun, not conjunction) cf. 315 and *Julius Cæsar*, III. 2. 31, "Who is here so base that would be a bondman?"

270. It was a very old superstition that magicians and witches

could affect the moon (and indeed the heavenly bodies in general); especially by 'drawing' her down from her orbit (II. 1. 183), or 'eclipsing' her light, just as Prospero "bedimm'd the sun" (41, 42).

*make flow*, cause the sea to ebb and flow; i.e. through her influence over the moon, which in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, II. 1. 103, is called "the governess of floods"=the mistress of seas and tides.

271. *deal in her command*, wield the moon's authority.

*without her power;* either (i) 'without being empowered=authorised by the moon to do so'; or (ii) 'beyond the moon's power, i.e. control.' Probably (ii) is right: the moon had "command" over nature, but Sycorax, still mightier, commanded the moon. Elizabethan writers use *without*=beyond.

277—279. *Stephano.* Here *Stéphăno*; in *The Merchant of Venice*, V. 28, 51, *Stephăno.* *ripe*, so intoxicated as to reel.

280. *gilded*, made drunk; a slang term. Wine was jocularly likened to the '*grand* elixir' of the alchemists (supposed to confer immortal life), which was often called *aurum potibale*, 'drinkable *gold*': hence a man who had imbibed wine freely as though it were the 'elixir' or 'gold' was politely described as *gilded*. That Shakespeare intended here an allusion to the '*grand* elixir' is made almost certain by "*grand* liquor" followed so closely by *gilded*. The popular "science" of Shakespeare's time was largely a mixture of astrology and alchemy (transmutation of metals).

284. Flies do not touch anything 'pickled' because of the salt.

286. *a cramp*, a cramp all over—a mass of cramps.

287. *You'd be king?* Cf. Stephano's words, "while I am king of this country" and "out of my kingdom" (IV. 214, 223); which Prospero heard.

288. *sore;* a quibble on the two senses 'feeling pain' (from his cramp) and 'grievous, oppressive' (i.e. to his subjects).

298. *your luggage*, the stolen apparel; cf. IV. 202.

302. *which, part of it*, which—at least, part of it. *waste*, spend.

305. *the accidents gone by*, the incidents that have happened.

308. Shakespeare has both 'nuptial' (the commoner) and 'nuptials.'

310. *retire me;* cf. F. '*se* retirer,' to withdraw. The reflexive use of verbs, especially of verbs derived from the French, was commoner then than it is now.

313. *Take*, charm; see G. *deliver*, relate; cf. II. 1. 45.

316. *Your royal fleet;* cf. I. 2. 232—235.

317. *thy charge*, i.e. it is Ariel's duty (his last) to see that the ship has a rapid voyage and overtakes the rest of the fleet.

## The Epilogue.

The Prologue or Epilogue of a play was not always written by the dramatist himself; if the manager of a theatre thought that some introductory or concluding lines would be an improvement, he might get some one connected with the company—one of the actors, perhaps—to compose them. Some critics consider this Epilogue of *The Tempest* unworthy of Shakespeare and not his work; others hold it to be genuine—more justly, I think, though one must admit that Shakespeare seems to have avoided the use of Epilogues. The only other plays in which examples occur are *All's Well That Ends Well*, *Henry V.*, *Troilus and Cressida;* the doubtful works *Henry VIII.* and *Pericles; As You Like It* and 2 *Henry IV.* (these last two Epilogues in prose). Practically too Puck's final speech in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* is an Epilogue. It is written in the same metre (mainly trochaic, with extra syllable at the end) as these lines; cf. also the Epilogue to Milton's *Comus*, spoken by the 'Attendant Spirit,' whose character is obviously modelled partly on Ariel, partly on Puck.

9, 10. Cf. the Epilogue to *All's Well That Ends Well*, "Your gentle *hands* lend us," i.e. clap us. The Latin comedies of Plautus and Terence end with the appeal to the audience *plaudite* ('clap') or an equivalent.

The noise of clapping would dissolve the charm (cf. IV. 35, 101, 102) and so release him from his fetters ("bands").

16—18. "This alludes to the old stories told of the despair of necromancers in their last moments, and of the efficacy of the prayers of their friends for them"—*Warburton.* Cf. the scene (XIV.) in Marlowe's *Faustus* where the 'Scholars' visit the magician just before his end:

"*First Scholar.* Let us into the next room, and there pray for him.

*Faustus.* Ay, pray for me, pray for me....

*Second Scholar.* Pray thou, and we will pray that God may have mercy upon thee."

18. *Mercy itself;* the All-Merciful. In Shakespeare the highest justice is ever represented as tempered by mercy; cf. Portia's famous speech on "the quality of mercy" in *The Merchant of Venice*, IV. 1. 184—202, especially the lines,

> "It [mercy] is an attribute to God himself;
> And earthly power doth then show likest God's
> When mercy seasons justice."

# GLOSSARY.

*Abbreviations:*—

A. S. = Anglo-Saxon, i.e. English down to about the Conquest.

Middle E. = Middle English, i.e. English from about the Conquest to about 1500.

Elizabethan E. = the English of Shakespeare and his contemporaries (down to about 1650).

O. F. = Old French, i.e. till about 1600. F. = modern French.

Germ. = modern German. Gk. = Greek.

Ital. = Italian. Lat. = Latin.

**NOTE: In using the Glossary the student should pay very careful attention to the context in which each word occurs.**

**abuse**, v. 112, 'to deceive,' like F. *abuser*. See *Cymbeline*, III. 4. 123, "my master is abused," and I. 4. 124, "you are abused" = 'mistaken, deceived.'

**abysm**, I. 2. 50; literally 'a bottomless depth.' The ultimate source of *abysm* (F. *abîme*) and *abyss* is Greek ἄβυσσος, 'bottomless,' from ἀ- 'not' + βυσσός, 'bottom.'

**admire**, v. 154; in the literal sense of Lat. *admirari*, 'to wonder'; cf. Milton, *Paradise Lost*, II. 677, 678:

> "The undaunted Fiend what this might be admired,
> Admired, not feared."

So *admirable* = 'to be wondered at,' *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, v. 27, "strange and admirable."

**advance**, I. 2. 408, IV. 152, 'raise, lift.' Shakespeare often uses it thus, especially of uplifting a standard; cf. *King John*, II. 207, "These flags of France, that are advanced here." So in *Paradise Lost*, I. 536, and v. 588, "Ten thousand thousand ensigns high advanced." F. *avancer*, 'to go forward,' from F. *avant*, 'before.'

**afeard**, II. 2. 106; used by Shakespeare in the same sense as **afraid** (I. 1. 47). The words are distinct: *afeard* being the past participle of *afear*, 'to frighten,' A. S. *áfǽran*, in which *a-* is an intensive prefix; and *afraid* the p. p. of *affray*, from O. F. *effraier* = Low Lat. *exfrediare*, 'to break the peace, disturb' (cf. Germ. *friede*, 'peace').

**amain**, IV. 50; an intensive word—literally 'with force, power'—the exact sense of which depends on the verb: e.g. 'to fly amain' = with speed, 'to cry amain' = with loud voice. Shakespeare generally uses *amain* of swift motion; cf. *The Comedy of Errors*, I. 1. 93, "Two ships from far making amain to us." From the prefix *a* = the preposition *on* + *mægen*, 'strength' (from the root whence the verb *may* comes).

**an.** Note that—(i) *an* is a weakened form of *and* (*d* often drops off from the end of a word: cf. *lawn* = *laund*); (ii) *and* = 'if' was a regular use; (iii) till about 1600 this full form *and*, not the shortened form *an*, was commonly printed. Cf. Bacon, *Essays* (23), "They will set an house on fire, *and* it were but to roast their egges"; *Matthew* xxiv. 48, "But *and if* that evil servant shall say." The 1st Folio (1623) often has *and* where modern texts print *an*; e.g. in II. 2. 121, IV. 211.

The phrase *and if* or *an if* (II. 2. 121, V. 117) really = 'if if,' since *and* or *an* by itself expresses the condition: *if* was added to strengthen it.

How *and* or *an* came to mean 'if' is much disputed.

**aspersion**; properly 'the action of sprinkling' (Lat. *aspersio*); then 'that which is sprinkled' = 'a shower, spray.' Moisture tarnishes the lustre of many things; hence 'to cast aspersions' upon a person = 'to tarnish his name,' and *aspersion* is now limited to this figurative sense 'calumny, slander.' Lat. *aspergere*, 'to sprinkle.'

**avoid**, 'to withdraw, depart'; cf. *The Winter's Tale*, I. 2. 462, "let us avoid." Especially used in the imperative = 'be gone, avaunt!'; as in IV. 117 and *The Comedy of Errors*, IV. 3. 48, "Satan, avoid! tempt me not." Literally 'to make *void*, empty'; O.F. *vuide*, modern F. *vide*, 'empty,' Lat. *viduus*.

**be**, II. 1. 262, II. 2. 121; **beest**, II. 2. 104, 107, V. 134. The root *be* was conjugated in the present tense indicative, singular and plural, up till about the middle of the 17th century. The singular, indeed, was almost limited in Elizabethan E. to the phrase, "if thou *beest*," where the indicative *beest* has the force of a subjunctive. For the plural, cf. *Genesis* xlii. 32, "we be twelve brethren," and *Matthew* xv. 14, "they be blind leaders."

**betide**, I. 2. 31, 'to happen to.' Rare now except in the phrase "woe betide!" From the prefix *be*, which gives a transitive force (cf.

'befall'), + Middle E. *tiden*, 'to happen'; cf. *tidings*, literally = 'things that happen, events,' then 'news' of them.

**bombard**, II. 2. 21, 'a large leathern vessel to carry liquor'; probably so called from some resemblance to the old kind of cannon termed a *bombard* = Late. Lat. *bombarda*, 'an engine for hurling missiles'; cf. *bomb*, '*bomb*-shell.' In 1 *Henry IV.* II. 4. 497, Prince Henry calls Falstaff a "huge bombard of sack."

**bootless**, I. 2. 35, 'useless'; cf. the verb, "it boots not to complain" = 'it is no good to,' *Richard II.* III. 4. 18. From A. S. *bót*, 'advantage, good,' which comes from the same root as *better*, *best*.

**bosky**, IV. 57, 'covered with bushes, shrubs'; *bosk* (whence *bosk-y*, like *bush-y* from *bush*) meant a bush or clump of bushes, a thicket. Cognate with *bush*, *bouquet*, F. *bois*, 'wood.'

**bourn**, II. 1. 152, 'boundary,' F. *borne*; cf. *Hamlet*, III. 1. 78, 79:

> "The undiscover'd country from whose bourn
> No traveller returns."

**bully**, V. 258; first a term of endearment, then a colloquial form of address = 'my fine fellow, good friend'; cf. *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, III. 1. 8, "What sayest thou, bully Bottom?" Perhaps from Dutch *boel*, 'lover'; cf. Germ. *buhle*, 'lover.'

**burden**, I. 2. 381, 'refrain,' i.e. the word or words recurring in a song, generally at the end of each stanza. From F. *bourdon*, 'a droning sound, as of bees'; cf. the older spelling, e.g. in Spenser's *Pastoral Æglogue*, "And seem to bear a *bourdon* to their plaint." Confused with *burden*, 'a load,' often written *burthen*; cf. *murder* and *murther* (an old form).

**canker**, I. 2. 415, 'a worm that eats away blossoms'; cf. Milton, *Lycidas*, 45, "As killing as the canker to the rose." The same as *cancer* (a disease) from Lat. *cancer*.

**catch**, III. 2. 126, 135; a short musical composition for three or more voices unaccompanied, "which sing the same melody, the second singer beginning the first line as the first goes on to the second line, and so with each successive singer"; called a *catch* because each singer has to *catch* or take up his part in time. The words and lines of many catches are so arranged as to produce comical effects.

**charity**, I. 2. 162; in its wide sense 'benevolence, right feeling towards one's fellow-men'; cf. 1 *Corinthians* xiii., where for 'charity' the Revised Version substitutes 'love,' the Greek being ἀγάπη. From Lat. *carus*, 'dear.'

**charm**, I. 2. 231, 339; Lat. *carmen*, 'song, spell'; cf. *incantation* from Lat. *incantare*, 'to sing over,' whence also *enchant*. In Shake-

speare's time these words still kept the notion of 'spell, magical power'; but as the belief in magic declined the force of its terms weakened, hence the present sense of *charm* and *enchant*, 'to please greatly.'

**cheer.** Properly (i) 'countenance'; Late Lat. *cara*, face = Gk. κάρα, 'head.' Then (ii) 'spirits,' especially high spirits, because the face reflects the feelings. So 'to be of good cheer' means literally 'to be of a happy countenance,' i.e. to be in good spirits, cheerful.

**cherubin,** I. 2. 152, 'angel.' According to a mediæval belief, the heavenly beings were divided into nine Orders or Choirs, and the Cherubim (like the Seraphim) formed one of these Orders. Hence 'cherubin' (or 'cherub') came to be used in the general sense 'angel,' especially as a term of admiration applied to the young and beautiful (probably owing to the representation of cherubs as children with wings in early Christian paintings). Othello addresses Desdemona as a "young and rose-lipp'd cherubin" (*Othello*, IV. 2. 63).

The form 'cherub' comes directly from the Heb. *kherūbh*, and makes its true plural 'cherub*im*' = *kherūbim* (so always in Milton and in the Revised Version of the Bible). The form 'cherub*in*' comes indirectly through the French, its plural being 'cherub*ins*'; cf. *The Merchant of Venice*, V. 62, "the *young*-eyed cherubins." *Kherūbh* is from the Babylonian word for the figure of the winged bull which stood at the door of a house to keep off evil spirits.

**chirurgeonly,** II. 1. 140, 'in the manner of a surgeon.' *Chirurgeon* is the old spelling of *surgeon*, F. *chirurgien*; literally 'one who operates with his hands.' Gk. χείρ, 'hand' + ἔργειν, 'to work.'

**chough,** II. 1. 266; applied formerly to any sort of crow, but especially the jackdaw; cf. *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, II. 2. 21, "russet-pated choughs," i.e. 'grey-headed,' an epithet precisely suitable to the jackdaw, which has greyish plumage about the head and neck, but not to any other species. Now *chough* is used only of the red-legged crow which frequents sea-cliffs, e.g. in Cornwall. Probably in II. 1. 266 the sense is figurative—'chatterer, prater.'

**coil,** I. 2. 207, 'turmoil, confusion'; cf. *Romeo and Juliet*, II. 5, 67, "Here's such a coil!" A Celtic word; cf. Irish *goil*, 'to rage.'

**debosh,** III. 2. 29; an old spelling of *debauch*; cf. Cotgrave (1611), "to debosh, mar, mislead." O. F. *desbaucher*, modern *débaucher*, may be connected with O. F. *bauche*, 'a workshop,' the original sense being 'to draw away from work or duty,' hence 'to corrupt, pervert.'

**demand,** I. 2. 139, 'to ask' (F. *demander*); cf. 2 *Samuel* xi. 7, "David demanded of him how Joab did" (Revised Version 'asked').

**discover**, 'to lay open to view, reveal'; literally 'uncover,' F. *découvrir*. A frequent word in the stage-directions of plays; cf. Ben Jonson's *Masque of Beauty*, "Here a curtain was drawn [aside] and the scene discovered."

**ditty**, I. 2. 405, 'song'; strictly, as here, used of the words, not the music. Through the French from Lat. *dictatum*, 'a thing dictated.'

**doit**, II. 2. 33; a small Dutch coin (*duit*) worth about a farthing; cf. *Coriolanus*, V. 4. 60, "I'd not have given a doit," i.e. 'not a farthing.'

**dollar**, II. 1. 17. Derived through Dutch *daler* from Germ. *thaler*, which is short for *Joachimsthaler*, the name of a coin originally made from silver found in *Joachimsthal* (Joachim's *dale*) in Bohemia, early in the 16th century. Now, of course, *dollar* is mainly associated with the American coin (about 4*s*.) of that name.

**drollery**, III. 3. 21, 'a puppet-show'; cf. the passage in the 'Induction' to Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*, which alludes to this play—"tales, *tempests*, and such like *drolleries*." From O. F. *drole*, 'merry fellow,' a Scandinavian word, akin to Swedish *troll*, 'a merry imp.'

**'em**, I. 2. 82; short for Middle E. *hem*, the dative plural of *he*; not short for *them*, the dative plural of *the* (originally a demonstrative adjective declined in three genders, singular and plural). Both *hem* and *them* came to be used as accusatives. The forms of the modern 3rd personal pronoun come partly from the root of *he* (personal), partly from the root of *the* (demonstrative).

**eye**, II. 1. 55, 'a tinge, slight shade'; an obsolete sense. Steevens quotes Sandys' *Travels* (1615), "His under and upper garments are of... cloth of silver tissued with an eye of green." Cf. the use of F. *œil* = 'lustre' of precious stones.

**feat**, II. 1. 273, 'neat, becoming'; hence **featly** (I. 2. 380), 'adroitly, deftly'—cf. *The Winter's Tale*, IV. 4. 176, "she dances featly." F. *fait*, Lat. *factus*, 'made.'

**flat-long**, II. 1. 181. The *-long* is an adverbial suffix which also appears as *-ling*; quite distinct from the adjective *long*. Cf. 'head-long,' 'side-long,' 'dark-ling'; Germ. *blind-lings* (blindly), *schritt-lings* (step by step); Scotch *haff-lins* (half).

**foil**, III. 1. 46, 'a defeat.' O. F. *fouler*, 'to trample under foot.' It became a term in wrestling = 'a fall' (as here). We see the original sense of *foil* in *The Faerie Queene*, V. 11. 33:

> "Whom he did all to pieces breake, and foyle
> In filthy durt, and left so in the loathely soyle."

**foison**, II. 1. 163, IV. 85, 'plenty, abundance.' Through the French from Lat. *fusio*, 'a pouring out'; cf. 'pro*fusion*.'

**forgo**, III. 3. 12, 'give up, abandon'; *for* is the intensive prefix seen in *forget*, *forgive*,—cf. Germ. *ver*. Often misspelt *forego*, in which *fore* is the A. S. preposition *fore*='before,' Germ. *vor*.

**founder**; properly 'to sink to the bottom,' Lat. *fundus*; cf. F. *s'effondrer*, 'to sink.' Hence 'to be disabled,' like an overridden horse that can go no further.

**fraughting**, I. 2. 13; from the verb *fraught*, 'to load'; cf. *Cymbeline*, I. 1. 126, "If thou fraught the court," i.e. burden it. Now only used in the p. p. *fraught*, 'laden.' Akin probably to *freight*.

**frippery**, IV. 197. "A shop where old clothes were sold. The person who kept one of these shops was called a *fripper*" (Steevens). Now *frippery* has the general meaning 'tawdry articles,' e.g. of dress. F. *friperie*, 'old clothes,' from *fripe*, 'a rag.'

**gaberdine** or **gabardine**, II. 2. 40, 115, 'a long, loose cloak'; Span. *gabardina*. Cf. Shylock's words "[You] spit upon my Jewish gaberdine," *The Merchant of Venice*, I. 3. 113.

**goblin**, IV. 229; a mischievous spirit or elf, like Ariel or Puck in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, that plays tricks. Low Lat. *gobelinus*, a diminutive of low Lat. *cobalus*, 'a sprite'=Gk. κόβαλος, 'a rogue.'

**his**; the ordinary neuter (as well as masculine) possessive pronoun in Elizabethan English. Cf. *Genesis* iii. 15, "*It* shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise *his* heel."

There was also a use, not common, of *it* uninflected as a possessive, especially in the phrase **it own**; cf. the Bible (1611) in *Leviticus* xxv. 5, "of it owne accord." See II. 1. 163.

Then from this possessive use of *it* uninflected there arose, about the close of the 16th century, the inflected form **its** (I. 2. 393), in which *-s* is the usual possessive inflection, as in *his*. This new form *its* came into use slowly, the old idiom *his* being generally retained by Elizabethans. There are no instances of *its* in Spenser or the Bible (1611), and only three in Milton's poetical works (*Paradise Lost*, I. 254, IV. 813, *Nativity Ode*, 106). *Its* does not occur in any extant work of Shakespeare printed prior to his death; hence it seems not improbable that the nine instances in the 1st Folio (five in a single play, *The Winter's Tale*) were due to the editors or printers of the Folio.

"The modern *its* first appears, so far as is known, in Florio's Italian Dictionary of 1598, and Florio uses *its* also in his translation of Montaigne" (i.e. *Essays*).

**holp**, I. 2. 63. *Help* was originally a 'strong' verb, making its past participle in *holpen*; cf. *Luke* i. 54, "He hath holpen his servant Israel."

**inch-meal**, II. 2. 3; the adverbial suffix *-meal* comes from the dative plural *mǽlum*, 'by bits,' of A. S. *mǽl*, 'a bit, piece'; cf. 'piece-*meal*.' Chaucer has 'flok-*mele*'='in great numbers,' *Clerk's Tale*, 86. Cf. Germ. *-mal* in *ein-mal*, 'once,' etc.

**influence**, I. 2. 182; late Lat. *influentia*, literally 'a flowing in upon' (Lat. *in*+*fluere*). It was an astrological term applied to the power over the earth, men's characters, fortunes etc., which was supposed to descend from the celestial bodies. Cf. "planetary influence," *King Lear*, I. 2. 136; "skyey influences," *Measure for Measure*, III. 1. 9. Other terms due to astrology are 'dis*aster*' (Lat. *astrum*, 'a star'), 'ill-*starred*,' 'jovial,' 'saturnine.'

**inherit**, II. 2. 179, IV. 129; then often used='to have, possess,' without (as now) the notion of '*heir*ship' (Lat. *heres*, 'an heir'). So *inheritance*='possession,' e.g. in the Prayer-Book, "And bless thine inheritance"—that is, 'thy people, thy peculiar possession.'

**justle**, III. 2. 29=*jostle*, a frequentative verb from *joust* (often spelt *just* in old writers), 'to tilt.' Shakespeare always uses the form *justle*. The notion is 'to come close up to,' from Lat. *juxta*, 'near to.'

**line**, lime-tree. Originally *lind*; cf. *linden*, the adjective. Through the falling off of the *d* it got corrupted into *line* and thence into *lime*. The notion is 'smooth wood'; cf. Germ. *gelind*, 'smooth.'

**marmoset**, II. 2. 174. F. *marmoset* = Low Lat. *marmoretum* (from *marmor*, 'marble') meant originally 'a grotesque figure made of marble'; especially a grotesque figure on a fountain. These figures often resembled monkeys, hence *marmoset* came to signify a 'monkey'; a change helped by the fact that F. *marmot* (quite a different word) also meant 'monkey.'

**meander**, III. 3. 3, 'a winding way'; from the name of the *Mæander*, a river in Asia Minor noted for its winding course.

**methinks**, I. 1. 31, II. 1. 68; **methought**, III. 3. 96. These are really *impersonal* constructions such as were much used in pre-Elizabethan E.; their meaning is, 'it *seems*, or seemed, *to* me.' The pronoun is a dative, and the verb is not the ordinary verb 'to *think*'= A. S. *þencan*, but an obsolete impersonal verb 'to *seem*'=A. S. *þyncan*. These cognate verbs got confused through their similarity; the distinction between them as regards usage and sense is shown in Milton's *Paradise Regained*, II. 266, "*Him thought* he by the brook

of Cherith stood"='to him it seemed that' etc. Cf. the difference between their German cognates *denken*, 'to think,' used personally, and the impersonal *es dünkt*, 'it seems'; also the double use of Gk. δοκεῖν. For the old impersonal constructions cf. Spenser, *Prothalamion* 60, "*Them seem'd* they never saw a sight so fayre."

**mettle**, II. 1. 182, 'disposition, temper.' *Mettle* is only another spelling of *metal* (Lat. *metallum*); now it is used for the metaphorical senses—'temper, spirit'; cf. 'on his mettle.'

**minion**, IV. 73, 'favourite, darling.' Generally contemptuous; cf. 3 *Henry VI.* II. 2. 84, "Go, rate thy minions, proud insulting boy!" Not often applied to women.

**mo**, or **moe**, II. 1. 133, V. 234; both forms are used often, without any distinction, in the 1st Folio, and each is often changed to *more* in the later Folios. Middle E. *mo*, from A. S. *má*, 'more, others,' indicated number; *more*, from A. S. *mára*, 'greater,' indicated magnitude: now *more* serves both purposes. The root of the two words is the same, viz. that which we get in the verb *may*.

**mop**, IV. 30, 'a grimace'; the same word as *mope*, 'to be dispirited, sulky' (Dutch *moppen*), whence the notion 'look of disgust' and so 'grimace.' Akin to *mow*.

**mow**, IV. 30, 'a grimace'; from F. *moue*, 'a pouting—a wry face.' Hence the verb *mow* (II. 2. 9), 'to make faces.'

**murrain**, III. 2. 88; properly 'an infectious disease among cattle'—Low Lat. *morina*, 'a pestilence,' from *mori* 'to die' (F. *mourir*). Used like 'a plague upon you'; cf. *Coriolanus*, I. 5. 3, "a murrain on't."

**natural**, III. 2. 37, 'idiot, fool'; Rosalind applies it to the clown Touchstone in *As You Like It*, I. 2. 57. *Natural* is still used so, especially by Scotch people. It seems a kindly, euphemistic word='one who is in a *natural*, i.e. undeveloped, state'; cf. *idiot* from Gk ἰδιώτης, 'an uneducated man'; whereas fool is contemptuous='one who puffs out his cheeks like a wind-bag' (Lat. *follis*).

**nerve**, I. 2. 484. Used by Shakespeare nearly always in the plural ='sinews' (Lat. *nervi*), to indicate physical strength, not with the present notion of a sensitive organ. Milton (*Sonnet* XVII.), translating the phrase *nervi belli pecunia*, calls money 'the nerve'—where we say 'the sinews'—of war. Lat. *nervus*, 'sinew'; cf. Gk. νεῦρον.

**ninny**, III. 2. 71, 'a simpleton.' Ital. *ninno*, 'a child,' so called from *ninna*, a nurse's song used in sending children to sleep; *ninna* being an 'imitative' word like *lullaby*, which is also formed from the *lu lu* hummed by nurses.

**noise**, III. 2. 144, 'musical sounds'; as often in Elizabethan writers; cf. *Macbeth*, IV. 1. 106, Milton's *Nativity Ode*, 97.

**or ere**, I. 2. 11, V. 103, 'before'; really *or* and *ere* are the *same* word = A. S. *ǽr*, 'before.' Perhaps *or ere* arose through confusion with *or e'er* = *ever* (A. S. *áfre*); cf. *Proverbs*, viii. 23.

**owe**, I. 2. 407, III. 1. 45; in its original sense 'to have, possess'; cf. *Macbeth* I. 4. 10, "To throw away the dearest thing he owed." Closely akin to *own*.

**passion**; any strong emotion, feeling (IV. 118), especially great grief (I. 2. 392). Lat. *passio*, 'suffering, feeling,' from *pati*, 'to suffer.'

**patch**, III. 2. 71, 'fool, clown'; for its use as a term of contempt cf. *The Comedy of Errors*, III. 1. 32, "coxcomb, idiot, patch!" The professional jester or fool (like Trinculo) attached to a court or nobleman's house was called a *patch* from his *patch*-like dress: hence 'Patch' became a kind of nickname; Wolsey had two jesters so named.

**pen**, I. 2. 326, 'to shut up, confine'; A. S. *pennan* meant properly 'to fasten with a *pin* or peg.' Cognates are *pen* (for animals), *pound*, 'an enclosure,' and '*pin*fold,' (same sense); cf. Milton, *Comus*, 7, "Confined and pestered [i.e. 'shackled'] in this pinfold here."

**pertly**, IV. 34, 'briskly, promptly.' Shakespeare uses the adjective *pert* in a good sense = 'lively, alert'; cf. *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, I. 1. 13, "Awake the pert and nimble spirit of youth." Middle E. *pert* is another form of *perk*, 'smart'; it got its bad sense 'saucy' through confusion with *malapert*, from Lat. *male* + *expertus*, 'too experienced,' hence 'too sharp' and so 'saucy, forward.'

**pied**, III. 2. 71, 'parti-coloured, variegated,' like the plumage of a *pie* = 'mag*pie*' (F. *pie*, Lat. *pica*). Cf. *Love's Labour's Lost*, V. 2. 904, "When daisies pied and violets blue."

**plantation**, II. 1. 143, 'colonisation.' 'Plantation' was the old term for colonies; see the 'Preface' to the Prayer-Book and Bacon's Essay *Of Plantations*, i.e. 'on colonies.' Lat. *plantatio*, 'a settling.'

**proper**. Used in two senses in this play. (i) 'Own' = Lat. *proprius*; cf. III. 3. 60 and *Twelfth Night*, V. 327, "Here at my house and at my proper cost." (ii) 'Fine'; cf. II. 2. 63 and *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, I. 2. 88, "a proper...gentleman-like man."

**purchase**, IV. 1. 14. First to hunt after (O. F. *purchacer* = F. *pour* + *chasser*); "then to take in hunting; then to acquire; and then, as the commonest way of acquiring is by giving money in exchange, to buy." Cf. 1 *Timothy* iii. 13, "they that have used the office

of a deacon well purchase to themselves a good degree" (Revised Version 'gain').

**quaint**, I. 2. 317, 'dainty, trim.' Derived through O.F. *coint* from Lat. *cognitus*, 'well-known'; cf. *acquaint* from Lat. *adcognitare*. The original sense (i) was 'knowing, wise'; cf. Hampole's *Psalter*, *Ps.* cxix. 98, "Abouen myn enmys quaynt thou me made," i.e. "wiser than mine enemies." But (ii) through a false notion that it came from Lat. *comptus*, 'trimmed, adorned,' *quaint* lost its old sense 'knowing' and got the sense 'trim, fine, neat'—which it has always in Shakespeare. Perhaps (iii) *quaint*='odd, eccentric' arose from the notion '*too* trim, over-fine.'

**quick**, 'living'; cf. "the quick and the dead." Hence **quicken** (III. 1. 6), 'to make alive'; cf. *Psalm* cxix. 25, "quicken thou me according to thy word." Remotely allied to Lat. *vivus*, 'living.'

**rack**, IV. 131. See *Hamlet*, II. 2. 506. Icelandic *rek*, 'drift, a thing drifted,' from the root 'to drive' which we get in *wreck*.

**rapt**, I. 2. 77, 'quite absorbed in'; literally 'transported.' It should be written *rapped*, being the past participle of an old verb *rap*, 'to seize hurriedly'; cf. *Cymbeline*, I. 6. 51, "what...thus raps you?" i.e. what transports you thus? The form *rapt* comes through confusion with Lat. *raptus*, the p. p. of Lat. *rapere*, 'to seize.'

**relation**, V. 164, 'account, report.' Cf. Milton, *Paradise Regained*, II. 182, "Have we not seen, or by relation heard?" F. *relation* retains this sense; cf. the verb *relate*.

**remorse**, V. 76, 'pity, kindly feeling'; cf. *The Merchant of Venice*, IV. 1. 20, "Thou'lt show...mercy and remorse" (said to Shylock). This is a commoner meaning in Shakespeare than 'compunction, regret' (literally 'biting again,' viz. of conscience—Lat. *remordere*).

**sack**, II. 2. 126, III. 2. 15; formerly also written *seck*; a genera name for the light *dry* wines imported from Spain and the Canary Isles, e.g. 'Sherris-*sack*' (as *sherry* was often called) and 'Canary-*sack*.' From Spanish *seco*, 'dry'; cf. the French *vin sec*.

**several**, III. 1. 42, 'different, separate'; cf. *Revelation* xxi. 21, "And the twelve gates were twelve pearls: every several gate was of one pearl." Hence 'particular, respective,' as in III. 3. 88; cf. *Matthew* xxv. 15, "to every man according to his several ability." *Several* and *separate* both come from Lat. *separare*.

**shroud**, II. 2. 42, 'to take shelter.' Properly a *shroud* was a 'garment,' hence any 'covering,' 'shelter.' Cf. *Comus*, 147, "Run to your shrouds within these brakes and trees." A. S. *scrúd*, 'garment.'

**signory**, I. 2. 71, 'principality,' i.e. the territory subject to a *signor* (F. *seigneur*, Lat. *senior*) or lord. Usually='estate, landed property'; cf. *Richard II.* IV. 89, "his lands and signories." Cf. *domain*, the land possessed by a *dominus*, 'lord.'

**sirrah**, V. 287, 291; a contemptuous form of address, generally used to inferiors. Derived through O. F. *sire* from Lat. *senior*.

**skilless**, III. 1. 53, 'ignorant'; cf. the verb *skill*='to know,' e.g. in 1 *Kings* v. 6, "any that can skill to hew timber."

**stead**, I. 2. 165, 'to be of use, assist'; cf. *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, II. 1. 119, "So it stead you," i.e. if it is any use; and *The Merchant of Venice*, I. 3. 7, "may you stead me?"='will you help?' To do a thing in the *stead*, i.e. place, of a man is to help him.

**suggestion**, II. 1. 288, 'temptation,' its usual sense in Shakespeare. Cf. *Macbeth*, I. 3. 134, "Why do I yield to that suggestion?" So the verb *suggest*='to tempt,' *Othello*, II. 3. 358.

**take**; used by Elizabethans of the influence of supernatural powers, e.g. fairies (*Hamlet* I. 1. 163); cf. Cotgrave (1611), "*fée*, taken, bewitched." Hence 'to charm, fascinate'—as here (V. 313); cf. Tennyson's *Dying Swan*, III.:

> "The wild swan's death-hymn took the soul
> Of that waste place."

Cf. the colloquial use now of 'taking'='charming.'

**teen**, I. 2. 64, 'trouble, pain'; cf. *Richard III.* IV. 1. 96, 97:

> "Eighty odd years of sorrow have I seen,
> And each hour's joy wreck'd with a week of teen."

A. S. *téona*; properly 'a public accusation'; hence the vexation caused by it, and so any 'grief, vexation.'

**tell**, II. 1. 15, 289, 'to count'; cf. *Psalm* cxlvii. 4, "He telleth the number of the stars." So *tale*='number'; cf. *Exodus* v. 18, "the tale of bricks." Germ. cognates *zahl*, 'number,' *zählen*, 'to count.'

**throughly**, III. 3. 14; cf. *Matthew* iii. 12, "he will throughly purge his floor." *Thorough*, whence *thoroughly*, is a later form of *through*. Akin to Germ. *durch*, through: *th*=*d* (cf. Grimm's law).

**trash**, IV. 195. Originally it meant bits of broken sticks found under trees—from Icelandic *tros*, 'twigs used for fuel, rubbish'; then any 'refuse, worthless matter, dross.'

**trice**, V. 238, 'moment'; a word of Spanish origin, now limited to the phrase *in a trice*="Span. *en un tris*, in an instant; from *tris*, the noise made by the cracking of glass, a crack, an instant"—*Skeat*.

**troll**, III. 2. 126; properly 'to roll'; cf. the phrase 'to troll the

bowl,' i.e. to circulate it, in the game of bowls. To 'troll a song' is to roll it out, and perhaps the metaphor implies a rollicking, swinging style. Cognate with Germ. *trollen*, Dutch *drollen*, 'to roll.'

**upstaring**, I. 2. 213; cf. *Julius Caesar*, IV. 3. 280, "That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to stare" (said by Brutus to Caesar's ghost). The original notion in *stare* was 'to be stiff, fixed'; cf. Germ. *starr*, 'stiff,' and the verb *starren*, used both of eyes looking fixedly and of hair 'standing on end.'

**urchin.** The old name of 'hedge-hog'; hence, 'goblin, imp'; some imps being supposed to take a hedge-hog's shape.

In I. 2. 326, the sense may be 'goblin,' as in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, IV. 4. 46. O. F. *ériçon* (modern F. *hérisson*); Lat. *ericius*, 'hedge-hog.'

**welkin**, I. 2. 4, 'sky'; properly a plural word = 'clouds,' from A. S. *wolcnu*, the plural of *wolcen*, 'a cloud'; cf. Germ. *wolke*, 'a cloud.'

**whist**, I. 2. 379, 'silenced, hushed'; cf. Milton, *Nativity Ode*, 64, 65:

"The winds, with wonder **whist**,
Smoothly the waters kis. ed."

*Whist*, and its cognates *hist*, *hush*, are 'imitative' words formed from interjections commanding silence. Cf. Cotgrave's explanation of O. F. *houische:* "an interjection whereby silence is imposed—husht, whist, ist, not a word for your life!" Similarly formed is F. *chut* = 'hush!'

**wreck**, I. 2, 26, 390; in the 1st Folio always spelt *wrack*, the usual 17th century form; cf. the rhyme in *Macbeth*, V. 5. 51:

"Blow, wind! come, *wrack!*
At least we'll die with harness on our *back.*"

The Bible of 1611 had *shipwrack* in 2 *Corinthians* xi. 25 and 1 *Timothy* i. 19, but now it is modernised in the Authorised Version. In "*rack* and ruin" we should write *wrack*. From A. S. *wrecan*, 'to drive,' the *wrack* or *wreck* being that which is driven ashore.

**yare**, 'ready'; cf. v. 224, and *Antony and Cleopatra*, III. 7. 39, "their ships are yare." Also used adverbially, as in I. 1. 7. A. S. *gearu*, 'ready'; *g* often softens into *y*.

**zenith**, I. 2. 181; an astronomical term for the highest visible point in the heavens, i.e. the sky above as one looks up in a vertical line; hence by metaphor 'the highest point in one's fortune'; cf. the opposite term *nadir* indicating decline of fortune. Both are Arabic.

# APPENDIX A.

## I.

### SHAKESPEARE'S SEAMANSHIP.

THE following criticism by a naval officer[1] was printed in Malone's edition.

"The first scene of *The Tempest* is a very striking instance of the great accuracy of Shakspeare's knowledge in a professional science, the most difficult to attain without the help of experience. He must have acquired it by conversation with some of the most skilful seamen of that time.

The succession of events is strictly observed in the natural progress of the distress described; the expedients adopted are the most proper that could have been devised for a chance of safety: and it is neither to the want of skill of the seamen nor the bad qualities of the ship, but solely to the power of Prospero, that the shipwreck is to be attributed.

The words of command are not only strictly proper, but are only such as point[2] the object to be attained, and no superfluous ones of detail. Shakspeare's ship was too well manned to make it necessary to tell the seamen how they were to do it, as well as what they were to do.

He has shown a knowledge of the new improvements, as well as the

[1] Lord Mulgrave (1744—1792).
[2] I. e. point out, indicate.

doubtful points of seamanship; one[1] of the latter he has introduced, under the only circumstances in which it was indisputable.

The events certainly follow too near one another for the strict time of representation; but perhaps if the whole length of the play was divided by the time allowed by the critics, the portion allotted to this scene might not be too little for the whole. But he has taken care to mark intervals between the different operations by exits."

The writer then observes that five "positions" in the vessel's course are indicated by the orders of the Master and Boatswain. These "positions," he explains, and shows by a running comment on each the reason for the tactics adopted.

*1st Position.*

"Fall to 't yarely or we run ourselves aground.

*1st Position.*

Land discovered under the lee; the wind blowing too fresh to hawl upon a wind with the topsail set. 'Yare' is an old sea term for 'briskly,' in use at that time. This first command is therefore a notice to be ready to execute any orders quickly.

*2nd Position.*

Yare, yare, take in the topsail, blow till thou burst thy wind, if room enough.

*2nd Position.*

The topsail is taken in. 'Blow till thou burst thy wind, if room enough.' The danger in a good sea boat is only from being too near the land.

*3rd Position.*

Down with the top mast.—Yare, lower, lower, bring her to try with the main course.

*3rd Position.*

The gale increasing, the topmast is struck, to take the weight from aloft, make the ship drift less to leeward, and bear the mainsail under which the ship is laid to.

[1] viz. lowering the topmast, in the "third position" of the ship. The expediency of this manœuvre under ordinary circumstances was disputed by naval authorities; it was, however, generally admitted to be advisable where a ship had not sufficient sea-room, as is the case with Shakespeare's ship.

*4th Position.*

Lay her a hold, a hold; set her two courses, off to sea again, lay her off.

*5th Position.*

We split, we split.

*4th Position.*

The ship having driven near the shore, the mainsail is hawled up; the ship wore, and the two courses[1] set on the other tack, to endeavour to clear the land that way.

*5th Position.*

The ship not able to weather a point[2], is driven on shore."

## II.

### Act II. Sc. I. ll. 150—164.

### GONZALO'S COMMONWEALTH.

Capell pointed out that this picture of an ideal commonwealth owed much to a passage of the French essayist Montaigne[3]. Possibly Shakespeare read Montaigne in the original French, but from the close verbal resemblances it is thought more probable that he used the English translation of the *Essays* by John Florio, published in 1603. The passage occurs in a chapter (I. xxx.) describing an Indian tribe, and entitled "Of the Caniballes"; it is as follows:

"It is a nation, would I answer Plato, that hath no kinde of traffike, no knowledge of Letters, no intelligence of numbers, no name of magistrate, nor of politike superioritie; no use of service, of riches or of povertie; no contracts, no successions, no partitions, no occupation but idle; no respect of kinred but common, no apparell but naturall, no manuring[4] of lands, no use of wine, corne, or mettle. The very words that import lying, falsehood, treason, dissimulations, covetousness, envie, detraction, and pardon, were never heard of amongst them."

The British Museum has a copy of the first edition of Florio's translation in which Shakespeare's name is written on the fly-leaf, and

[1] The mainsail and foresail.

[2] i.e. of land; a headland.

[3] Montaigne's *Essays* (the influence of which is seen in Bacon's) appeared in 1580.

[4] cultivation; short for *manœuvre*, Lat. *manuopera*, 'hand-work.'

the volume was formerly supposed by many to be the poet's own copy; but the best authorities now consider the signature a forgery[1], and there is nothing else to connect the volume with him.

John Florio (born in London, 1545, died 1625), an Italian by parentage, was a well-known teacher of Italian and French in this country. He published an Italian-English Dictionary (which, like Cotgrave's French-English Dictionary, illustrates very usefully Elizabethan meanings of words and phrases), some books of Italian idioms and the like. Some critics have thought that Florio was satirized in the person of the scholastic pedant Holofernes in *Love's Labour's Lost:* a most improbable theory, seeing that Florio (as his works show) was an able man with whom Shakespeare may very likely have been brought into friendly relations[2] through their common friend and patron the Earl of Southampton.

In Ben Jonson's comedy of *Volpone, or the Fox*, one of the characters, speaking of the Italian poet Guarini, author of the famous and much imitated pastoral, the *Pastor Fido*, says that English writers borrow from him "Almost as much as from Montaignié" (i.e. Montaigne). This remark the German critic Elze interpreted as a hit at Gonzalo's description. But against a theory which would make *The Tempest* precede *Volpone* it suffices to set the fact that Jonson's play is known to have been acted as early as 1605.

## III.

### Act III. Sc. I. ll. 13—15.

"I forget:
But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours,
Most busy, least when I do it."

[1] The only specimens of his signature which are commonly admitted to be genuine are the signature of his will and that affixed to a mortgage dated March 11, 1612.

[2] There is a very ingenious, but rather far-fetched, paper on this subject in the late Professor Minto's *Characteristics of English Poets*, pp. 370—382. He argues that a sonnet, "Phaeton to his friend Florio," prefixed to one of Florio's books was written by Shakespeare.

The simplest interpretation of the text, as printed here, may be the best, viz. that Ferdinand's thoughts about Miranda are busiest when he is least occupied with the work: in his eyes, the fact would justify his "forgetting" the work a while.

I cannot, however, help thinking that there is some corruption of text[1], and that the train of his meditations really is: 'I am forgetting my work. Yet to think of her is not to be idle, for such sweet thoughts lighten my toil. Indeed, I am far from being *most* busy when actually at work: rather, I am busier when indulging in the thoughts that inspire me to do the work.' That is to say, the highest activity lies not in the *work* itself but in the *thoughts* which make the work endurable to him: of course, a lover's paradox and exaggeration.

But, perhaps, this sense (which fits the antithetical turn of the whole passage) can hardly be got out of the text as it stands. That the words "when I do it" can mean 'when I think of her, when I indulge in these delightful thoughts,' seems to me hardly possible.

"Do *it*" refers generally to his work; some gesture, e.g. picking up a log, would make his meaning plain. Gestures often supplement or explain; cf. *Macbeth*, II. 1. 5, V. 3. 54 (notes in Pitt Press ed.). Shakespeare's plays, we must always remember, were written primarily to be acted. Possibly *it* might revert to "baseness" (12). Anyhow, the change to *labour* in 14 appears needless.

As to the text of the passage:

Line 15 reads thus in the 1st Folio:

"Most busie lest, when I doe it."

For *lest* the 2nd and later Folios have *least*. *Lest* and *least* are closely akin, and apparently interchanged in the 1st Folio[2]. The comma, I think, might be eliminated.

Many alterations (none convincing) have been proposed, e.g. "Most *busiest* when I do it," and "Most *busiest* when *idlest*," an ingenious change which yields much the same sense as that suggested above, but which seems to me too remote from the original. (Mainly from materials in Furness.)

[1] Line 15 is marked as corrupt in the "Globe" edition.

[2] Cf. its reading in 1. 2. 452, "I must uneasie make, *least* too light winning."

## IV.

### Act IV. I. 39.

"Thy banks with pioned and twilled brims."

This line is an unsolved problem. The suggested interpretations may be classed roughly under two senses—poetical and prosaic:

(i) 'River-banks fringed with flowers.'

(ii) 'Banks of trenches dug deep and ridged.'

(i) "Banks"; surely river-banks; cf. "brims." A river adds to the beauty of the whole picture.

"Pioned"; that is, 'peoned' or 'peonied'=covered with peonies. According to Skeat, the old form of *peony* was *pione*, whence *pioned* would be a regular formation. The form *pioned*, therefore, presents no difficulty. But the flower ordinarily called 'peony' is not a wild (such as the context requires) or river-side plant; nor does it bloom in April: we can scarcely suppose it to be referred to here. It is, however, stated (on slender evidence) that in Warwickshire the name 'peony' is also applied to the marsh marigold: a plant which does flourish along rivers and does bloom in April; which, in fact, exactly suits the context. Its local name would naturally be familiar to Shakespeare, a Warwickshire man.

"Twilled." There was a word 'twill'=a reed or quill on which weavers wound cotton. Possibly *twill* was only another form of *quill*, 'a reed' and *may* have been used of any kind of reed: if so, "twilled" would mean 'covered with reeds.' For *quill*=reed cf. Cotgrave (1611), "*Tuiau*, a pipe, *quill*, cane, *reed*."

Now the general sense 'river-banks covered with marsh marigolds and reeds' is excellent; but one would like clearer evidence (*a*) as to this peculiar use of the name 'peony,' (*b*) as to the history and meaning of 'twill.' Still, in spite of some uncertainty, this (i) seems to me the better interpretation.

(ii) Some editors think that the whole line refers to "the operation of banking and ditching in the early spring, so essential to the proper drainage of land"—*Knight*. They explain the words—mainly—in this way:

"Banks"; those of the trenches which drain the fields and serve to divide them.

"Pioned"; dug deep. 'Pioneer,' like O. F. *peon* (whence it came), was specially applied to the sappers and miners of an army, i.e. those

whose work involved much digging; the notion of digging is seen in *Hamlet*, I. 5. 163 ("canst *work i' the earth* so fast? A worthy *pioner!*") and *Henry V.* III. 2. 92. Spenser uses 'pyoning' as a noun = digging; cf. the *Faerie Queene*, II. 10. 63:

"with painefull pyonings
From sea to sea he heapt a mighty mound."

"Twilled"; ridged, like the lines on 'twilled' cloth; referring to the earth thrown up by the digger and made to form a mound or ridge along the bank of the trench.

It is quite possible that 'pioned' and 'twilled' *are* terms drawn from agriculture, the meaning of which is now not known: if so, then this second interpretation (ii), though very prosaic, is nearer to the truth than the other (i), though picturesque.

Of course, instead of "twilled," numerous changes of reading have been proposed, e.g. 'tilled,' 'tulip'd' (covered with tulips), 'lilied,' 'willow'd.' But the fact that "twilled" was not changed in the later Folios of Shakespeare's works appears to me a strong argument that it is the word which he used, and that in the seventeenth century its meaning was clear. Again words like 'tilled' and 'willow'd' are simple: why should either get turned into a peculiar word like "twilled"? Emendations which substitute obvious words for unusual are *à priori* bad because it is not the tendency of printers to change easy terms into difficult.

## V.

### Act V. ll. 33—50.

Warburton first noticed that Shakespeare when he wrote these lines had in his mind Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, VII. 197—219, in Golding's translation ("one of Shakespeare's best-loved books in youth," says Mr Lee). The passage is spoken by the enchantress Medea; it runs:

"Ye Ayres and Windes: ye Elues of Hilles, of Brookes, of Woods alone,
Of standing Lakes, and of the Night approche ye eurychone.
Through helpe of whom (the crooked bankes much wondring at the thing)
I haue compelled streames to run cleane backward to their spring.

By charmes I make the calme seas rough, & make the rough seas playne (i.e. smooth),
And couer all the Skie with clouds and chase them thence againe.
By charmes I raise and lay the windes, and burst the Vipers iaw,
And from the bowels of the earth both stones and trees do draw.
Whole woods and Forests I remooue: I make the Mountaines shake,
And euen the earth it selfe to grone and fearefully to quake.
I call vp dead men from their graues and thee, O lightsome Moone,
I darken oft, through beaten brasse abate thy perill soone,
Our Sorcerie dimmes the Morning faire, and darkes the Sun at Noone.
The flaming breath of fierie Bulles ye quenched for my sake,
And caused their vnwieldy neckes the bended yoke to take.
Among the earth-bred brothers you a mortall warre did set,
And brought asleepe the Dragon fell whose eyes were neuer shet[2]."

The translation of the *Metamorphoses* by Arthur Golding, a Cambridge Scholar, appeared in 1565 and was often reprinted. It was the main source of the "interlude" of "Pyramus and Thisbe" in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream;* see the Pitt Press edition, p. xxi.

As regards the personal aspect of this passage (v. 33—50) of *The Tempest*, Mr Boas says: "The world has agreed to recognize in the enchanter's speech abjuring his 'rough magic' the farewell not only of Prospero to the wonderful island, but of Shakspere to the stage. And even though *The Tempest* be not strictly his last work, the popular instinct can scarcely be quite at fault:

'Graves at my command
Have waked their sleepers, oped, and let 'em forth
By my so potent art.'

What graves could let forth their sleepers, even at magic's command, in the unpeopled island? The sepulchres unclosed by the enchanter's spell are not to be sought there, but in 'the dark backward and abysm of time'; and the sleepers resummoned to the upper world are the bloodless phantoms of the past thrilled by the elixir of genius into a second, more splendid life. Theirs is an imperishable renewal of youth." Cf. also Dr Brandes: "Like Prospero, Shakespeare had dwelt upon an enchanted island in the ocean of life. He had been its lord and master, with dominion over spirits. At his will graves had opened, and by his magic art the heroes of the past had lived again."

# APPENDIX B.

## I.

### WAS "THE TEMPEST" WRITTEN FOR THE COURT-PERFORMANCE IN 1613?

TOWARDS the end of the 16th century and during the 17th up to the Civil War, plays, especially Masques[1], were often performed at Court and at the houses of nobles. The occasions on which these representations took place were marriages, visits of foreign princes and ambassadors, and similar festivities. It has been argued that *The Tempest* was written specially for performance at the entertainments which accompanied the marriage of the Princess Elizabeth and the Elector Palatine in 1613. We know that the play was represented then, and this representation (it is contended by some critics) was the first. The grounds on which this theory is based are as follows.

*The Tempest* is the shortest[2] of Shakespeare's plays, *The Comedy of Errors* alone excepted; shorter than the majority by about one-third. This brevity, we are told, would adapt the piece for private representation.

It is spectacular, containing an elaborate Masque (IV.) and an interlude (III. 3) akin to a Masque. The plays composed for private performance were commonly of this spectacular character.

The Masque is a eulogy of marriage. Association with some special wedding would lend it an additional, a personal significance, without which its place in the play seems hardly justified.

A parallel is drawn between the chief characters in *The Tempest* and the chief actors in the wedding. Prospero, the wise, is taken to represent the scholarly and enlightened monarch James I. as he appeared

[1] See p. 157.

[2] Some critics account for its brevity by supposing that the play was abridged for stage-purposes and that we have it in its shortened form.

to himself at least, if not to his subjects. The portrait may be idealised, but how could it be other in a court-drama? Ferdinand the Prince and Miranda the island maid are identified with the Elector Prince and his island bride, the Princess Elizabeth. In Alonso's grief at the supposed death of Ferdinand a delicate allusion is traced to James' grief at the death of Prince Henry in November 1612.

This theory is highly ingenious, but it is no more than a theory, and has found little acceptance among scholars. The case against it may be stated thus.

The record[1] which mentions the performance of *The Tempest* in 1613 does not refer to *The Tempest* alone. It merely includes the play indiscriminately in a list of thirteen pieces performed during the marriage-festivities, which lasted for several weeks[2]. Eleven of these pieces were not new: about one nothing apparently is known. There is not the slightest indication in the list that *The Tempest* differed from the other pieces in being a new play specially composed.

The pieces were of various lengths. If *The Tempest* is one of the shortest of Shakespeare's plays, *Othello*, mentioned in the list, is one of the longest. One does not see therefore how the question of length applies at all.

The Masque of marriage rises naturally out of the action, like the briefer "Masque of Hymen" in *As You Like It*, it harmonises with the romantic colouring of the whole play, and may surely stand on its own merits. That Shakespeare would never introduce a Masque unless it had reference to some particular event is an assumption. *Cymbeline* is not generally regarded as a court-drama, yet it contains a "Vision[3]" very similar in its scenic character to the pageants of *The Tempest*.

The date 1613 is very late. It makes *The Tempest* posterior to *The Winter's Tale*, though the metrical evidence points the other way. And what can be more hazardous than these attempts to identify Shakespeare's characters with his contemporaries? The process has no limits and it leads to the bewilderment of conflicting identifications.

[1] It is an extract from the "Accounts of Lord Harrington, Treasurer of the Chamber to King James I." This extract with a few others from the same "Accounts" is among certain papers which are commonly known as the "Vertue MSS," from the name of a Shakespearian scholar in whose possession they once were.

[2] The wedding took place on Feb. 14, 1613, and the Elector and his bride did not leave England till April.

[3] It must be admitted that some critics doubt whether Shakespeare wrote this "Vision."

The theory therefore cannot be accepted. There is no positive evidence in its favour and the weight of probability is against it. We must rest content with the knowledge that *The Tempest* was one of the plays performed at the festivities in 1613. It was appropriate to the occasion; it seems to have been a favourite[1] play; and in 1613 it had the merit of comparative freshness.

## II.

### THE SUPERNATURAL IN "THE TEMPEST."

In Shakespeare's time belief in witchcraft and magic was common; hence the supernatural element in plays like *The Tempest* and *Macbeth* must have made upon Elizabethan audiences an impression which it is difficult for us to realise. To many of the spectators there would not be anything improbable—still less impossible—about the "ayrie spirit" or the "witch Sycorax." Did not Sir Thomas Browne, one of the most learned men of his time, write thirty years later, "I have ever believed, and do now know, that there are witches"? Even Prospero's powers can scarcely have excited the incredulity of an age familiar with the feats, duly set forth in print[2] and therefore, of course, authentic, of that "widely-noised conjuror, Doctor John Faustus."

An Elizabethan audience, then, was superstitious, but *The Tempest* does not play upon their superstition more than the action of the piece requires. The supernatural is treated strictly as the agency by which the plot is worked out. Even in Ariel's dealings with Stephano and his fellow-conspirators there is little of the grotesque element of magic: thus the mishaps that befall them through "your harmless fairy" are merely described; they are not enacted on the stage, to please "the groundlings," like the comic episodes of Marlowe's *Faustus*[3]. Shakespeare in fact uses but does not abuse the credulity of his contemporaries

[1] Otherwise the editors of the 1st Folio would not have been likely to place *The Tempest* at the very beginning of the volume. We may note, too, that it was imitated by more than one writer, e.g. by Fletcher in the *Sea-Voyage*. Dryden and Davenant produced an adapted version of it to suit the peculiar taste of a Restoration audience, 1667.

[2] i.e. in the *Faust-book*, the "History" of the magician who is the hero of Marlowe's great tragedy.

[3] It is at least doubtful whether all the comic scenes were written by Marlowe; one would like to think not.

and their taste for the grotesque; and the difference in this respect between *The Tempest* and earlier Elizabethan plays in which magic forms a central feature is a measure of his superiority over all his predecessors.

It is natural to compare the "spirits," more especially Ariel, of *The Tempest* with the fairies of *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*. The supernatural beings of the two plays, especially Ariel and Puck, present, no doubt, certain superficial resemblances[1], but there are essential differences between them—notably these:

(i) In *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* the fairies are the superiors of the "human mortals" on whom they exercise their power uncontrolled. In *The Tempest* man at his highest as represented by Prospero is the superior. Ariel and his "fellow-ministers" (III. 3. 65) must do Prospero's bidding "without or grudge or grumblings" (I. 2. 249). Ariel may protest (I. 2. 242—244), but his protest is vain and he submits (I. 2. 296—298).

(ii) Oberon and Titania are the old-world King and Queen of fairy-land: as they appear in poetry and romance from the days of Chaucer, even so are they depicted by Shakespeare, perhaps with some heightening touches. Puck is the "Robin Goodfellow" of popular folk-lore, the mischievous "Hob-Goblin" of country-side legend. All three—the fairy-monarch, his queen and his page—are traditional figures.

But Ariel is a creation of fancy. Using the old belief in spirits or "demons[2]" of the elements, Shakespeare has created a being whose character and relation to man are essentially original.

[1] Thus Ariel and Puck are both small winged creatures with powers of extremely swift motion, influence over the elements, and a love of mischievous tricks.

[2] According to the common mediæval belief, there were four kinds of "demons" or spirits, who respectively inhabited and ruled over the four elements of fire, air, water and earth. Cf. Milton, *Il Penseroso*, 93, 94:

"those demons that are found
In fire, air, flood, or under ground."

They were called Salamanders (spirits of fire), Sylphs (of air), Nymphs (of water), Gnomes (of under ground). Observe that Ariel, though primarily a spirit of air, is also at home in and has power over the other three elements; see note on I. 2. 190—193. Thus he "*flam'd* amazement" on "the king's ship" (I. 2. 198), i.e. acted as a fire-spirit, and afterwards appears as "a water-nymph" (I. 2. 318). This union of the attributes of all four kinds of spirits in one spirit is a unique feature.

# THE ENGLISH MASQUE.

DURING the 16th century English literature owed much to Italy. The Masque[1], or 'Mask[2],' was part of this debt. As to the Italian origin of the Masque there is abundant evidence. The earliest mention of a Masque occurs in Hall's *Chronicle* under date of the year 1512, and he describes the performance as being "after the manner of Italie." Marlowe[3] makes Gaveston say that he will entertain Edward II. with "Italian masks by night." Other evidence might be cited[4].

In its earliest form as described by Hall and other writers the Masque was what we should call a 'Masquerade': an entertainment, that is, in which 'masks' or vizards were worn and dances were the chief element. Often the dances were supposed to illustrate some story, as it were in 'dumb show,' and gradually allegorical characters, e.g. Cupid, were brought in to explain the story to the audience, and

[1] A fuller account is prefixed to the edition of *Comus* (pp. li.—lxxvi.) in the 'Cambridge Milton for Schools.'

[2] The word is derived ultimately from the Arabic *maskharat*, 'a buffoon, jester, man in masquerade, a pleasantry, anything ridiculous.' The form 'mask' appears to be older than 'masque.' Probably 'mask' represents the Italian *maschera* (*ch*=*k*), and was used when the entertainment was first introduced from Italy. Later the French form 'masque' became current and is now the form generally used, 'mask' having more often the sense 'vizard.'

[3] See *Edward II.* l. 1.

[4] See the preface to Ben Jonson's *Masque of Hymen*. Mr Fleay thinks that the Court-Masques in Elizabeth's reign were rendered by Italian players. He notes that Italians "made pastime" for the Queen in 1574; that the Records of the Revels mention an Italian interpreter; and that the speeches of a Masque played before Elizabeth in 1579 were translated from English into Italian, at the Lord Chamberlain's direction,—*Chronicle History of the Stage*, pp. 22, 26.

songs were introduced. Hence from being merely a series of dances performed by masked characters, the Masque came to be a kind of play which was accompanied by a good deal of music and therefore resembled an opera. Scenery was then required, and wealthy patrons of the Masque vied with each other in the splendour of their representations, until the scenic display rivalled that of the Elizabethan Pageants[1]. Thus step by step the Masque developed from its simple origin as a Masquerade into a complex and costly form of musical drama.

The Masque reached its zenith in the reign of James I. Ben Jonson was the great master of the art, and his Masques may be taken as specimens of the finest type. They present these features.

The characters are deities of classical mythology, nymphs and personified qualities such as 'Love,' 'Harmony,' 'Delight,' 'Laughter' (for throughout its history the Masque preserved a marked strain of allegory). The number of characters seldom exceeds six, and there are generally two bands to whom the title 'Masquers[2]' is specially assigned and who serve as choruses, now separately and in contrast, now in union. Thus in the *Masque of Hymen* there are eight maidens personifying the powers exercised by Juno in her capacity of patroness of women in wedlock, and eight knights personifying the 'Humours' and 'Affections' of man. In the *Masque of Queens* there are twelve Witches embodying evil qualities such as 'Ignorance,' 'Suspicion,' and against them are set twelve Queens representing the highest Fame. The scenes are laid in ideal regions—Olympus, Arcadia, the Fortunate Isles, the Palace of Oceanus, and similar realms of fancy. The length of the pieces, of course, varies, but the average Masque is about equal to the first Act of *The Tempest*. They are written in various metres of rhymed verse, which is sometimes spoken, sometimes declaimed in recitative[3], and contain solos for the chief characters and part-songs and choruses.

Dances, executed by the 'Masquers,' are a very important element: stately 'measures,' 'corantos,' 'galliards,' and the like. Most elaborate scenery is employed, giving the representations a highly spectacular

[1] e.g. the City Pageants, carried out by members of the Trade Guilds, of which the Lord Mayor's Show in London is a survival.

[2] i.e. in the stage-directions, which never (I think) describe the chief characters by this title. The reason of this is that these bands performed the dances and therefore kept up the original notion of the Masque or Masquerade.

[3] Thus the first stanza in Jonson's *The Vision of Delight* is headed "*Stilo recitativo.*"

character, and the dresses of the performers are of the costliest description and symbolical[1].

We have nothing that corresponds precisely with the Masque of the reign of James I. It was like an opera because so much music was introduced; like a ballet because there was so much dancing; like a 'Pageant' because the scenery, setting and costumes were devised on so splendid a scale. It was certainly the forerunner of the opera, and composers like Lawes[2] and Lock, to whom we owe our earliest operas, had in their youth written the incidental music of the latest Masques.

The Masque was a private form of entertainment, much patronised by the Court. The Laureate Ben Jonson would write the *libretto*; the Court-composer Alfonso Ferrabosco[3] often furnished the music, which would be rendered by the Court-orchestra and the choirs of the Chapels Royal; and the Court-architect, Inigo Jones, designed the scenery. Great nobles too and the legal societies gave Masque-performances. The Masque was peculiarly suited to be a form of private theatricals because little skill in acting was required. The Queen and her maids of honour and courtiers could render the songs and execute the dances and rhythmic movements with all due effect, and satisfy the slender demands on their skill as players[4]. The extreme costliness[5] of the Masque prevented its ever being introduced on the public stage.

Great ceremonies and occasions were marked by Masque-perform-

[1] Cf. Jonson's description of his *Masque of Hymen*: "On the other hand, entered Hymen (the god of marriage) in a saffron-coloured robe, his under vestures white, his socks yellow, a yellow veil of silk on his left arm, his head crowned with roses and marjoram, in his right hand a torch of pine-tree." All the attributes are symbolical and based on classical authority.

[2] Composer of the music for Milton's Masque, *Comus*. He and Lock wrote the music of the first English opera, *The Siege of Rhodes*, 1656, the *libretto* of which was by Davenant. Lock, who afterwards gained celebrity by his incidental music to *Macbeth* (1673), had as a young man composed the music for Shirley's Masque, *Cupid and Death*.

[3] An Italian who, like his father, long enjoyed the patronage of the Court. He wrote a great deal of Masque-music.

[4] If the comic interlude called an 'anti-masque' was introduced professional actors from the theatres were employed.

[5] James spent over £4000 on Masques during the first seven years of his reign, roughly equivalent to about £16000 in modern money. It did not include the sums devoted to the same purpose by the Queen, who was notoriously extravagant. Among especially costly Masques were Daniel's *Hymen's Triumph* (£3000), Jonson's *Masque of Blackness* (also about £3000), *The Hue and Cry after Cupid* (nearly £4000), and Shirley's *Triumph of Peace*. An inexpensive piece like Jonson's *Oberon* involved an outlay of only £1000 (see Symonds, *Shakspere's Predecessors*,

ances, such as the Twelfth Night festivities at Whitehall, royal visits to noblemen's houses and weddings[1]. Of course, the subject and allegory of a Masque were suited to the occasion for which it was composed. Thus in a Wedding-Masque the characters are Juno, Venus, Hymen, the Graces etc., powers whose blessing is invoked on the wedded pair.

The Masque in the fourth Act of *The Tempest*, though brief, contains the characteristic features. The theme is an allegory of marriage-bliss. The characters are taken from mythology. The Nymphs and Reapers represent the bands of 'Masquers.' Their dresses[2] are emblematical. There are songs, "a graceful dance," music[3]. The verse is rhymed and varied. And the interlude akin to a Masque in the third Act, scene 3, illustrates the use of scenery and stage-machinery.

p. 339); but this was an exceptionally cheap evening's diversion. The *Triumph of Peace* was given in 1634 by the Four Inns of Court. The dresses alone cost £10,000, and the total outlay was over £21,000, which we must multiply by 4 to get its present equivalent. This fabulous cost was without rival in the history of the Masque.

[1] Often a Masque formed the climax of a marriage-festival. Jonson says in the introductory note to *The Hue and Cry after Cupid*: "The worthy custom of honouring worthy marriages with these noble solemnities, hath of late years advanced itself frequently with us; to the reputation no less of our Court, than nobles; expressing besides (through the difficulties of expense and travail, with the cheerfulness of undertaking) a most real affection in the personators to those for whose sake they would sustain these persons."

[2] Thus the "Nymphs" are bidden to come with their "sedged crowns," IV. I. 104 (see note), and the "Reapers" are "properly habited" (Stage-direction).

[3] Of the original music of *The Tempest* written by R. Johnson, composer of the music for Ben Jonson's *Masque of Gipsies*, Middleton's *Witch* and other plays, two airs are extant. They are the settings of the songs "Full fathom five" and "Where the bee sucks," and are given in Wilson's *Cheerful Ayres or Ballads*, 1660, a miscellaneous collection of old music. Among the many later composers of music for this play may be mentioned the younger Linley (Sheridan's brother-in-law), Arne, author of the familiar setting of "Where the bee sucks," and Sullivan. Purcell, also, wrote the music for Shadwell's adaptation of *The Tempest* as an opera (1673). See Grove's *Dictionary of Music* under the names of these different composers.

# HINTS ON METRE.

## I. Regular Type of Blank Verse.

Blank verse[1] consists of unrhymed lines, each of which, if constructed according to the regular type, contains five feet, each foot being composed of two syllables and having a strong stress or accent on the second syllable, so that each line has five stresses, falling respectively on the even syllables, 2, 4, 6, 8, 10. Here is an example from *The Tempest* (I. 2. 335):

"To náme | the bíg|ger líght, | and hów | the léss."

The rhythm of a line like this is a "rising" rhythm.

Blank verse prior to Marlowe, the great Elizabethan dramatist whose work influenced Shakespeare, was modelled strictly on this type. Further, this early blank verse was what is termed "end-stopt": that is to say, there was almost always *some* pause, however slight, in the sense, and consequently in the rhythm, at the close of each line; while the couplet was normally the limit of the sense. As an example of this "end-stopt," strictly regular verse, take the following extract from the first play written in blank verse, viz. the tragedy called *Gorboduc* (1561):

"Why should I live and linger forth my time,
In longer life to double my distress?
O me most woeful wight! whom no mishap
Long ere this day could have bereaved hence:
Mought not these hands by fortune or by fate
Have pierced this breast, and life with iron reft?"

[1] The metre is sometimes called "iambic pentameter verse," but this and other terms of Greek prosody, with its symbols, should be avoided, since classical metres, Greek and Latin, are based on a different principle from English prosody. The basis of classical metre is the "quantity" of syllables, and this is represented by the symbols – (long syllable) and ⏑ (short). The basis of English metre is stress or accent (i.e. the stress laid by the voice on a syllable in pronouncing it); and stress should be represented by the symbols ´ (strong stress) and ` (weak).

If the whole of *The Tempest* were written in verse of this kind the effect, obviously, would be intolerably monotonous. Blank verse before Marlowe *was* intolerably monotonous, and in an especial degree unsuited to the drama, which with its varying situations and moods needs a varied medium of expression more than any other kind of poetry. Marlowe's great service to metre, carried further by Shakespeare, was to introduce variations into the existing type of the blank decasyllabic measure. In fact, analysis of the blank verse of any writer really resolves itself into a study of his modifications of the "end-stopt" regular type.

## II. Shakespeare's Variations of the Regular Type.

The chief variations found in Shakespeare (some of them often combined in the same line) are these:

1. *Weak stresses.* As we read a passage of blank verse our ear tells us that the stresses or accents are not always of the same weight in all the five feet of each line. Thus in the line

"The frín|ged cúr|tains òf | thine éye | advánce" (I. 2. 408)

we feel at once that the stress in the 3rd foot is not equal to that which comes in the other feet. A light stress like this is commonly called a "weak stress." Two weak stresses may occur in the same line, but rarely come together. The foot in which a weak stress is least frequent is the first. It is perhaps with prepositions that a weak stress, in any foot, occurs most often. Here are lines with weak stresses:

"In thè | dark báck|ward àn̄d | abýsm | of tíme" (I. 2. 50).

"Made súch | a sín|ner òf | his mém|orỳ" (I. 2. 101).

"The cloúd|-capp'd tó͡wers|, the gór|geous pál|acès,
The sól|emn tém|ples, thè | great glóbe | itsélf"
(IV. 1. 127, 128).

"We áre | such stúff
As dréams | are máde | on, àn̄d | our lít|tle lífe
Is roúnd|ed with | a sleép" (IV. 1. 131—133).

It may not be amiss to remind the young student that in reading a passage of Shakespeare aloud he should be careful to give the weak stresses as weak, i.e. not lay the same emphasis indiscriminately on all the stressed syllables.

2. *Inverted stresses*[1]. The strong stress may fall on the first of the two syllables that form a foot. The following extracts contain examples of this so-called "trochaic" foot:

"Knówing | I lóved | my boóks, | he fúr|nish'd mé" (I. 2. 166).

"I boárd|ed thè | kíng's ship; | nów on | the béak,
Nów in | the waíst, | the déck, | in év'|ry cáb(in)
I flámed | amáze|ment" (I. 2. 196—198).

"Woúnd the | loud wínds, | or with | bemóck|'d-at stábs
Kill the | still-clós|ing wá|ters" (III. 3. 63, 64).

"Létters | should nót | be knówn; | ríches, | póver(ty)" (II. 1. 150).

Inversion of the stress is most frequent after a pause: hence the foot in which it occurs most often is the first (i.e. after the pause at the end of the preceding line). Two inversions in one line are seldom consecutive and to find three (as in our last illustration) is very unusual. This shifting of the stress generally *emphasises* a word. It also varies the regular "rising rhythm" of the normal blank verse by a "falling rhythm."

3. *Extra syllables.* Instead of ten syllables a line may contain eleven or even twelve. An extra syllable, unstressed, may occur at any point in the line, and usually comes before a pause: hence it is commonest in the last foot (the end of a line being the commonest place for a pause), and frequent about the middle of a line (where there is often a break in the sense or rhythm). Compare

"Bé not | aféard; | the ísle | is fúll | of noí(ses),
Soúnds and | sweet aírs, | that gíve | delíght | and húrt (not)
.....and thén | in dréam(ing),
The cloúds | methoúght | would ó|pen ànd | show rích(es)"
(III. 2. 143—151).

"My tále | provókes | that qués(tion). | Déar, they | dúrst not"
(I. 2. 140).

[1] Cf. Mr Robert Bridges's work, *Milton's Prosody*, pp. 19—21, where Milton's use of inversions is fully analysed and illustrated in a way that helps the study of Shakespeare's inversions.

An extra syllable, unstressed[1], at the end of a line, as in the first four of these examples, is variously called a "double ending" and a "feminine ending." The use of the "double ending" becomes increasingly frequent as Shakespeare's blank verse grows more complex. "Double endings" increase[2] from 4 per cent. in *Love's Labour's Lost* to 33 in *The Tempest*, middle plays such as *Henry V.* having a percentage of about 18. The percentage of "double endings" is therefore one of the chief of the metrical tests which help us to fix the date of a play. In fact the use of "double endings" is the commonest of Shakespeare's variations of the normal blank verse. The extra syllable at the end of a line not only gives variety by breaking the regular movement of the ten-syllabled lines, as well as a richness and softness of sound, but also, where there is no pause after it, carries on the sense and rhythm to the next line.

Sometimes two extra syllables occur at the end—less commonly, in the middle—of a line. Compare

"He thínks | me nów | incáp|ablè; | conféd(erates)" (I. 2. 111).

"And mó | divér|sitỳ | of soúnds, | all hór(rible)" (V. 234).

"And éx|ecú|ting th' oút|ward fáce | of róy(alty)
With áll | preró(gative): | hénce his | ambít|ion grów(ing)"
(I. 2. 104, 105).

"My thoúght, | whose múr|der yét | is bút | fantás(tical)"
(*Macbeth*, I. 3. 139).

"That név|er máy | ill óf|fice, òr | fell jeál(ousy)"
(*Henry V.* V. 2. 391).

This licence is specially frequent with proper names; compare

"Then áll | a-fire | with mé: | the kíng's | son Fér(dinand)":
(I. 2. 212).

"And yét | so fást | asleép. | Nóble | Sebás(tian)" (II. 1. 215).

"Thou pár|don mé | my wróngs. | But hów | should Prós(pero)?"
(V. 119).

[1] An extra syllable that bears or would naturally bear a stress is rare in Shakespeare. The use of such syllables at the end of a line is a feature of Fletcher's verse, and the frequent occurrence of them in *Henry VIII.* is one of the metrical arguments that he wrote a good deal of that play. Milton has one or two instances in *Comus;* cf. 633, "Bore a bright golden flower, but not in this (soil)."

[2] The metrical statistics in these "Hints" are taken from various sources.

The number of lines with two extra syllables increases much in the later plays of Shakespeare. Generally one of the extra syllables admits of some degree of slurring—e.g. (almost) *confed'rates*, *royalty*, *Prosp'ro*.

4. *Unstopt* (*or Run-on*) *verse.* The blank verse of Shakespeare's early plays shows clearly the influence of the rhymed couplet which he had used so much in his very earliest work. In his early blank verse the rhyme indeed is gone, but the couplet form remains, with its frequent pause of sense, and consequently of rhythm, at the end of the first line, and its still more frequent stop at the end of the second. Lines of this type mark only the first step in the evolution of blank verse: freedom in the expression of sense and varied rhythm are still absent; and freedom and variety come only when the sense "runs on" from one line to another.

If at the end of a line there is *any* pause—anything, that is, in the sense or rhythm which involves an actual pause of the voice, however slight—the line is termed "end-stopt." If there is no pause at the end of the line—nothing to prevent the sound overflowing[1] into the next line—it is termed "unstopt" or "run-on." There is a progressive increase of "unstopt" verse in the plays. The proportion of "unstopt" to "end-stopt" lines is in *Love's Labour's Lost* only 1 in 18 (approximately); in *The Winter's Tale* it is about 1 in 2. The amount, therefore, of "unstopt" verse in a play is another of the metrical tests by which the period of its composition may, to some extent, be inferred. Necessarily, it is not a fixed test, since sensibility to sound depends on the individual ear, and even punctuation is an uncertain quantity. It must always be remembered that "in considering verse as such it is *sound* alone that

[1] The overflow is helped by the use of "light" and "weak" endings to a line. "Light endings" are monosyllables on which "the voice can to a small extent dwell": such as the parts of the auxiliary verbs, *be*, *have*, *will*, *shall*, *can*, *do*; pronouns like *I*, *we*, *thou*, *you*, *he*, *she*, *they*, *who*, *which*, etc.; and conjunctions such as *when*, *where*, *while*. "Weak endings" are those monosyllables over which the voice passes with practically no stress at all—e.g. the prepositions *at*, *by*, *for*, *from*, *in*, *of*, *on*, *to*, *with*; also *and*, *but*, *if*, *nor*, *or*, *than*, *that*: all words which go very closely with what follows and therefore link the end of one line with the beginning of the next. The use of these endings belongs to the later plays. "Light endings" are first numerous (21) in *Macbeth* (1606), and "weak endings" (28) in *Antony and Cleopatra* (1608). Some of the early plays have neither "light endings" nor "weak." Some have a very few "light endings." Of "weak endings" no play has more than *two* up till *Antony and Cleopatra*. The proportion of these endings—"light" and "weak"—is therefore another of the metrical tests applied to the later plays (Ingram).

counts." Roughly, we may say that the sound and the sense go together; and, as a rule, even a comma involves some pause of sound.

5. *A syllable slurred.* "Provided there be only one accented syllable, there may be more than two syllables in any foot. 'It is he' is as much a foot as ''tis he'; 'we will serve' as 'we'll serve'; 'it is over' as ''tis o'er.'

"Naturally it is among pronouns and the auxiliary verbs [*and prepositions*] that we must look for unemphatic syllables in the Shakespearian verse. Sometimes the unemphatic nature of the syllable is indicated by a contraction in the spelling. Often, however, syllables may be dropped or slurred in sound, although they are expressed to the sight" (Abbott).

This principle that two unstressed syllables may go in the same foot with one stressed syllable is very important because feet so composed have the rapid, trisyllable effect which tends much to vary the normal line. This trisyllabic rhythm is a recognised element of English verse, especially in the foot which classical prosody calls an anapæst (⏑⏑–). It is specially characteristic of the later plays. Compare

"Bút that | the séa, | moúnting | to the[1] wéll|kin's cheék" (I. 2. 4).

"And hére | was léft | by the saíl|ors. Thoú, | my sláve" (I. 2. 270).

"And hére | was léft | by the saíl|ors. Thoú, | my sláve" (I. 2. 270).

"I é|ver sáw | so nó(ble). | It goes ón, | I seé" (I. 2. 419).

"Whý, as | I tóld | thee, 'tís | a cús|tom wi' hím
I' th' áf|ternoón | to sleép: | thére thou | mayst braín (him)" (III. 2. 95, 96).

"Hím that | you térm'd, sir, | 'The goód | old lórd, | Gonzá|lo'" (V. 15).

6. *Omissions.* After a pause or interruption there is sometimes an omission (*a*) of a stressed or an unstressed syllable (oftenest in the first foot), or even (*b*) of a whole foot.

[1] Sometimes in such cases the Folio prints *th'*, showing that the word was meant to be slurred (Abbott).

"It is obvious" (says Abbott) "that a syllable or foot may be supplied by a gesture, as beckoning, a movement of the head to listen, or of the hand to demand attention": or the blank may be accounted for by an interruption, such as the entrance of another character, or by a marked pause or break in the sense. Compare

(*a*) "As hé | would dráw | it. [*Hamlet* '*peruses*'] | Long stáy'd | he só" (*Hamlet*, II. 1. 91).

"And fálls | on th' óth|er. [*Enter Lady M.*] | How nów! | what néws?" (*Macbeth*, I. 7. 28).

"Flátter|ers! [*Turns to Brutus*] | Now, Brú|tus, thánk | yoursélf" (*Julius Cæsar*, V. 1. 45).

"Messá|la! [*Messala turns and salutes*] | Whát says | my gén|eràl?" (*Julius Cæsar*, V. 1. 70).

"Whó | comes hére? | The wór|thy thâne | of Róss" (*Macbeth*, I. 2. 45).

"Má|ny yeárs | of hâp|py dáys | befál" (*Richard II.* I. 1. 20).

(*b*) "Póint to | rich énds. | [*Stops and points*] | This my | mean tásk" (III. 1. 4).

"Must gíve | us páuse. | [*Meditation*] | Thére's the | respéct" (*Hamlet*, III. 1. 68).

"He's tá'en. | [*Shout*] | And, hárk! | they shoút | for jóy" (*Julius Cæsar*, V. 3. 32).

7. *Lines of irregular length.* Shakespeare uses lines of three feet often; less frequently, lines of two feet, especially to break the course of some passionate speech; lines of four feet; half-lines occasionally; brief questions, answers and exclamations, which metrically need not count; and rarely lines with six strong stresses, i.e. Alexandrines[1] (the sonorous type of verse which ends each stanza in *The Faerie Queene*).

As a rule, the use of a short line corresponds with something in the sense, e.g. a break (as at the end of a speech), agitation, conversational effect of question and answer, strong emphasis. Thus in *Hamlet*

[1] So called either from Alexandre Paris, an old French poet, or from the *Roman d'Alexandre*, a 12th century poem about Alexander the Great, written in rhymed lines of six feet, in couplets. It is the metre of French tragedy (e.g. of the tragedies of Racine and Corneille).

agitation is obviously expressed by the metrical breaks in Horatio's apostrophe of the Ghost (I. 1. 129, 132, 135), and passion of varying moods by the pauses in Hamlet's soliloquy (II. 2. 575—616). At the close of a speech a short line gives perhaps greater emphasis, and certainly variety.

There are not a few lines which look somewhat like Alexandrines ("apparent Alexandrines," as Abbott calls them) but which on examination are found not to have six unmistakeable stresses. Thus in many seemingly long lines one syllable or more can be slurred or elided or treated as extra-metrical. We have already noted several illustrations, e.g. I. 2. 104, 105, 111, 212; II. 1. 215; III. 2. 96; V. 15, 119, 234.

Again, some seemingly six-foot lines are really "trimeter couplets": that is, "couplets of two verses of three accents each...often thus printed as two separate short verses in the Folio....Shakespeare seems to have used this metre mostly for rapid dialogue and retort, and in comic and the lighter kind of serious poetry" (Abbott). Generally some notion of division is suggested, e.g. in III. 1. 31, 59 (divided between two speakers, as is often the case with the trimeter couplet).

These, then, are the chief modes by which Shakespeare diversifies the structure of regular blank verse. Their general result has been well summed up thus:

they make the effect of Shakespeare's maturer blank verse rather rhythmical than rigidly metrical:

i.e. more a matter of stresses distributed with endless variety than of syllables calculated and accented according to a normal standard. Every student should grasp these variations thoroughly, particularly the first five, and observe the illustrations of them that occur in any play (especially the later plays) that he may be studying.

And he must, of course, remember that scansion depends much on the way in which a writer abbreviates or lengthens sounds, as the metre requires.

Abbreviation comprises all the cases in which a syllable does not count metrically—whether it be altogether elided[1], or slurred. Many abbreviations belong to everyday speech, others to poetical usage.

Of lengthening of sounds the most important example is the scansion of a monosyllable as two syllables, e.g. *year* (I. 2. 53), *more* (I. 2. 362), *O* (I. 2. 88; V. 68), *say* (IV. 145), *hour* (V. 14), *please* (Epilogue, 13).

For full details the student must refer to the standard authority, viz. Dr Abbott's *Shakespearian Grammar*, pp. 344—387.

[1] Cf. the common elision of *the* before a vowel.

## III. Shakespeare's use of Rhyme.

In his early plays Shakespeare uses the rhymed couplet[1] very largely; but gradually the amount of rhyme declines, so that the proportion of rhymed couplets in a piece is one of the surest indications of the period to which it belongs.

Is there much rhyme? the play is early.
Is there little rhyme? the play is late.

"In *Love's Labour's Lost* there are about two rhymed lines to every one of blank verse. In *The Comedy of Errors* there are 380 rhymed lines to 1150 unrhymed. In *The Tempest* two rhymed lines occur; in *The Winter's Tale* not one" (Dowden).

In applying the rhyme test we must exclude the cases where there is a special reason for the use of rhyme—as in the Witches-scenes of *Macbeth*. Thus the rhyme of the Masque in Act IV. of *The Tempest* has no bearing whatsoever on the date of the play, because Masques were usually written in rhymed measures. Similarly all songs such as we get in *As You Like It*, *The Tempest*, and *The Winter's Tale* must, of course, be excluded. Again, the play-scene in *Hamlet* (III. 2) is designedly written in the manner of the old-fashioned rhymed tragedy.

Let us consider for a moment the reasons which led Shakespeare to adopt blank verse and gradually abandon rhyme.

As a medium of dramatic expression blank verse, of the varied Shakespearian type, has these points of superiority over rhyme:

1. *Naturalness.* Rhyme is artificial. It reminds us, therefore,—perhaps I should say, never lets us forget—that the play *is* a play, fiction and not reality, because in real life people do not converse in rhyme. Especially in moments of great emotion does rhyme destroy the illusion of reality: we cannot conceive of Lear raving at Goneril in rhymed couplets. Blank verse on the other hand has something of the naturalness of conversation, and naturalness is a very great help towards making fiction appear like truth.

[1] i.e. of five feet in each line; cf. II. 1. 326, 327.

2. *Freedom.* The necessity of rhyming imposes restraint upon a writer such as blank verse obviously does not involve, and often forces him to invert the order of words or even to use a less suitable word. The rhythm too of the rhymed couplets tends strongly to confine the sense within the limits of the couplet, whereas in the blank verse of a skilful writer the sense "runs on" easily from line to line. In fact, in the rhymed couplet the verse is apt to dominate the sense; while in blank verse the sense finds unfettered expression. And so blank verse has not only something of the naturalness but also something of the freedom of conversation.

3. *Variety.* In a paragraph of rhymed couplets the pauses in the sense and therefore in the rhythm are monotonous. We constantly have a pause at the end of the first line and almost always a pause at the end of the second. With the uniformity of a passage composed in this form contrast the varied rhythms of such blank verse as that of *The Tempest*, where the pauses are distributed with ever-changing diversity of cadence.

Again, the rhyme of a long narrative poem when read, or of a short lyric when recited, has a pleasing effect; but in a long spell of spoken verse I think that the sound of rhyme, though at first agreeable to it, gradually tires the ear.

These considerations on the comparative merits of rhymed and unrhymed verse on the stage may be tested, in some measure, by careful reference to the Masque in *The Tempest* (IV. 1).

What rhyme we do get in Shakespeare's later plays is mainly at the end of a scene, when it serves to indicate the conclusion, and (less commonly) at the close of a long speech, when it forms a kind of climax. As to the former use (cf. II. 1. 326, 327) Dr Abbott says: "Rhyme was often used as an effective termination at the end of the scene. When the scenery[1] was not changed, or the arrangements were so defective that the change was not easily perceptible, it was, perhaps, additionally desirable to mark that a scene was finished."

And just as rhyme often marks the close of a scene so it sometimes marks the close of a chapter in a man's career, and suggests farewell.

[1] There was no moveable scenery; the only outward indication of the locality intended was some stage 'property'—e.g. "a bed to signify a bed-chamber; a table with pens upon it to signify a counting-house; or a board bearing in large letters the name of the place"—*Dowden*.

A striking example of this use of rhyme occurs in *As You Like It*, II. 3. 67—76, where old Adam and Orlando, about to set forth on their expedition, severally bid farewell to their former life. Similarly in *Richard II.* II. 2. 142—149, the rhyme expresses the feeling of the King's favourites that their period of prosperity is over and they are parting for ever; while in V. 5. 110—119, it emphasises the tragedy of the close of Richard's life. Again, in *King Lear* (a comparatively late play, 1605—1606) the banished Kent is made to use rhyme in his leave-taking (I. 1. 183—190).

One other noticeable purpose of rhyme is found in plays as late as *Othello* (about 1604) and *Lear*, viz. to express moralising reflections on life and give them a sententious, epigrammatic effect. Dowden instances *Othello*, I. 3. 202—219, and II. 1. 149—161. This use of rhyme is natural because proverbial wisdom so often takes a rhymed form. Maxims stick better in the memory when they are rhymed.

## IV. Shakespeare's use[1] of Prose.

The chief use to which Shakespeare puts prose is as a conversational medium of expression. He introduces it where he wishes "to lower the dramatic pitch," and does not desire a poetical effect: where, in fact, he wants to convey the impression of people talking together. This use is illustrated so fully in *The Tempest* that it is needless to particularise. Attention, however, may be drawn to the interesting transitions from prose to verse and verse to prose in the same scene. These alternations are very suggestive as indications of change of mood or circumstances, and the reason in each case should be carefully considered. Compare the talk between Antonio, Sebastian and Gonzalo in II. 1, and note how verse is substituted for prose when the mysterious sleep falls on all except Antonio and Sebastian, and they broach the subject of the conspiracy. It should be observed too how characters conceived in a wholly tragic or poetical spirit (Prospero, Ferdinand, Miranda) speak only in verse; while prose may be used to convey an impression of unreality where a character is dealing in a trifling or assumed manner with some serious emotion. Bitterness and contempt, irony and wit, abruptness of thought

[1] Strictly, it does not come under the heading "metre"; but it is convenient to treat the subject here. See Abbott, p. 429; and *The Age of Shakespeare*, II. 117—122.

or feeling, all find vent more naturally and pointedly in prose than verse.

Another main use of prose is for comic parts and the speech of comic characters like the "Clowns" of the comedies, e.g. Touchstone in *As You Like It*, who never drops into blank verse. Indeed, in that and the other comedies of his middle period, prose becomes practically "the language of comedy," its natural means of expression. "*Much Ado About Nothing* is a *prose* comedy."

Prose is commonly assigned to characters of humble position, e.g. servants, sailors (I. 1) and soldiers like Bates, Court and Williams in *Henry V.* It is the normal medium in scenes of "low life," especially if comic, such as the Grave-diggers' scene in *Hamlet* (v. 1). Thus Stephano and Trinculo always converse in prose, while Caliban (a poetical character) speaks wholly in verse. So in *Henry V.* the Hostess, Bardolph, Nym and the Boy speak wholly in prose as being at once humorous (three of them unintentionally) and of humble status; and the same remark applies to the Grave-diggers, whom the stage-directions describe as "clowns."

Other minor uses of prose by Shakespeare are for letters, proclamations, documents, etc., and occasionally (as though even blank verse were too artificial) for the expression of extreme emotion and mental derangement. Compare Ophelia in the mad-scene, *Hamlet*, IV. 5; similarly Hamlet and Edgar (*Lear*, III. 4, IV. 1) are both made to use prose when they are feigning insanity.

In one of the most remarkable passages in *Hamlet* ("this goodly frame...the paragon of animals," II. 2) the prose is not specially introduced to express a particular tone of thought or emotion: it merely continues the *form* of the preceding dialogue, for the sake of general harmony of effect, but breathes into that form the spirit of the loftiest imaginative ardour. The passage, indeed, like many in the Bible, is a signal illustration of the poetical resources of prose.

Shakespeare's use of prose increases as the character of his plays grows more varied and complex. *Richard II.*, written five or six years before *Henry V.*, has no prose—not even in the scene (III. 4) with the Gardeners, which is of the same *genre* as the Grave-diggers' scene. The amount of prose in a play therefore is an indication of its date, like the amount of rhyme, though not so conclusive an indication.

# HINTS ON SHAKESPEARE'S ENGLISH.

THE following elementary hints are intended to remind young students of some simple but important facts which they are apt to forget when asked to explain points of grammar and idiom in Shakespeare's English.

To begin with, avoid using the word "mistake" in connection with Shakespearian English. Do not speak of "Shakespeare's mistakes." In most cases the "mistake" will be yours, not his. Remember that things in his English which appear to us irregular may for the most part be explained by one of two principles :—

(1) The difference between Elizabethan and modern English ;

(2) The difference between spoken and written English.

(1) As to the former : what is considered bad English now may have been considered good English in Shakespeare's time. Language must change in the space of 300 years. Elizabethan English, recollect, contains an element of Old English, i.e. inflected English that had case-endings for the nouns, terminations for the verbs, and the like. By the end of the 16th century most of these inflections had died out, but some survived, and the influence of the earlier inflected stage still affected the language. Often when we enquire into the history of some Elizabethan idiom which seems to us curious we find that it is a relic of an old usage. Let us take an example.

There are numerous cases in Shakespeare where a verb in the present tense has the inflection *-s*, though the subject is plural ; cf. the following lines in *Richard II.* II. 3. 4, 5 :

> "These high wild hills and rough uneven ways
> *Draws* out our miles, and *makes* them wearisome."

The verbs *draws* and *makes* appear to be singular; but probably each is plural, in agreement with its plural antecedents *hills* and *ways*: *s=es* being the plural inflection of the present tense used in the Northern dialect of old English. In the Southern dialect the inflection was *eth*; in the Midland *en*. When Shakespeare was born all three forms were getting obsolete; but all three are found in his works, *eth*[1] and *en*[2] very rarely, *es* or *s* many times. His use of the last is a good illustration (*a*) of the difference[3] between Shakespearian and modern English, (*b*) of one of the main causes of that difference—viz. the influence of a still earlier inflected English.

(2) A dramatist makes his characters speak, and tells his story through their mouths: he is not like a historian who writes the story in his own words. The English of a play which is meant to be spoken must not be judged by the same standard as the English of a History which is meant to be read. For consider how much more correct and regular in style a book usually is than a speech or a conversation. In speaking we begin a sentence one way and we may finish it in another, some fresh idea striking us or some interruption occurring. Speech is liable to constant changes, swift turns of thought; it leaves things out, supplying the omission, very likely, with a gesture; it often combines[4] two forms of expression. But a writer can correct and polish his composition until all irregularities are removed. Spoken English therefore is less regular[5] than written English; and it is to this very irregularity that Shakespeare's plays owe something of their lifelike reality. If Shakespeare made his characters speak with the correctness of a copybook we should regard them as mere puppets, not as living beings.

Here is a passage taken from *Henry V.* (IV. 3. 34—36); suppose that comment on its "grammatical peculiarities" is required:

> "Rather proclaim it...
> That he which hath no stomach to this fight,
> Let him depart."

[1] Cf. *hath* and *doth* used as plurals.

[2] Cf. *wax-en* in *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, II. 1. 56: see *G.* to that play.

[3] Another aspect of it is the free Elizabethan use of participial and adjectival terminations. Cf. "abhorred," I. 2. 273.

[4] Cf. II. 1. 28; III. 3. 92, with notes.

[5] Note the irregular sequence of tenses in Shakespeare; cf. I. 2. 148, 205.

Two things strike us at once—"he *which*" and "That he...let him depart." "He *which*[1]" is now bad English; then it was quite regular English. The student should say that the usage was correct in Elizabethan English, and give some illustration of it. The Prayer-Book will supply him with a very familiar one.

"That he...let him depart." A prose-writer would have finished with the regular sequence "*may* depart." But Henry V. is supposed to say the words; and at the moment he is deeply stirred. Emotion leads him to pass suddenly from indirect to direct speech. The conclusion, though less regular, is far more vivid. This brief passage therefore exemplifies the difference (*a*) between Elizabethan English and our own, (*b*) between spoken English and written. It is useful always to consider whether the one principle or the other can be applied.

Three general features of Shakespeare's English should be observed:—

(1) its brevity,

(2) its emphasis,

(3) its tendency to interchange parts of speech.

*Brevity:* Shakespeare often uses terse, elliptical turns of expression. The following couplet is from *Troilus and Cressida* (I. 3. 287, 288):

> "And may that soldier a mere recreant prove
> That means not, hath not, or is not in love!"

Put fully, the second line would run, "That means not *to be*, hath not *been*, or is not in love." Cf. again *Richard II.* v. 5. 26, 27:

> "Who sitting in the stocks refuge their shame,
> That many have and others must sit there";

i.e. 'console themselves with the thought that many have *sat* there.' This compactness of diction is very characteristic of Shakespeare. For note that the omission of the italicised words, while it shortens the form of expression, does not obscure the sense, since the words are easily supplied from the context. That is commonly the case with Shakespeare's *ellipses* or omissions: they combine brevity with clearness. Cf. the omission of the relative pronoun, a frequent and important *ellipse*, in I. 2. 457, III. 1. 1, III. 2. 106.

[1] Cf. I. 2. 341, 342, 413; III. 1. 6; V. 159, 160.

*Emphasis:* common examples of this are the double negative (I. 2. 406; III. 2. 101; III. 3. 16), and the double comparative or superlative; cf. I. 2. 19, 439.

*Parts of speech interchanged:* "almost any part of speech can be used as any other part of speech" (Abbott). Cf. "advantage" (verb), I. 1. 34; "backward" (noun), I. 2. 50; "vast" (noun), I. 2. 327; "oar" (verb), II. 1. 118; "adventure" (verb), II. 1. 187; "estate" (verb), IV. 61; "plenty" (adjective), IV. 85; "passion" (verb), V. 24; "woe" (adjective), V. 139.

Two or three further illustrations in *The Tempest* of the points mentioned above will come in conveniently here.

I. 2. 19: *more better.* Double comparatives and superlatives, to give emphasis, are frequent in Shakespeare. Cf. *The Merchant of Venice*, IV. 1. 251, "How much more elder art thou than thy looks!" and *Hamlet*, III. 4. 157, "O, throw away the worser part of it." So in *Julius Cæsar*, III. 1. 121, "With the most boldest and the best hearts of Rome," and III. 2. 187, "This was the most unkindest cut of all."

I. 2. 366: *thou'rt best.* This idiom represents an impersonal construction changed into a personal, partly through the position of the pronoun at the head of the phrase. Thus "*I* were best" (*Cymbeline*, III. 6. 19) would in earlier English have been "*me* were best" = '*to* me it were best.' People misunderstood that (1) *me* was a dative, (2) the sentence was impersonal, and substituted *I* which seemed more correct. The impersonal constructions (see *methinks* in G.) so largely used in Old English were becoming less familiar to the Elizabethans. Shakespeare often uses *you were better* (or *best*) = 'you had better.'

III. 3. 80: *falls.* This might be explained simply as a case of the "Northern plural" in *s*; or taken in the singular, as an attraction of the verb to the *sense* (='anger') of the antecedent. Abbott, however, brings together a number of passages in which Shakespeare makes a *singular* verb follow a relative pronoun of which the antecedent is *plural*, and infers that we are justified in thinking that "the relative was often regarded like a noun by nature third person singular, and, therefore, uninfluenced by the antecedent." No doubt, the usage was partly due to the fact that the relative has no plural inflection to mark agreement with its antecedent.

# INDEX OF WORDS, PHRASES AND NAMES.

*This list applies to the* **Notes** *only; words of which longer explanations are given will be found in the* **Glossary.** *The references are to the pages.*

*Abbreviations:—*

adj. = adjective. adv. = adverb. n. = noun.
trans. = transitive. vb = verb.


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